

The Boxer

Paul Simon



[G] Oh I am just a poor boy though my story's seldom [Em] told
I have [D] squandered my resistance
For a [D7] pocket full of mumbles such are [G] promises
All lies and [Em] jests still a [D] man hears what he [C] wants to hear
And disregards the [G] rest hmm[D7]mmmm [G]

[G] When I left my home and my family I was no more than a [Em] boy
In the [D] company of strangers
In the [D7] quiet of the railway station [G] running scared
Laying [Em] low seeking [D] out the poorer [C] quarters
Where the ragged people [G] go
Looking [D7] for the places [C] only they would [G] know

CHORUS:

Lie la [Em] lie, Lie la [Bm] lie lie lie lie lie
Lie la [Em] lie, Lie la [D7] lie lie lie lie lie lie lie lie [G] lie

[G] Asking only workman's wages I come looking for a [Em] job
But I get no [D] offers
Just a [D7] come-on from the whores on Seventh [G] Avenue
I do de[Em]clare there were [D] times when I was [C] so lonesome
I took some comfort [G] there lie la [D7] lie lie lie lie

[G] Well I'm laying out my winter clothes and wishing I was [Em] gone
Going [D] home where the [D7] New York City winters aren't
[G] Bleeding me [Em] bleeding me - going [D] home.

In the [G] clearing stands a boxer and a fighter by his [Em] trade
And he [D] carries the reminders of [D7] ev'ry glove that laid him down
Or [G] cut him till he cried out in his anger and his [Em] shame
I am [D] leaving I am [C] leaving but the fighter still re[G]mains

mm[D7]mm [C] mm[G]

REPEAT CHORUS