

The Boxer Simon And Garfunkel

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

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

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

V3 ^CAsking only workman's wages, ^{Am}I come looking for a job, ^GBut I get no offers,
^{G7}Just a come-on from the whores on 7th Avenue.
^{Am}I do declare, there were times when I was so lonesome, ^GI took some comfort there. ^Foohh ^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
^{G7}Where the New York City winters aren't bleeding me ^Cleading me, going home ^{Em} ^{Am} ^G ^C

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

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