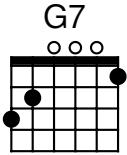
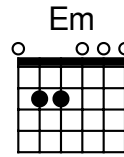
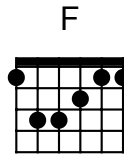
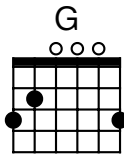
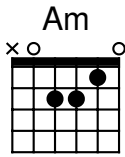


The Boxer

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
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 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 [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]