

# Paula Fernandes - The Boxer

Tom: E

(acordes na forma do tom D )

Capo na 2ª casa

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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 a railway station, runnin' scared.

Laying low, seeking out the poorer quarters,

Where the ragged people go.

Lookin' for the places, only they would know.

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

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

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

Asking only workman's wages I come lookin' 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 la, la, la, 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 bleedin' me.

Bleedin' me, to goin' home.

In the clearing stands a boxer and a fighter by his trade,

And he carries the reminders of every glove that laid him down,

Or cut him 'til he cried out in his anger and his shame,

"I am leaving, I am leaving."

But the fighter still remains.

## Acordes

