

The Boxer Simon And Garfunkel

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

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

Ch1 Lie la lie ...

V3 Asking only workman's wages, I come looking for a job, but I get no offers,
just a come-on from the whores on 7th Avenue.
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 Then I'm laying out my winter clothes and wishing I was gone, going home.
Where the New York City winters aren't bleeding me, leading me, going home

V5 In the clearing stands a boxer and a fighter by his trade
and he carries the reminders, of ev'ry glove that layed him down,
or cut him till he cried out, in his anger and his shame,
"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