

Paul Simon "The Boxer"

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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 and jest, still a man hears what he wants to hear
And disregards the rest (hmmmm....mmmm.....)

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, runnin' scared
Laying low, seeking out the poorer quarters, where the
ragged people go
Looking for the places only they would know

(Li la li... li la la li la li)
(Li la li... li la la li la li)
(La la la li...)

Seeking 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 (li la la, la, la la)

Now the years are rolling by me, they are rockin' even
me
I am older than I once was, and younger than I'll be,
that's not unusual
No it isn't strange, after changes upon changes, we are
more or less the same
After changes we are more or less the same ...

(Li la li... li la la li la li)
(Li la li... li la la li la li)
(La la la li...)

And I'm laying out my winter clothes, wishing I was
gone, goin' home
Where the New York city winters aren't bleedin' me,
leadin' me to go home

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

trade

And he carries the reminder 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 remains

Yes, he still remains ...

(Li la li... li la la la li la li)

(Li la li... li la la la li la li)

(La la la la li...)

(Li la la la li la li)

(Li la li... li la la la li la li)

(La la la la li...)

(Li la la la li la li)

(Li la li... li la la la li la li)

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