

The Boxer [F]

Simon and Garfunkel

[F] I am just a poor boy though my story's seldom [Dm] told
I have [C] squandered my resistance
For a [C7] pocket full of mumbles such are [F] promises
[Dm] All lies and jests still a [C] man hears what he [Bb] wants to hear
And disregards the [F] rest Hm[C7]mmmm

When I [F] left my home and my family I was no more than a [Dm] boy
In the [C] company of strangers
In the [C7] quiet of the railway station [F] running scared
[Dm] Laying low seeking [C] out the poorer [Bb] quarters
Where the ragged people [F] go
Looking [C7] for the places [Bb] only they would [F] know

Lie la [Dm] lie Lie la [Am] lie lie lie lie lie
Lie la [Dm] lie la lie [C7] lie lie [F]

[F] Asking only workman's wages I come looking for a [Dm] job
But I get no [C] offers,
Just a [C7] come-on from the whores on Seventh [F] Avenue
[Dm] I do declare there were [C] times when I was [Bb] so lonesome
I took some comfort [F] there Lie la lie [C7] [Bb] [F]

[F] Then I'm laying out my winter clothes and wishing I was [Dm] gone
Going [C] home
Where the [C7] New York City winters aren't [F] bleeding me
[Am] Bleeding me [Dm] going [C] home

In the [F] clearing stands a boxer and a fighter by his [Dm] trade
And he [C] carries the reminders
Of [C7] ev'ry glove that laid him down or [F] cut him till he cried out
In his anger and his [Dm] shame I am [C] leaving I am [Bb] leaving
But the fighter still re[F]mains mmm[C7]mmmm [Bb] [F]

Lie la [Dm] lie Lie la [Am] lie lie lie lie lie Lie la [Dm] lie la lie [C7]
Lie la [Dm] lie Lie la [Am] lie lie lie lie lie Lie la [Dm] lie la lie [C7] lie lie [F]

