

The Boxer (Simon & Garfunkel)

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

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

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

Am **G**
 Asking only workman's wages I come looking for a job, but I get no offers.
Dm7 **C**
 Just a come-on from the whores on Seventh Avenue.
Am **Dm7** **G** **F**
 I do declare, there were times when I was so lone-some,
C **G** **C**
 I took some comfort there. Ooo-la-la la-la la la.

C **G7** **C**
Am **G**
 Then I'm laying out my winter clothes and wishing I was gone, going home,
Dm7 **G7** **G** **C**
Em **Am** **G**
 Where the New York City winters aren't bleeding me, leading me, going home.

C **Am**
 In the clearing stands a boxer and a fighter by his trade,
G **G7** **C**
 And he carries the reminders of every glove that laid him down
Dm7 **G7** **C** **Am**
 Or cut him, till he cried out in his anger and his shame

