

# The Boxer

Paul Simon

I am just a poor boy.  
Though my story's seldom told,  
I have squandered my resistance  
for a pocketful of numbles, such are promises.  
All lies and jest,  
still a man hears what he wants to hear.  
And disregards the rest.  
When I left my home and my family,  
I was no more than a boy  
in the company of strangers  
in the quiet of a railway station running scared,  
Laying low seeking out the  
poorer quarters where the ragged people go,  
Looking for the places  
only they would know.  
Lie la lie, Lie la lie la lie  
la lie lie la lie Lie la lie  
la la la la Lie la la la la lie.  
Asking only workman's wages I come looking for a job,  
but I get no offers,  
Just a comeon from the whores on Seventh Avenue.  
I do declare, there were times  
when I was so lone some I  
took some comfort there.  
Ooo la la la la la la.  
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 sh?  
"I am leaving. I am leaving."  
But the fighter still remains.  
Lie la lie...