

Mumford & Sons - The Boxer

Tom: C

(com acordes na forma de Capotraste na 5ª casa G)

I am just a poor boy

Though my story's seldom told

I have squandered my resistance

For a pocket full of mumbles such are promises

All lies and jests

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 running scared

Laying low, seeking out the poorer quarters

Where the ragged people go

Looking for the places only they would know

Chorus:

Lie-la-lie

Lie-la-lie la lie-la-lie

Lie la lie

Lie-la-lie la la la lie la la la lie

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 comfort there

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

Bleeding me, going home

Repeat the Chorus (He sings it a little bit different but it's difficult to distinguish la's and lie's)

During solo play the verse chord progression

In the clearing stands a boxer

And a fighter by his trade

And he carries the reminders

Of ev'ry glove that layed 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

Lie-la-lie

Lie-la-lie la lie-la-lie

Lie la lie

Lie-la-lie la la la lie la la la lie

Lie-la-lie

Lie-la-lie la lie-la-lie

Lie la lie

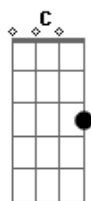
Lie-la-lie la la la lie la la la lie

Lie-la-lie la lie-la-lie

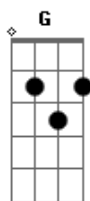
Lie la lie

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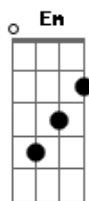
Acordes



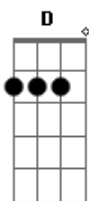
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