

The Boxer Simon and Garfunkel Wolverhampton Ukulele Band
Richard G's Ukulele Songbook www.scorpex.net/Uke

[C] I am just a poor boy though my story's seldom [Am] told
I have [G] squandered my resistance
For a [G7] pocket full of mumbles such are [C] promises
All lies and [Am] jests still a [G] man hears what he [F] wants to hear
And disregards the [C] rest hmm[G7]mmmm [C]

[C] When I left my home and my family I was no more than a [Am] boy
In the [G] company of strangers
In the [G7] quiet of the railway station [C] running scared
Laying [Am] low seeking [G] out the poorer [F] quarters
Where the ragged people [C] go
Looking [G7] for the places [F] only they would [C] know

Lie la [Am] lie Lie la [Em] lie lie lie lie lie
Lie la [Am] lie Lie la [G7] lie lie lie lie lie lie lie lie [C] lie

[C] Asking only workman's wages I come looking for a [Am] job
But I get no [G] offers
Just a [G7] come-on from the whores on Seventh [C] Avenue
I do de[Am]clare there were [G] times when I was [F] so lonesome
I took some comfort [C] there lie la [G7] lie lie lie lie [C]

Lie la [Am] lie Lie la [Em] lie lie lie lie lie
Lie la [Am] lie Lie la [G7] lie lie lie lie lie lie lie lie [C] lie

[C] Then I'm laying out my winter clothes and wishing I was [Am] gone
Going [G] home where the [G7] New York City winters aren't
[C] Bleeding me [Em] bleeding me [Am] going [G] home [C]

In the [C] clearing stands a boxer and a fighter by his [Am] trade
And he [G] carries the reminders of [G7] ev'ry glove that laid him down
Or [C] cut him till he cried out in his anger and his [Am] shame
I am [G] leaving I am [F] leaving but the fighter still re[C]mains m[G7]m [F] [C]

Lie la [Am] lie Lie la [Em] lie lie lie lie lie } REPEAT AND
Lie la [Am] lie Lie la [G7] lie lie lie lie lie lie lie } FINISH ON [C]

