

Boxer [F], The

artist:Simon & Garfunkel , writer:Paul Simon

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 Hmmmmm

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 lie Lie la lie la lie 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 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 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 mmmmmmm

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