

The Boxer (Simon & Garfunkel)

C Cmaj7 Am
I am just a poor boy though my story's seldom told.
G
I have squandered my resistance for a pocketful of mumbles,
C
Such are promises.
C Cmaj7 Am G F
All lies in jest, still a man hears what he wants to hear
C G C
And disregards the rest.

When I left my home and my family I was no more than a boy,
In the company of strangers, in the quiet of the railway station,
Running scared.
Laying low, seeking out the poorer quarters where the ragged people go,
Looking for the places only they would know.

(Chorus)

Am G Am
Lie-la lie, lie-la-la-la-lie-la-lie, lie-la-lie,
G Am
Lie-la-la-la-lie-la-lie, la-la-la-la-lie.

G Am
Lie-la lie, lie-la-la-la-lie-la-lie, lie-la-lie,
G C
Lie-la-la-la-lie-la-lie, la-la-la-la-lie.

Asking only workman's wages I come looking for a job, but I get no offers,
Just a come-on from the whores on Seventh Avenue.
I do declare there were times when I was so lonesome
I took some comfort there

(Chorus)

Then I'm laying out my winter clothes and wishing I was gone,
Going home, where the New York City winters aren't bleeding me,
Leading me, going home.

In the clearing stands a boxer and a fighter by his trade,
And he carries the reminders of every glove that laid him down
And cut him 'til he cried out in his anger and his shame,
"I am leaving, I am leaving," but the fighter still remains.