

# The Boxer

Simon and Garfunkel

C C C Am  
I am just a poor boy though my story's seldom told  
G G F G7 C C  
I have squandered my resistance for a pocketful of mumbles, such are promises.  
Am G F F C F G7 C C  
All lies and jest, still a man hears what he wants to hear and disregards the rest.

C C C Am  
When I left my home and my family I was no more than a boy,  
G G F G7 C C  
In the company of strangers, in the quiet of the railway station, running scared.  
Am G F F C  
Laying low, seeking out the poorer quarters where the ragged people go,  
F G7 C C  
Looking for the places only they would know.

Am Am G G7 Am Am F G7 C C  
Lie-la lie, lie-la la-la-lie-la lie, lie-la lie. Lie-la lie-la-lie-la lie, la-la-la-la lie.

C C C Am G G  
Asking only workman's wages I come looking for a job but I get no offers,  
F G7 C C  
Just a come-on from the whores on Seventh Avenue.  
Am G F F C F G7 C C  
I do declare there were times when I was so lonesome I took some comfort there

## <chorus>

C C C Am  
Then I'm laying out my winter clothes and wishing I was gone,  
G G F G7 C C  
Going home, where the New York City winters aren't bleeding me,  
Am Am G G F F G7 C C C C  
Leading me, going home.

C C C Am  
In the clearing stands a boxer and a fighter by his trade,  
G G F G7  
And he carries the reminders of every glove that laid him down  
C C C Am  
And cut him 'til he cried out in his anger and his shame,  
G F F C F G7 C C  
"I am leaving, I am leaving," but the fighter still remains.

## <chorus>

