

The Boxer

Paul Simon

[C] I am just a poor boy, Though my story's [G] seldom [Am] told
 I have [G] squandered my resistance
 For a [G7] pocket full of [G6] mumbles such are [C] promises
 All [G] lies and [Am] jests, Still a [G] man hears what he [F] wants to hear
 And disregards the [C] rest [G] [C]

[C] When I left my home and my family, I was no more than a [Am] boy
 In the [G] company of strangers
 In the [G7] quiet of the [G6] railway station [C] running scared
 Laying [Am] low, seeking [G] out the poorer [F] quarters
 Where the ragged people [C] go
 Looking [G] for the places [G7] only [G6] they would [C] know

Lie la [Am] lie lie la [Em] lie lie lie la lie lie la
 [Am] lie lie la [G7] lie la lie lie la la la la [C] lie

[C] Asking only workman's wages, I come looking for a [Am] job
 But I get no [G] offers,
 Just a [G7] come-on from the [G6] whores on Seventh [C] Avenue
 I do de [Am] clare, there were [G] times when I was [F] so lonesome
 I took some comfort [C] there la la [G] la la la la [C] la

[C] Now the years are rolling by me, They are rocking [G] easi [Am] ly
 I am [G] older than I once was, And [G7] younger than I'll be
 But that's not [C] unusual, No, it isn't [Am] strange
 After [G] changes upon [F] changes, We are more or less the [C] same
 After [G] changes we are [F] More or less the [C] same

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

[C] In the clearing stands a boxer, And a fighter [G] by his [Am] trade
 And he [G] carries the reminders, Of [G7] ev'ry glove that [C] laid him down
 Or cut him till he cried out In his anger [G] and his [Am] shame
 "I am [G] leaving, I am [F] leaving" But the fighter still re [C] mains
 Lie Lie la [Am] lie lie la [Em] lie lie lie la lie lie la
 [Am] lie lie la [G7] lie la lie lie la la la la [C] lie X2 [F] [C]