

# Bernardo Guimarães Filho - The Boxer

Tom: 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  
 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 runing scared  
 Laying low seeking out the poorer quarters  
 Where the ragged people go  
 Looking for the places only they would know  
 Lai lai lai lai lai lai????  
 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  
 I took some confort there la la la la la----- solo de gaita  
 Then i'm laying out my winter  
 Clothes and wishing i was gone going home  
 Were the new york city winters  
 Aren't bleeding me, leading me to go 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  
 Or cut him till he cried out  
 In his anger and his shame  
 I am leaving, i am leaving but the  
 Fighter still remains hum hum hum hum  
 Lai lai lai lai lai.....

## Acordes

