

# Paula Fernandes - The Boxer

Tom: E

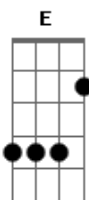
(acordes na forma do tom D )  
Capostrate na 2ª casa  
(capo 2ª casa)

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

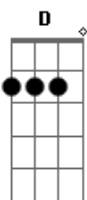
Lie-la-lie Lie-le-lie-la-lie-la-la-la-la-lie

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,  
Bm A G  
"I am leaving, I am leaving."  
D A D  
But the fighter still remains.

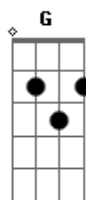
## Acordes



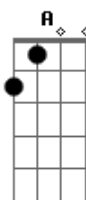
© ukulele-chords.com



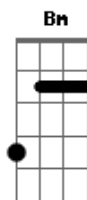
© ukulele-chords.com



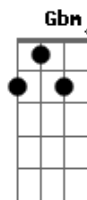
© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com