The boxer (Paul Simon)

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

C                        Am
When I left my home and my family, I was no more than a boy
G                        C
In the company of strangers in the quiet of the railway station, runnin scared
Am          G          F
Laying low, seeking out the poorer quarters, where the ragged people go
G          F          C
Looking for the places only they would know

Am     Em     Am
Li la li…………Li la Li La La Li
G          C
Li la li…………Li la Li La La Li

Asking only workman’s wages, I come lookin for a job, but I get no offers
C
Just a come-on from the whores on seventh avenue
Am          G          F
I do declare, there were times when I was so lonesome
C     G     C
So I took some comfort there, la la la la la…

Bridge:

C                        Am  G
C                        Am  G  F  C  G  F  C
Am     Em     Am
Li la li…………Li la Li La La Li
G          C
Li la li…………Li la Li La La Li

And I’m laying out my winter clothes, and wishing I was gone, goin’ home
C     Em  Am     G     C
Where the New York city winters are’nt bleedin’ me, leadin’ me…….. goin’ home

C                        Am
In the clearing stands a boxer, and a fighter by his trade
G                        C
And he carries the reminders of every glove that laid him down
C                        Am
or cut him ‘til he cried out in his anger and his shame
G          F          C          G          F          C
I am leaving, I am leaving, but the fighter still remains  Mmmm…

Am     Em     Am
Li la li…………Li la Li La La Li
G            Am
Li la li…………Li la Li La La Li

Am     Em     Am
Li la li…………Li la Li La La Li
G            C
Li la li…………Li la Li La La Li