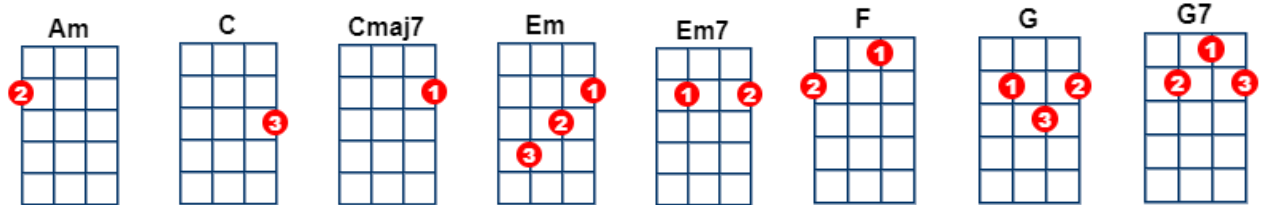


The Boxer – Simon & Garfunkel



(Intro) [C]

[C] I am just a poor boy though my story's [Cmaj7] seldom [Am] told.
 I have [G] squandered my resistance,
 For a [G7] pocket full of [Em7] mumbles such are [C] promises.
 [C] All lies and [Am] jests, still a [G] man hears what he [F] wants to hear,
 [F] And disregards the [C] rest [G] Hm-mmmm. [F] [G] [C]

When I [C] left my home and my family I was no more [Cmaj7] than a [Am] boy,
 In the [G] company of strangers.
 In the [G7] quiet of the [Em7] railway station [C] running scared.
 [C] Laying [Am] low seeking [G] out the poorer [F] quarters,
 [F] Where the ragged people [C] go.
 Looking [G] for the places [F] only [G] they would [C] know.

Lie la-[Am]lie. Lie la-[Em]la-la, lie la-lie.
 Lie la-[Am]lie.
 Lie-la [G] la la la la lie. Li la la la la [C] lie.

[C] Asking only workman's wages I come looking [Cmaj7] for a [Am] job.
 [Am] But I get no [G] offers,
 Just a [G7] come-on from the [Em7] whores on Seventh [C] Avenue,
 [C] I do [Am] declare there were [G] times, when I was [F] so lonesome,
 [F] I took some comfort [C] there.
 Lie la [G] la. La la la la [C] la. [G] [F] [C]

(Refrain as verse) [C] [Cmaj7] [Am], [Am] [G],
 [G7] [Em7] [C],
 [C] [Am] [G] [F], [F] [C]

[C] Then I'm laying out my winter clothes and wishing [Cmaj7] I was [Am] gone.
 Going [G] home, where the [G7] New York City winters aren't [C] bleeding me.
 [Em] Leading [Am] me. Going [G7] home. [C]

In the [C] clearing stands a boxer and a fighter [Cmaj7] by his [Am] trade,
 And he [G] carries the reminders,
 Of [G7] ev'ry glove that [Em7] laid him down or [C] cut him till he cried out,
 In his anger [Cmaj7] and his [Am] shame,
 I am [G] leaving. I am [F] leaving.
 But the fighter still re[C]mains. Hm hm [G7] hm. [F] [G] [C]

(Outro – repeat x3)

Lie la-[Am]lie. Lie la-[Em]la-la, lie la-lie. Lie la-[Am]lie.
 Lie-la [G] la la la la lie. Li la la la la [Am] lie.