The Boxer - Paul Simon; Simon & Garfunkel

```
G                                                    E-
I am just a poor boy, though my story's seldom told
         D                             D⁷
I have squandered my resistance, For a pocketful of mumbles
            G                      E-
such are promises.    All lies and jest,
        D              C                              G
still a man hears what he wants to hear And disregards the rest.

           D              C             G


G                                                       E-
When I left my home and family, I was no more than a boy
          D                             D⁷
In the company of strangers, In the quiet of a railway station
          G                E-
running scared.    Laying low,
        D                C                      G
seeking out the poorer quarters where the ragged people go
          D              C         G
Looking for the places only they would know.
```

Chorus:
```
            E-                  B-
    Lie-La-Lie . . Lie La-La-La Lie La-Lie
           E-          D             D⁷
    Lie-La-Lie . . Lie La-La-Lie  La-Lie,
              G
    La-La-La Lie.


G                                                     E-
Asking only workman's wages, I come looking for a job
              D                 D⁷        D
But I get no offers, Just a come-on from the whores on
        G                E-
seventh avenue.    I do declare,
           D                 C                          G
there were times when I was so lonesome I took some comfort there.

           D              C              G
```

(instrumental) & (Chorus)

Bridge:
```
     G                                                E-
Then I'm laying out my winter clothes, And wishing I was gone
      D                 D⁷                      G
Going home, where the New York City winters aren't bleeding me,
          E-       D        D⁷     C     G
   Leading me, going home.


        G                                          E-
In the clearing stands a boxer and a fighter by his trade
        D                          D⁷
And he carries the reminders, Of ev'ry glove that laid him down
     G                                                 E-
or cut him 'till he cried out,      In his anger and his shame,
        D           C                              G
"I am leaving, I am leaving."  But the fighter still remains.

           D              C              G
```

 Chorus*3; 1st & 2nd = [E- B- E- D]; Last = [E- B- E- D, G]

The Boxer - Paul Simon; Simon & Garfunkel

```
1                                               6-
I am just a poor boy, though my story's seldom told
          5                           5⁷
I have squandered my resistance, For a pocketful of mumbles
            1                       6-
such are promises.    All lies and jest,
         5                4                          1
still a man hears what he wants to hear And disregards the rest.

          5              4              1


1                                                       6-
When I left my home and family, I was no more than a boy
            5                         5⁷
In the company of strangers, In the quiet of a railway station
          1                   6-
running scared.    Laying low,
       5              4                          1
seeking out the poorer quarters where the ragged people go
       5              4           1
Looking for the places only they would know.
```

Chorus:
```
           6-                3-
     Lie-La-Lie . . Lie La-La-La Lie La-Lie
           6-           5           5⁷
     Lie-La-Lie . . Lie La-La-Lie  La-Lie,
             1
     La-La-La Lie.


1                                                    6-
Asking only workman's wages, I come looking for a job
              5             5⁷       5
But I get no offers, Just a come-on from the whores on
         1                   6-
seventh avenue.    I do declare,
         5                4                              1
there were times when I was so lonesome I took some comfort there.

          5              4              1
```

(instrumental) & (Chorus)

Bridge:
```
     1                                                6-
Then I'm laying out my winter clothes, And wishing I was gone
      5                   5⁷                       1
Going home, where the New York City winters aren't bleeding me,
         6-         5        5⁷     4       1
   Leading me, going home.


       1                                          6-
In the clearing stands a boxer and a fighter by his trade
       5                         5⁷
And he carries the reminders, Of ev'ry glove that laid him down
    1                                                 6-
or cut him 'till he cried out,        In his anger and his shame,
       5              4                          1
"I am leaving, I am leaving."  But the fighter still remains.

          5              4              1
```

```
  Chorus*3; 1st & 2nd = [ 6-  3-  6-  5 ]; Last = [ 6-  3-  6-  5,  1 ]
```