

Paula Fernandes - The Boxer

Tom: E

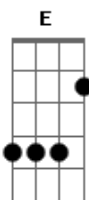
(acordes na forma do tom D)
Capostrate na 2ª casa
(capo 2ª casa)

D
G
I am just a poor boy, though my story's seldom told.
A
I have squandered my resistance,
D
For a pocketful of mumbles, such are promises.
Bm
All lies and jest.
A
Still a man hears what he wants to hear and disregards the rest.
D A D
When I left my home and my family I was no more than a boy,
A
In the company of strangers,
D
In the quiet of a railway station, runnin' scared.
Bm A
Laying low, seeking out the poorer quarters,
D
Where the ragged people go.
A G A
Lookin' for the places, only they would know.
Bm A
Lie-la-lie Lie-la-lie-la-la-lie
Bm G A D

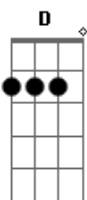
Lie-la-lie Lie-le-lie-la-lie-la-la-la-la-lie

Bm
Asking only workman's wages I come lookin' for a job,
A
But I get no offers,
D
Just a come-on from the whores on Seventh Avenue.
Bm A
I do declare there were times when I was so lonesome,
D A
I took some comfort there la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la
D
Then I'm laying out my winter clothes and wishing I was gone,
G
Going home, where the New York City winters aren't bleedin' me.
Bm Gbm A D
Bleadin' me, to goin' home.
D
In the clearing stands a boxer and a fighter by his trade,
G
And he carries the reminders of every glove that laid him down,
D
Or cut him 'til he cried out in his anger and his shame,
A G
"I am leaving, I am leaving."
D A D
But the fighter still remains.

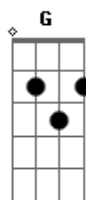
Acordes



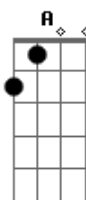
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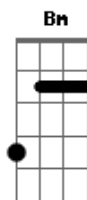
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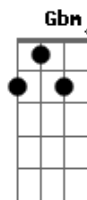
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