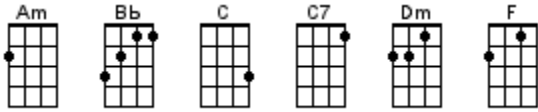


The Boxer

Paul Simon and Art Garfunkel 1969



INTRO: / 1 2 / 1 2 / [F] / [F] /

[F] I am just a poor boy though my story's seldom **[Dm]** told
I have **[C]** squandered my resistance
For a **[C7]** pocket full of mumbles such are **[F]** promises **[F]**
[F] All lies and **[Dm]** jests, still a **[C]** man hears what he **[Bb]** wants to hear
And **[Bb]** disregards the **[F]** rest, mm-mm
[C7] Mm, mm-mm **[C7]** mm, mm-mm **[F]** mm **[F]**

When I **[F]** left my home and my family I was no more than a **[Dm]** boy
In the **[C]** company of strangers
In the **[C7]** quiet of the railway station **[F]** running scared **[F]**
[F] Laying **[Dm]** low, seeking **[C]** out the poorer **[Bb]** quarters
Where the **[Bb]** ragged people **[F]** go
Looking **[C7]** for the places **[Bb]** only they would **[F]** know **[F]**

Lie la **[Dm]** lie **[Dm]**
Lie la **[Am]** lie, la la la-**[Am]**lie
Lie la **[Dm]** lie **[Dm]**
Lie la **[C7]** lie, la la la-**[C7]**lie, la-la-la-la **[F]** lie **[F] / [F] / [F]**

Asking **[F]** only workman's wages I come looking for a **[Dm]** job
But I get no **[C]** offers **[C]**
Just a **[C7]** come-on from the whores on Seventh **[F]** Avenue **[F]**
[F] I do de-**[Dm]**clare, there were **[C]** times when I was **[Bb]** so lonesome
I **[Bb]** took some comfort **[F]** there, la la **[C7]** la la la **[C7]** la **[C7] / [F] / [F]**

Lie la **[Dm]** lie **[Dm]**
Lie la **[Am]** lie, la la la-**[Am]**lie
Lie la **[Dm]** lie **[Dm]**
Lie la **[C7]** lie, la la la-**[C7]**lie, la-la-la-la **[F]** lie **[F] / [F] / [F]**

Then I'm **[F]** laying out my winter clothes and wishing I was **[Dm]** gone
Going **[C]** home **[C]**
Where the **[C7]** New York City winters aren't **[F]** bleeding me **[F] / [Am]**
Bleeding **[Am]** me-**[Dm]**ee-**[Dm]**ee
Going **[C]** home **[C] / [C] / [F] / [F]**

In the **[F]** clearing stands a boxer and a fighter by his **[Dm]** trade
And he **[C]** carries the reminders
Of **[C7]** every glove that laid him down or **[F]** cut him till he cried out
In his **[F]** anger and his **[Dm]** shame
I am **[C]** leaving I am **[Bb]** leaving
But the **[Bb]** fighter still re-**[F]**mains, mm-**[C7]**mm **[Bb] / [F] / [F]**

Lie la **[Dm]** lie **[Dm]**

Lie la **[Am]** lie, la la la-**[Am]**lie

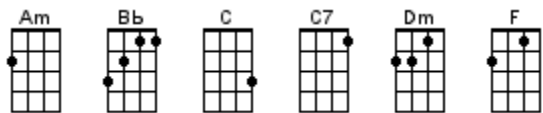
Lie la **[Dm]** lie **[Dm]**

Lie la **[C7]** lie, la la la-**[C7]**lie, la-la-la-la **[Dm]** lie **[Dm]**

Lie la **[Am]** lie, la la la-**[Am]**lie

Lie la **[Dm]** lie **[Dm]**

Lie la **[C7]** lie, la la la-**[C7]**lie, la-la-la-la **[F]**↓ lie



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