

The boxer : P. SIMON (1968)

C Am
 I am just a poor boy though my story's seldom told
 G F
 I have squandered my resistance for a pocketful of mumbles
 C
 Such are promises
 Am
 All lies and jest
 G F
 Still a man hears what he wants to hear
 C G F C
 And disregards the rest

When I left my home and my family I was no more than a boy
 In the compagny 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

Am G Am F G C
 Refrain : 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 declare
 There were times when I was so lonesome
 I took some comfort there

Now the years are rolling by me they are rocking evenly
 I am older than I once was younger than I'll be but 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
 ↻ refrain (bis)

Then I'm laying out my winther clothes and wishing I was gone
 Going home
 Where the New York city winthers
 Aren't bleeding me
 Leading me going 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
 And cut him till he cried out in his anger and his shame
 "I'm leaving, I'm leaving" but the fighter still remains
 ↻ refrain