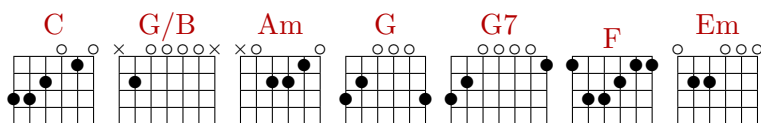


B

The Boxer

Paul Simon



1. I am just a poor boy, Though my story's seldom told
 I have squandered my resistance, For a pocketful of mumbles Such are promises
 All lies and jest, Still, a man hears what he wants to hear, And disregards the rest
2. When I left my home and my family, I was no more than a boy
 In the company of strangers, In the quiet of a railway station Running scared
 Laying low, seeking out the poorer quarters, Where the ragged people go
 Looking for the places only they would know
- Lie la lie, Lie la lie, lie lie la lie,
 Lie la lie, Lie la lie, la lie la lie la la la lie.
3. Asking only workman's wages, I come looking for a job, But I get no offers
 Just a come-on from the whores on Seventh Avenue
 I do declare there were times when I was so lonesome, I took some comfort there
- Lie-la-lie la lie lie, lie lie la lie
4. Then I'm laying out my winter clothes, And wishing I was gone, Going home
 Where the New York City winters aren't bleeding me
 Leading me, Going home
5. In the clearing stands a boxer, And a fighter by his trade, And he carries the remainders
 Of every glove that laid him down, And cut him till he cried out, In his anger and his shame
 I am leaving, I am leaving, But the fighter still remains

Lie-la-lie lie la lie lie lie la lie, Lie-la-lie lie la lie lie lie la lie la la la
 (repeat some times, then end with:),