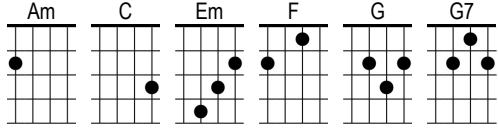


The Boxer

Simon & Garfunkel



C |

C I am just a | poor boy though my | story's seldom Am told
I have G squandered my | resistance
For a G7 pocket full of | mumbles such are C promises | |
All lies and Am jests still a G man hears what he F wants to hear
And | disregards the C rest, hmm G7 mmmm | | 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 | railway station C running scared | |
Laying Am low seeking G out the poorer F quarters
Where the | ragged people C go
Looking G7 for the places F only they would C know |

Lie-la-Am lie | lie-la-Em lie la lie-la- | lie
Lie-la-Am lie | lie-la-G7-lie la la la | la lie 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 | 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 G7 | | C |

C | | Am G | | | C | | Am G F | C G F C |

Lie-la-Am lie | lie-la-Em lie la lie-la- | lie
Lie-la-Am lie | lie-la-G7-lie la la la | la lie la la la C lie | |

C Then I'm | laying out my | winter clothes and | wishing I was Am gone
Going G home | where the G7 New York City | winters aren't
C Bleeding me | Em bleeding | me Am | going G home | | C | |

C In the | clearing stands a | boxer and a | fighter by his Am trade
And he G carries the re|minders of G7 ev'ry glove that | laid him down
Or C cut him till he | cried out in his | anger and his Am shame
I am G leaving I am F leaving but the | fighter still reC mains, hmm G7 mmmm F
C |

Lie-la-Am lie | lie-la-Em lie la lie-la- | lie
Lie-la-Am lie | lie-la-Em lie la lie-la- | lie
Lie-la-Am lie | lie-la-Em lie la lie-la- | lie
Lie-la-Am lie | lie-la-Em lie la lie-la- | lie Am↓

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