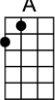
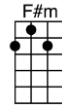
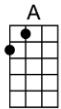


THE BOXER - Paul Simon

4/4 1...2...1234

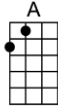
Intro:  (4 measures)



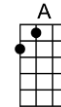
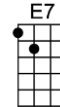
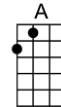
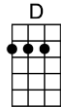
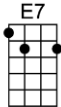
I am just a poor boy, though my story's seldom told



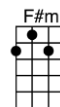
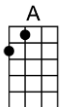
I have squandered my resistance for a pocketful of mumbles



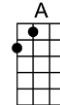
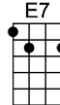
Such are promises, all lies in jest



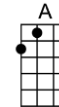
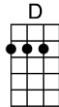
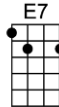
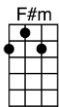
Still, a man hears what he wants to hear, and disregards the rest



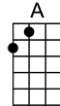
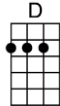
When I left my home and my family, I was no more than a boy



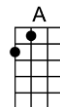
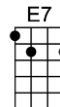
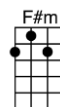
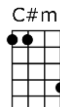
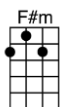
In the company of strangers, in the quiet of a railway station, running scared



Laying low, seeking out the poorer quarters, where the ragged people go

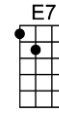
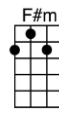
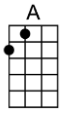


Looking for the places only they would know

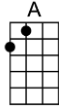


Ly-la-ly.....

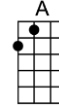
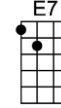
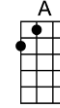
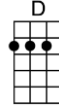
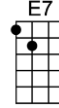
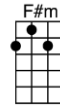
p.2. The Boxer



Asking only workman's wages, I come looking for a job, but I get no offers

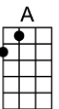
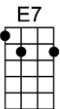
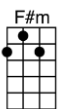
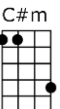
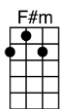
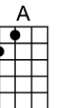
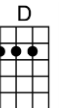
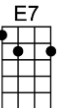
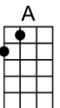
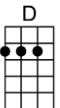
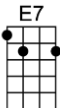
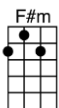
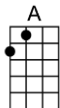
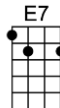
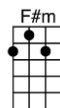
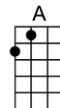


Just a come-on from the whores on Seventh Avenue

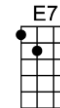
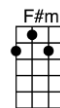
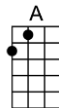


I do de-clare there were times when I was so lonesome, I took some comfort there... la-la-la.....

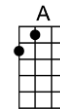
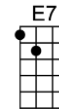
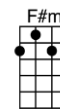
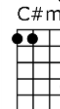
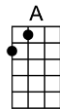
Interlude:



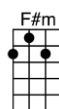
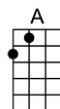
Ly-la-ly.....



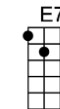
Then I'm laying out my winter clothes, and wishing I was gone, going home,



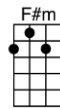
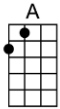
Where the New York City winters aren't bleeding me, leading me, going home



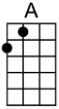
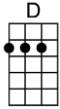
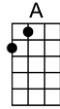
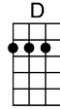
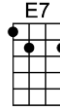
In the clearing stands a boxer, and a fighter by his trade



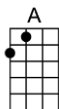
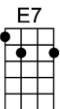
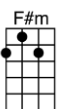
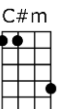
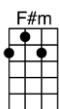
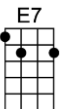
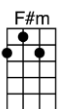
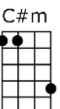
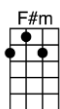
And he carries the reminders of every glove that laid him down



Or cut him, 'til he cried out, in his anger and his shame



"I am leaving, I am leaving", but the fighter still re-mains



Ly-la-ly.....

THE BOXER-Paul Simon

4/4 1...2...1234

Intro: A (4 measures)

A F#m
I am just a poor boy, though my story's seldom told
E7
I have squandered my resistance for a pocketful of mumbles
A F#m
Such are promises, all lies in jest
E7 D A E7 A
Still, a man hears what he wants to hear, and disregards the rest
A F#m
When I left my home and my family, I was no more than a boy
E7 A
In the company of strangers, in the quiet of a railway station, running scared
F#m E7 D A
Laying low, seeking out the poorer quarters, where the ragged people go
E7 D A
Looking for the places only they would know

F#m C#m F#m E7 A
Ly-la-ly.....

A F#m E7
Asking only workman's wages, I come looking for a job, but I get no offers
A
Just a come-on from the whores on Seventh Avenue
F#m E7 D A E7 A
I do de-clare there were times when I was so lonesome, I took some comfort there... ly-la-ly.....

Interlude: A F#m E7 A F#m E7 D A E7 D A

F#m C#m F#m E7 A
Ly-la-ly.....

A F#m E7
Then I'm laying out my winter clothes, and wishing I was gone, going home,
A C#m F#m E7 A
Where the New York City winters aren't bleeding me, leading me, going home
A F#m
In the clearing stands a boxer, and a fighter by his trade
E7
And he carries the reminders of every glove that laid him down
A F#m
Or cut him, 'til he cried out, in his anger and his shame
E7 D A E7 D A
"I am leaving, I am leaving", but the fighter still re-mains

F#m C#m F#m E7 F#m C#m F#m E7 A
Ly-la-ly.....