

# The boxer (Paul Simon)

I am just a poor boy though my story's seldom told  
I've squandered my resistance for a pocketful of mumbles, such are promises  
All lies and jest, still the man hears what he wants to hear  
And disregards the rest, mmmm

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, runnin scared  
Laying low, seeking out the poorer quarters, where the ragged people go  
Looking for the places only they would know

Li la li.....Li la Li La La La Li  
Li la li.....Li la Li La La La Li

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  
So I took some comfort there, la la la la la...

*Bridge:*

C Am G  
C Am G F C G F C

Li la li.....Li la Li La La La Li  
Li la li.....Li la Li La La La Li

And I'm laying out my winter clothes, and wishing I was gone, goin' home  
Where the New York city winters are'nt bleedin' me, leadin' me..... 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 Mmmm...

Li la li.....Li la Li La La La Li  
Li la li.....Li la Li La La La Li

Li la li.....Li la Li La La La Li  
Li la li.....Li la Li La La La Li