

# The Boxer

Simon & Garfunkel

**C** I am just a poor boy. Though my story's seldom told, **Am**  
**G** I have squandered my resistance for a pocketful of mumbles,  
**C** such are promises.

**Am** **G** **F**  
All lies and jest. Still, a man hears what he wants to hear  
**C** **C G F G C**  
and disregards the rest.

**C** **Am**  
When I left my home and my family, I was no more than a boy.  
**G** **Dm7**  
In the company of strangers, in the quiet of the railway station,  
**C**  
running scared.

**Am** **G** **F** **C**  
Laying low, seeking out the poorer quarters where the ragged people go,  
**G** **F** **Em** **Dm** **C**  
Looking for the places only they would know.

**Am** **G** **Am** **G** **F** **C**  
Lie-la-lie ...

**C** **Am**  
Asking only workman's wages I come looking for a job,  
**G**  
But I get no offers. Just a come-on from the whores  
**C**  
on Seventh Avenue.

**Am** **G** **F**  
I do declare, there were times when I was so lonesome  
**C** **C G F G C**  
I took some comfort there.

**C** **Am**  
Now the years are rolling by me, they are rocking evenly.  
**G** **F**  
I am older than I once was, younger than I'll be,  
**C**  
That's not unusual.

**Am** **G** **F** **C**  
No, it isn't strange. After changes upon changes, we are more or less the same.  
**G** **F** **G** **C**  
After changes we are more or less the same.

**Am** **G** **Am** **G** **F** **C**  
Lie-la-lie ...

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 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.

Lie-la-lie ...