

Simon & Garfunkel - The Boxer

Tom: C

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

When I left my home and my family, I was no more than a boy

In the company of strangers

In the quiet of a railway station, running scared

Laying low, seeking out the poorer quarters

Where the ragged people go

Looking for the places only they would know

Am Em Am F G C

Lie la lie Lie la lie Lie la lie Lie la lie Lie la lie

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 comfort there

Lie lie lie lie la

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.

In the clearing stands a boxer and a fighter by his trade

And he carries a reminder ov 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

Am Em Am F G C

Lie la lie ... etc.

Acordes

