

## The Boxer

By: Paul Simon

[C] I am just a poor boy though my story's seldom [Am] told  
I have [G] squandered my resistance  
For a [Dm7] pocketful of [F] mumbles  
Such are [C] promises  
All lies and [Am] jest  
Still, a [G] man hears [F] what he wants to hear  
And disregards the [C] rest [G] [F] [C]

[C] When I left my home and my family I was no more than a [Am] boy  
In the [G] company of strangers  
In the [Dm7] quiet of a [F] railway station  
Running [C] scared  
Laying [Am] low, seeking [G] out the poorer [F] quarters  
Where the ragged people [C] go  
Looking [G] for the places only [F] they would [C] know

Lie-la-lie... [Am] [G] [Am] [G] [F] [C]

[C] Asking only workman's wages I come looking for a [Am] job  
But I get no [G] offers  
Just a [Dm7] come-on from the [F] whores on Seventh [C] Avenue  
I do [Am] declare there were [G] times when I was [F] so lonesome  
I took some comfort [C] there [G] [F] [C]

Lie-la-lie... [Am] [G] [Am] [G] [F] [C]

[C] Then I'm laying out my winter clothes and wishing I was [Am] gone  
Going [G] home  
Where the [Dm7] New York City [F] winters aren't [C] bleeding me  
Leading [Em] me [Am]  
Going [G] home [C]

[C] In the clearing stands a boxer and a fighter by his [Am] trade  
And he [G] carries the reminders  
Of [Dm7] every glove that [F] laid him down or [C] cut him 'til he cried out  
In his anger and his [Am] shame  
"I am [G] leaving, I am [F] leaving"  
But the fighter still [C] remains [G] [F] [C]

Lie-la-lie... [Am] [G] [Am] [G] [F] [C]  
Lie-la-lie... [Am] [G] [Am] [G] [F] [C]