The Boxer (Paul Simon)

\[ C \quad G \quad Am \]

I am just a poor boy though my story’s seldom told,

\[ G \]

I have squandered my resistance

\[ G7 \quad Em7 \quad C \quad G \quad Am \]

For a pocketful of mumbles, such are promises, all lies and jest

\[ G \quad F \quad C \quad G7 \quad F \]

Still, a man hears what he wants to hear and disregards the rest

\[ C \quad G \quad Am \]

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

\[ G \]

In the company of strangers

\[ G7 \quad Em7 \quad C \quad G \quad Am \]

In the quiet of the railway station, running scared, laying low,

\[ G \quad F \quad C \]

Seeking out the poorer quarters where the ragged people go,

\[ G7 \quad F \quad C \]

Looking for the places only they would know.

**Chorus:**

\[ Am \quad G \quad Am \]

Lie-la-lie..lie la lie la la lie – lie la lie

\[ G \quad C \]

Lie la lie lalalala lie lalala lie

\[ C7 \quad C \]

Asking only workman’s wages,

\[ G \quad Am \quad G \]

I come looking for a job, but I get no offers,

\[ G7 \quad Em7 \quad C \quad G \quad Am \]

Just a come-on from the whores on Seventh Avenue, I do declare,

\[ G \quad F \quad C \]

There were times when I was so lonesome I took some comfort there.

\[ G7 \quad F \quad C \]

La la la la la

**Chorus**

\[ C \quad G \quad Am \]

Now the years are rolling by me, they are rocking evil - ly

\[ G \]

I am older than I once was,

\[ G7 \quad Em7 \quad C \quad G \quad Am \]

But younger than I’ll be, but that’s not unusual, no it isn’t strange

\[ G \quad F \quad C \]

After changes upon changes, we are more or less the same

\[ G7 \quad F \quad C \]

After changes we are more or less the same

**Chorus**

\[ C7 \quad C \quad G \quad Am \]

Then I’m laying out my winter clothes and wishing I was gone,

\[ G \]

Going home –

\[ G7 \quad Em7 \quad C \quad Em \quad Am \]

Where the New York City winters aren't bleeding me, leading me-

\[ G \quad G7 \quad F \quad C \]

To going home.

**Chorus**

\[ C \quad G \quad Am \]

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

\[ G \]

And he carries the reminders

\[ G7 \quad Em7 \quad C \]

Of ev’ry glove that laid him down and cut him till he cried out

\[ G \quad Am \]

In his anger and his shame,

\[ G \quad F \quad C \quad G7 \quad Em7 \quad C \]

"I am leaving, I am leaving." But the fighter still remains

**Chorus end in Am**

(repeat from G to fade)