

# Paul Simon - The boxer

Tom: C

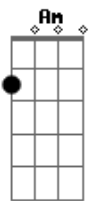
I am just a poor boy.  
 Though my story's seldom told,  
 I have squandered my resistance  
 For a pocket full of mumbles, Such are promises  
 All lies and jest  
 Still a man hears what he wants to hear  
 And disregards the rest.  
 When I left my home  
 And my family,  
 I was no more than a boy  
 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.

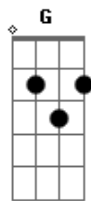
## Acordes



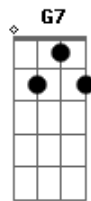
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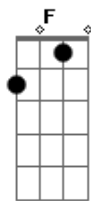
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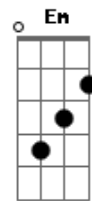
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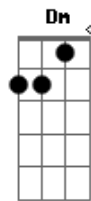
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