

The Boxer

Paul Simon

C
I am just a poor boy.
Ami
Though my story's seldom told,
G
I have squandered my resistance
C
for a pocketful of numbles, such are promises.
Ami
All lies and jest,
G **F**
still a man hears what he wants to hear.
C G C
And disregards the rest.
C
When I left my home and my family,
Ami
I was no more than a boy
G
in the company of strangers
Dmi7 C
in the quiet of a railway station running scared,
Ami C
Laying low seeking out the
F
poorer quarters where the ragged people go,
G
Looking for the places
F Emi Dmi C
only they would know.
Ami G
Lie la lie, Lie la lie la lie
Ami G
la lie lie la lie Lie la lie
F G C
la la la la Lie la la la la lie.
C **Ami**
Asking only workman's wages I come looking for a job,
G
but I get no offers,
Dmi C
Just a comeon from the whores on Seventh Avenue.
Ami Dmi7
I do declare, there were times
G F
when I was so lone some I
C
took some comfort there.
G C
Ooo la la la la la la.
C
Then I'm laying out my winter clothes
G7 C **Ami G**
and wishing I was gone, going home
Dmi G7
Where the New York City
G C

winters aren't bleeding me,
 Emi Ami G C
 Leading me, going home.
 C
 In the clearing stands a boxer,
 Ami7
 and a fighter by his trade
 G
 And he carries the reminders
 G7 C
 of ev'ry glove that laid him down
 Dmi7
 Or cut him till
 G7 C Ami
 he cried out in his anger and his sh?
 G F
 "I am leaving. I am leaving."
 C G C G F C
 But the fighter still remains.
 Lie la lie...