**THE BOXER (PAUL SIMON)**

**Intro: C**

**C**

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. Mmm, mm

When I left my home And my family...I was no more than a boy

 In the company of strangers, In the quiet of the railway station, Running scared,

Laying low, Seeking out the poorer quarters Where the ragged people go,

 Looking for the places Only they would know.

**Am-Em-Am-F-G-C**

Lie-la-lie...

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,

 that I took some comfort there, lie-la-lie

[GUITAR BREAK -- WHISTLE]

**Am-Em-Am-F-G-C**

Lie-la-lie...

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,

**Em-Am...G**

Leading me...Going home.

In the clearing stands a boxer, And a fighter by his trade

 And he carries the reminders Of ev'ry 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...mm, mm

**Am-Em-Am-F-G-C**

Lie-la-lie...