

**Simon and Garfunkel - The Boxer**  
(down 1/2 step)

**C**

--3-----0-----0--	-----0-----	-----1-----1--	-----1-----1--
-----5-----3-----3-	-----3-----1-----1-	-----1-----1-----	-----1-----1-----
-----7-----3-----	--0-----0-----3-----	-----0-----0-----0-	-----0-----0-----0-
-----5-----	-----2-----2-----	-----2-----2-----	-----2-----2-----
-----3-----	-----3-----	-----3-----	-----3-----

**C** I am just a poor boy, though my story is seldom told. **C/B Am**

**G** I have squandered my resistance,

**G7 G6 C** For a pocketful of mumbles, such are promises.

**Am** All lies and jest;

**G F C G7 G6 C** Still, a man hears what he wants to hear and disregards the rest.

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

**G** In the company of strangers,

**G7 G6 C** In the quiet of the railway station, runnin' scared.

**Am G F** Laying low, seeking out the poorer quarters,

**C** Where the ragged people go.

**G F C** Lookin' for the places, only they would know.

**Am Em**  
*Lie-la-lie. Lie-la-lie la lie-la-lie*

**Am**  
*Lie la lie*

**G**  
*Lie-la-lie la la la la lie la la la la lie*

**C Am** Asking only workman's wages I come lookin' for a job,

**G** But I get no offers,

**G7**                      **G6**                      **C**  
 Just a come-on from the whores on Seventh Avenue.  
**Am**                      **G**                      **F**  
 I do declare there were times when I was so lonesome,  
                          **C**   **G**   **G7**   **G6**   **C**  
 I took some comfort there. La, la, la, la, la, la, la.

**C**    **C/B**   **Am**                      **G**  
 |-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|  
**G7**                      **G6**                      **C**    **C/B**   **Am**  
 |-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|  
**G**                      **F**    **C (6ths)**   **G**                      **F**  
 |-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|  
**C**  
 |-----|-----|

**Chorus**

**C**    **C/B**   **Am**                      **G**  
 And I'm laying out my winter clothes, and wishing I was gone, goin home  
                          **G7**                      **G6**                      **C**                      **Em**   **Am**   **G**   **G7**   **C**  
 Where the New York City winters aren t bleedin me, leadin me goin home.

**C**    **C/B**   **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**    **C/B**   **Am**  
 Or cut him 'til he cried out in his anger and his shame,  
                          **G**                      **F**  
 "I am leaving, I am leaving."  
    **C**   **G7**   **G6**   **C**  
 But the fighter still remains

**Chorus (x10)**

C C/B Am G

G7 G6 C C/B Am

G F C (6ths) G F

C G C