

THE BOXER

(Simon & Garfunkel)

Do Lam
I am just a poor boy though my story's seldom told
Sol
I have squandered my resistance
Sol7 Sol6 Do
For a pocket full of mumbles, such are promises
Lam Sol Fa
All lies and jest, still a man hears what he wants to hear
Do Sol Sol7 Sol6 Do
And disregards the rest

Do Lam
When I left my home and my family, I was no more than a boy
Sol
In the company of strangers
Sol7 Sol6 Do
In the quiet of a railway station, running scared
Lam Sol Fa
Laying low, seeking out the poorer quarters
Do
Where the ragged people go
Sol Sol7 Sol6 Do
Looking for the places only they would know

Lam Mim Lam Sol Fa Do
Lie la lie Lie la lie Lie la lie Lie la lie Lie la lie

Do Lam
Asking only workman's wages I come looking for a job
Sol
But I get no offers
Sol7 Sol6 Do
Just a come-on from the whores on Seventh Avenue
Lam Sol Fa
I do declare, there were times when I was so lonesome
Do
I took some comfort there
Sol Sol7 Sol6 Do
Lie lie lie lie la

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.

In the clearing stands a boxer and a fighter by his trade
And he carries a reminder ov ev'ry glove that laid him down
Or 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 ... etc.