

# Bernardo Guimarães Filho - The Boxer

Tom: C

C

I am just a poor boy though my story's

Seldom told i have squandered my resistance

For a pocketful of mumbles such are promises

All lies and jest still a man hears

What he wants to hear and disregards the rest

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 runing scared

Laying low seeking out the poorer quarters

Where the ragged people go

Looking for the places only they would know

Lai lai lai lai lai lai????

Asking only workman's wages

I come looking for a job but i get no offers

Just a come-on from the whores on

Seventh avenue

I do declare there were times

When i was so lonesome

I took some confort there la la la la la----- solo de gaita

Then i'm laying out my winter

Clothes and wishing i was gone going home

Were the new york city winters

Aren't bleeding me, leading me to go home

In the clearing stands a boxer

And a fighter by his trade

And he carries the reminders

Of ev'ry glove that laid him down

Or cut him till he cried out

In his anger and his shame

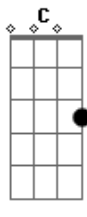
I am leaving, i am leaving but the

Fighter still remains hum hum hum hum

Lai lai lai lai lai.....

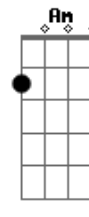
## Acordes

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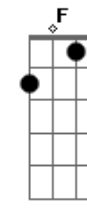
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Am



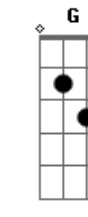
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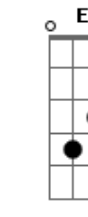
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G



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Em



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