

THE BOXER – C

Capo 5? Intro notes = g e d e d Bb e d g c Bb g – c Bb g

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

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 ...

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

Lie la 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
 Bleeding 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 layed 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