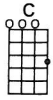


# The Boxer - Simon and Garfunkel



I am just a poor boy,



though my story's seldom told



I have squandered my resistance



For a pocket full of mumbles such are promises



...All lies and jests.



Still a man hears what he wants to hear, and disregards the rest.



Hmm hmm hmm-mm hmm hmm... hmm-mm hmm hmm hmm



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 running scared



Laying low, seeking out the poorer quarters where the ragged people go



Looking for the places only they would know



Lie la lie ... Lie la lie lie lie la lie



Lie la lie ... Lie la lie lie lie la lie la-la-lie lie



Asking 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 de - clare,



there were times when I was so lonesome, I took some comfort there



La la Lie la lie lie lie... lie la lie lie lie





Lie la lie ... Lie la lie lie lie la lie



Lie la lie ... Lie la lie lie lie la lie la-la-lie lie



Now the years are rolling by me, they are rockin' evenly



Now I'm older than I once was, 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



Lie la lie ... Lie la lie lie lie la lie



Lie la lie ... Lie la lie lie lie la lie la-la-lie lie



Then I'm laying out my winter clothes and wishing I was gone, going home...



Where the New York City winters aren't bleeding me,

Leading me, to go home.



In the clearing stands a boxer and a fighter by his trade, and he carries the reminders of ev'ry glove that laid him down



Or cut him till he cried out in his anger and his shame

I am leaving, I am leaving, but the fighter still remains



Yes he still remains...



Lie la lie ... Lie la lie lie lie la lie



Lie la lie ... Lie la lie lie lie la lie (3x)



la-la-lie lie