

The Boxer Simon And Garfunkel

V1 ^{G C} I am just a poor boy, though my story's seldom told, ^{Am}
^G I have squandered my resistance, for a pocket full of mumbles such are promises. ^{G7 C}
^{Am G F C G/ C/} All lies and jest, still a man hears what he wants to hear and disregards the rest, oohh, hmm

V2 ^C When I left my home and my family I was no more than a boy, ^{Am}
^G in the company of strangers, in the quiet of the railway station running scared. ^{G7 C}
^{Am G F C} Laying low, seeking out the poorer quarters, where the ragged people go,
^{G C} looking for the places only they would know.

Ch1 ^{Am Em Am G C} Lie la lie ...

V3 ^C Asking only workman's wages, I come looking for a job, ^{Am} but I get no offers, ^G
^{G7 C} just a come-on from the whores on 7th Avenue.
^{Am G F C G/ C} I do declare, there were times when I was so lonesome, I took some comfort there. La X 6

Whistle C Am G/ C/ Am G F/ C G F C

Ch2

V4 ^C Then I'm laying out my winter clothes and wishing I was gone, going home. ^{Am G}
^{G7 C Em Am G/ C/} Where the New York City winters aren't bleeding me, leading me, going home

V5 ^C In the clearing stands a boxer and a fighter by his trade ^{Am}
^{G G7} and he carries the reminders, of ev'ry glove that layed him down,
^{C Am} or cut him till he cried out, in his anger and his shame,
^{G F C G/ C} "I am leaving, I am leaving," but the fighter still remains hmmm.

Ch3 C Am G/ C/ Am G F/ C G **Ritard** F C