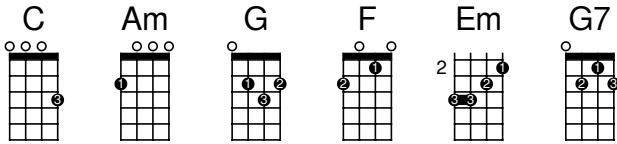


The Boxer

Simon and Garfunkel



key:C
time:4/4

[C]//// [C]////

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

Ou ou [G] ou ou [F] ou ou [C] ou

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

Lie-la-[Am] lie
 Lie-la-[Em] la-la-la lie-la-lie
 Lie la [Am] lie
 Lie-la [G] la la la lie la la la [C] lie

Asking [C] only workmans wages I come looking for a [Am] job
 But I get no [G] offers
 Just a come-on from the whores on Seventh [C] Avenue
 I do de[Am] clare there were [G] times when I was [F] so lonesome I took some
 comfort [C] there
 La-la-[G] la-la-la-la-la [C]

Lie-la-[Am]lie
Lie-la-[Em]la-la-la lie-la-lie
Lie la [Am]lie
Lie-la [G]la la la la lie la la la [C]lie

Then I'm [C]laying out my winter clothes
And wishing I was [Am]gone, going [G]home
Where the [G7]New York City winters aren't [C]bleeding me
[Em] Leading me-[Am]e
Going [G]home [C]

In the [C]clearing stands a boxer and a fighter by his [Am]trade
And he [G]carries the reminders
Of ev'ry glove that laid him down or [C]cut him 'till he cried out
In his anger and his [Am]shame
"I am [G]leaving, I am [F]leaving." But the fighter still re[C]mains
Ou [G]ou ou [F]ou ou ou [C]ou

Lie-la-[Am]lie
Lie-la-[Em]la-la-la lie-la-lie
Lie la [Am]lie
Lie-la [G]la la la la lie la la la [Am]lie

Lie-la-[Em]la-la-la lie-la-lie
Lie la [Am]lie
Lie-la [G]la la la la lie la la la [Am]lie

Lie-la-[Em]la-la-la lie-la-lie
Lie la [Am]lie
Lie-la [G]la la la la lie la la la [Am]lie

Lie-la-[Em]la-la-la lie-la-lie
Lie la [Am]lie
Lie-la [G]la la la la lie la la la [C]lie [C]