

# The Boxer

Simon & Garfunkel

1. 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 jests  
still a man hears what he wants to hear  
and disregards the rest.
2. When I left my home and my family I was no more than a boy  
in the company of strangers  
in the quiet of the railway station running scared  
laying low, seeking out the poorer quarters  
where the ragged people go  
looking for the places only they would know.

R: Lie la lie ...

3. 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 oo-la-la ...

R:

4. 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.

5. 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.

R:

R:

R: ...