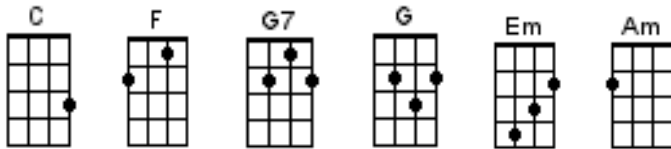




The Boxer - Simon and Garfunkel



[C] I am just a poor boy though my story's seldom [Am] told
 I have [G] squandered my resistance
 For a [G7] pocket full of mumbles such are [C] promises
 All lies and [Am] jests still a [G] man hears what he [F] wants to hear
 And disregards the [C] rest hmm [G7] mmmm [C]

[C] When I left my home and my family I was no more than a [Am] boy
 In the [G] company of strangers
 In the [G7] quiet of the railway station [C] running scared
 Laying [Am] low seeking [G] out the poorer [F] quarters,
 Where the ragged people [C] go
 Looking [G7] for the places [F] only they would [C] know

Chorus: Lie la [Am] lie, Lie la [Em] lie lie lie lie lie
 Lie la [Am] lie, Lie la [G7] lie lie lie lie lie lie lie lie [C] lie

[C] Asking only workman's wages I come looking for a [Am] job
 But I get no [G] offers
 Just a [G7] come-on from the whores on Seventh [C] Avenue
 I do de-[Am]-clare there were [G] times when I was [F] so lonesome
 I took some comfort [C] there lie la [G7] lie lie lie lie [C]

Chorus

[C] Then I'm laying out my winter clothes and wishing I was [Am] gone
 Going [G] home where the [G7] New York City winters aren't
 [C] Bleeding me bleeding [Em] me-ee [Am] going [G] home [C]

In the [C] clearing stands a boxer and a fighter by his [Am] trade
 And he [G] carries the reminders of [G7] ev'ry glove that laid him down
 Or [C] cut him till he cried out in his anger and his [Am] shame
 I am [G] leaving I am [F] leaving but the fighter still re[C]mains, m[G7]mmm [F] [C]

Chorus x 2 (and fade)