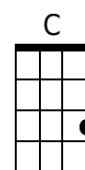


The Boxer (Paul Simon, 1968) (C)

Intro: C | C | C | C |

GCEA

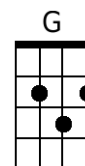
C G Am
I am just a poor boy, though my story's seldom told.



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.

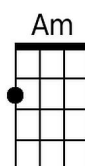


C G Am
When I left my home and my family, I was no more than a boy

G G7
In the company of strangers, in the quiet of the railway station.

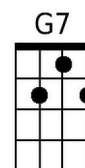
C Am G F
Running scared. Laying low, seeking out the poorer quarters

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.

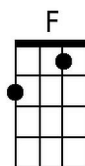


C G Am
Asking only workman's wages, I come looking for a job,

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

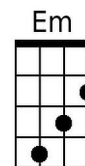
C G | C | C | C |
I took some comfort there. Ooo-la-la, la-la la la.



(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 |

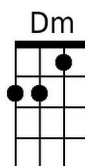


C G Am
In the clearing stands a boxer and a fighter by his trade

G G7
And he carries the reminders of every glove that laid him down

C G Am
Or cut him 'til he cried out in 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)

The Boxer (Paul Simon, 1968) (C)

Intro: C | C | 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

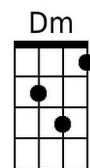
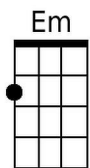
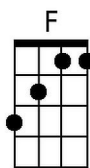
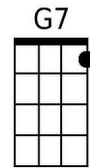
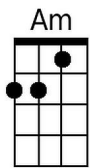
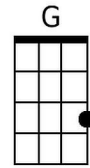
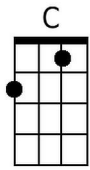
G G7
And he carries the reminders of every glove that laid him down

C G Am
Or cut him 'til he cried out in 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

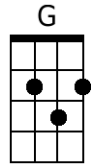


The Boxer (Paul Simon, 1968) (G)

Intro: G | G | G | G |

GCEA

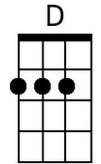
G D Em
I am just a poor boy, though my story's seldom told.



D D7
I have squandered my resistance, for a pocket full of mumbles,

G D Em
Such are promises. All lies and jests,

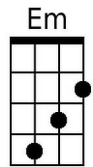
D C G | D | D | D | G | G | G
Still a man hears what he wants to hear, and disregards the rest.



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

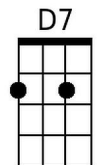
D D7
In the company of strangers, in the quiet of the railway station.

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.

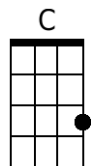


Chorus

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.



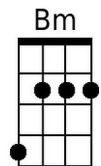
G D Em
Asking only workman's wages, I come looking for a job,
D D7 G
But I get no offers. Just a come-on from the whores on Seventh Avenue.



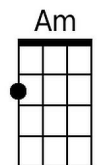
D Em D C
I do de-clare there were times when I was so lonesome
G D | G | G | G
I took some comfort there. Ooo-la-la, la-la la la.

(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 in 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)

The Boxer (Paul Simon, 1968) (G)

Intro: G | G | 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 in 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

