**The Boxer (Paul Simon, 1968) (C)**

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| **Intro: Cadd9 | Cadd9 | C | C |** **C G Am**I am just a poor boy, though my story's seldom told. **G G7**I have squandered my resistance, for a pocket full of mumbles, **C G Am**Such are promises. All lies and jests, **G F C | G | G | G | C | C | C**Still a man hears what he wants to hear, and disregards the rest. **C G Am**When I left my home and my family, I was no more than a boy **G G7**In the company of strangers, in the quiet of the railway station.**C** **Am G F**Running scared. Laying low, seeking out the poorer quarters **C G F Em Dm C**Where the ragged people go, looking for the places only they would know.**Bridge** **Am Em** Lie-la-lie, Lie-la-lie, la lie-la-lie, **Am G C | C | C**Lie-la-lie, Lie-la-lie, la la la la lie. **C G Am**Asking only workman's wages, I come looking for a job, **G G7 C**But I get no offers. Just a come-on from the whores on Seventh Avenue. **G Am G F**I do de-clare there were times when I was so lonesome **C G | C | C | C**I took some comfort there. Ooo-la-la, la-la la la. **(Instrumental Verse) (Chorus)** **C G Am G**Then I'm laying out my winter clothes and wishing I was gone, going home. **G C Em Am G**Where the New York City winters are-n't bleeding me, Leading me, going home. **| G7 | G7 | C | C | C |** **C G Am**In the clearing stands a boxer and a fighter by his trade **G G7**And he carries the reminders of every glove that laid him down **C G Am**Or cut him 'til he cried out iIn his anger and his shame **G F C | C C G C | G | F | C**"I am leaving, I am leaving" - but the fighter still re-mains.**Chorus (Repeat 8 times)** | **GCEA** |
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**The Boxer (Paul Simon, 1968) (C)**

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| **Intro: Cadd9 | Cadd9 | C | C |** **C G Am**I am just a poor boy, though my story's seldom told. **G G7**I have squandered my resistance, for a pocket full of mumbles, **C G Am**Such are promises. All lies and jests, **G F C | G | G | G | C | C | C**Still a man hears what he wants to hear, and disregards the rest. **C G Am**When I left my home and my family, I was no more than a boy **G G7**In the company of strangers, in the quiet of the railway station.**C** **Am G F**Running scared. Laying low, seeking out the poorer quarters **C G F Em Dm C**Where the ragged people go, looking for the places only they would know.**Bridge** **Am Em** Lie-la-lie, Lie-la-lie, la lie-la-lie, **Am G C | C | C**Lie-la-lie, Lie-la-lie, la la la la lie. **C G Am**Asking only workman's wages, I come looking for a job, **G G7 C**But I get no offers. Just a come-on from the whores on Seventh Avenue. **G Am G F**I do de-clare there were times when I was so lonesome **C G | C | C | C**I took some comfort there. Ooo-la-la, la-la la la. **(Instrumental Verse) (Chorus)** **C G Am G**Then I'm laying out my winter clothes and wishing I was gone, going home. **G C Em Am G**Where the New York City winters are-n't bleeding me, Leading me, going home. **| G7 | G7 | C | C | C |** **C G Am**In the clearing stands a boxer and a fighter by his trade **G G7**And he carries the reminders of every glove that laid him down **C G Am**Or cut him 'til he cried out iIn his anger and his shame **G F C | C C G C | G | F | C**"I am leaving, I am leaving" - but the fighter still re-mains.**Chorus (Repeat 8 times)** | **Baritone** |
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**The Boxer (Paul Simon, 1968) (G)**

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| **Intro: Gadd9 | Gadd9 | G | G |****G D Em**I am just a poor boy, though my story's seldom told. **D D7**I have squandered my resistance, for a pocket full of mumbles, **G D Em**Such are promises. All lies and jests, **D C G | D | D | D | G | G | G**Still a man hears what he wants to hear, and disregards the rest. **G D Em**When I left my home and my family, I was no more than a boy **D D7**In the company of strangers, in the quiet of the railway station.**G Em D C**Running scared. Laying low, seeking out the poorer quarters **G D C Bm Am G**Where the ragged people go, looking for the places only they would know.**Chorus** **Em Bm**Lie-la-lie, Lie-la-lie, la lie-la-lie, **Em D G | G | G**Lie-la-lie, Lie-la-lie, la la la la lie. **G D Em**Asking only workman's wages, I come looking for a job, **D D7 G**But I get no offers. Just a come-on from the whores on Seventh Avenue. **D Em D C**I do de-clare there were times when I was so lonesome **G D | G | G | G**I took some comfort there. Ooo-la-la, la-la la la. **(Instrumental Verse) (Chorus)** **G D Em D**Then I'm laying out my winter clothes and wishing I was gone, going home. **D G Bm Em D**Where the New York City winters are-n't bleeding me, Leading me, going home. **| D7 | D7 | G | G | G |** **G D Em**In the clearing stands a boxer and a fighter by his trade **D D7**And he carries the reminders of every glove that laid him down **G D Em**Or cut him 'til he cried out iIn his anger and his shame **D C G | G G D G | D | C | G**"I am leaving, I am leaving" - but the fighter still re-mains.**Chorus (Repeat 8 times)**  | **GCEA** |
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**The Boxer (Paul Simon, 1968) (G)**

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| **Intro: Gadd9 | Gadd9 | G | G |****G D Em**I am just a poor boy, though my story's seldom told. **D D7**I have squandered my resistance, for a pocket full of mumbles, **G D Em**Such are promises. All lies and jests, **D C G | D | D | D | G | G | G**Still a man hears what he wants to hear, and disregards the rest. **G D Em**When I left my home and my family, I was no more than a boy **D D7**In the company of strangers, in the quiet of the railway station.**G Em D C**Running scared. Laying low, seeking out the poorer quarters **G D C Bm Am G**Where the ragged people go, looking for the places only they would know.**Chorus** **Em Bm**Lie-la-lie, Lie-la-lie, la lie-la-lie, **Em D G | G | G**Lie-la-lie, Lie-la-lie, la la la la lie. **G D Em**Asking only workman's wages, I come looking for a job, **D D7 G**But I get no offers. Just a come-on from the whores on Seventh Avenue. **D Em D C**I do de-clare there were times when I was so lonesome **G D | G | G | G**I took some comfort there. Ooo-la-la, la-la la la. **(Instrumental Verse) (Chorus)** **G D Em D**Then I'm laying out my winter clothes and wishing I was gone, going home. **D G Bm Em D**Where the New York City winters are-n't bleeding me, Leading me, going home. **| D7 | D7 | G | G | G |** **G D Em**In the clearing stands a boxer and a fighter by his trade **D D7**And he carries the reminders of every glove that laid him down **G D Em**Or cut him 'til he cried out iIn his anger and his shame **D C G | G G D G | D | C | G**"I am leaving, I am leaving" - but the fighter still re-mains.**Chorus (Repeat 8 times)**  | **Baritone** |
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