

Paul Simon - The boxer

Tom: C

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 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,
 Running scared,
 Laying low,
 Seeking out the poorer quarters
 Where the ragged people go
 Looking for the places
 Only they would know

Lie-la-lie,
 Lie-la-lie la lie-la-lie lie-la-lie,
 Lie-la-lie la la la la, Lie la la la la lie.

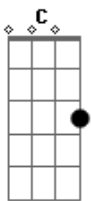
Asking only workman's wages
 I come looking for a job,
 But I get no offers,

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.
 Ooo-la-la la-la la-la
 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,
 Leading me - e,
 Going home.

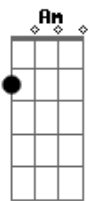
In the clearing stands a boxer,
 And a fighter by his trade
 And he carries the reminders
 Of ev'ry glove that laid him down
 Or cut him till he cried out
 In his anger and his shame,
 "I am leaving, I am leaving."
 But the fighter still remains

Lie-la-lie,
 Lie-la-lie la lie-la-lie lie-la-lie,
 Lie-la-lie la la la la, Lie la la la la lie.

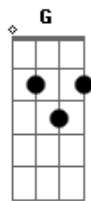
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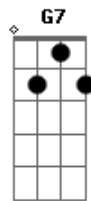
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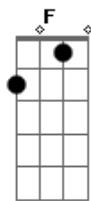
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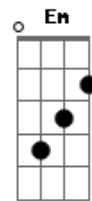
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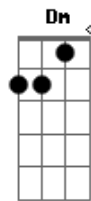
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