

# Simon & Garfunkel - 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 a railway station, running scared  
 Laying low, seeking out the poorer quarters  
 Where the ragged people go  
 Looking for the places only they would know

Am Em Am F G C

Lie la lie Lie la lie Lie la lie Lie la lie Lie 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

Am Em Am F G C  
 Lie lie lie lie 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, going home.

In the clearing stands a boxer and a fighter by his trade  
 And he carries a reminder 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

Am Em Am F G C  
 Lie la lie ... etc.

## Acordes

