

# The Boxer

Paul Simon

**C**  
I am just a poor boy.  
**Ami**  
Though my story's seldom told,  
**G**  
I have squandered my resistance  
**C**  
for a pocketful of numbles, such are promises.  
**Ami**  
All lies and jest,  
**G** **F**  
still a man hears what he wants to hear.  
**C G C**  
And disregards the rest.  
**C**  
When I left my home and my family,  
**Ami**  
I was no more than a boy  
**G**  
in the company of strangers  
**Dmi7 C**  
in the quiet of a railway station running scared,  
**Ami C**  
Laying low seeking out the  
**F**  
poorer quarters where the ragged people go,  
**G**  
Looking for the places  
**F Emi Dmi C**  
only they would know.  
**Ami G**  
Lie la lie, Lie la lie la lie  
**Ami G**  
la lie lie la lie Lie la lie  
**F G C**  
la la la la Lie la la la la lie.  
**C** **Ami**  
Asking only workman's wages I come looking for a job,  
**G**  
but I get no offers,  
**Dmi C**  
Just a comeon from the whores on Seventh Avenue.  
**Ami Dmi7**  
I do declare, there were times  
**G F**  
when I was so lone some I  
**C**  
took some comfort there.  
**G C**  
Ooo la la la la la la.  
**C**  
Then I'm laying out my winter clothes  
**G7 C** **Ami G**  
and wishing I was gone, going home  
**Dmi G7**  
Where the New York City  
**G C**

winters aren't bleeding me,  
     **Emi Ami G C**  
 Leading me, going home.  
     **C**  
 In the clearing stands a boxer,  
             **Ami7**  
 and a fighter by his trade  
     **G**  
 And he carries the reminders  
     **G7 C**  
 of ev'ry glove that laid him down  
     **Dmi7**  
 Or cut him till  
     **G7 C Ami**  
 he cried out in his anger and his sh?  
     **G F**  
 "I am leaving. I am leaving."  
             **C G C G F C**  
 But the fighter still remains.  
 Lie la lie...