

THE BOXER

[A] I am just a poor boy though my story's seldom [F#m] told.
I have [E7] squandered my resistance for a pocket full of mumbles such are [A] promises
All lies and [F#m] jest, still a [E7] man hears what he [D] wants to hear
And disregards the [A] rest, Hm [E7] mm [A] mm

When I left my home and my family I was no more than a [F#m] boy,
In the [E7] company of strangers. In the quiet of the railway station [A] running scared,
Laying [F#m] low seeking [E7] out the poorer [D] quarters where the ragged people [A] go
Looking [E7] for the places [D] only [E7] they would [A] know
Lie la- [F#m] lie, Lie la- [E7] la la, lie la-lie Lie la- [F#m] lie, Lie la [D] la-la lie la [E7] lie, la-la-la-la [A] lie

Asking only workman's wages I come looking for a [F#m] job. But I get no [E7] offers,
Just a come-on from the whores on Seventh [A] Avenue
I do [F#m] declare, there were [E7] times when I was [D] so lonesome I took some comfort [A] there.
La la [E7] la la, la la, la [A]

Lie la- [F#m] lie, Lie la- [E7] la la, lie la-lie Lie la- [F#m] lie, Lie la [D] la-la lie la [E7] lie, la-la-la-la [A] lie

Then I'm laying out my winter clothes and wishing I was [F#m] gone. Going [E7] home,
where the New York City winters are not [A] bleeding me Leading [F#m] me. Going [E7] home, [A]

In the clearing stands a boxer and a fighter by his [F#m] trade
and he [E7] carries the reminders, of every glove that laid him down or [A] cut him till he cried out,
In his anger and his [F#m] shame. I am [E7] leaving I am [D] leaving but the fighter still [A] remains.
Hm [E7] mm [A]

Lie la- [F#m] lie, Lie la- [E7] la la, lie la-lie Lie la- [F#m] lie,
Lie la- [D] la-la, lie la lie [E7] la-la-la la [F#m] lie
Lie la- [E7] la la, lie la-lie
Lie la- [F#m] lie, Lie la- [D] la-la, lie la lie [E7] la-la-la la [A] lie