

The Boxer Simon And Garfunkel

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

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

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

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

Whistle ^{C/} ^{Am/} ^{G///} ^{C/} ^{Am} ^{G/} ^{F/} ^C ^G ^F ^C

Ch2

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

V5 ^CIn the clearing stands a boxer and a fighter by his trade ^{Am}
^G And he carries the reminders, ^{G7} Of ev'ry glove that layed him down
^C Or cut him till he cried out, ^{Am} In his anger and his shame
^G "I am leaving, I am leaving," ^F But the fighter still remains ^C still remains ^G ^C

Ch3 ^{Am} ^G ^C ^F ^C