## The Boxer

Words & Music: Paul Simon

CC/B Am I am just a poor boy, though my story's seldom told. CI have squandered my resistance for a pocketful of mumbles. Such are promises. All lies & jest! F G  $\mathbf{C}$ C Still, a man hears what he wants to hear and disregards the rest. When I let 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, C Seeking out the poorer quarters where the ragged people go. G Looking for the places only they would know. **CHORUS:** Lie-la-lie, lie-la-lie la-lie-la-lie. G Lie-la-lie, lie-la-lie la-lie-la-lie. G7  $\mathbf{C}$ La la la lie Asking only workmen'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. Ooo-la-la la-la la-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 the reminders of every clothes 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.

**CHORUS:**