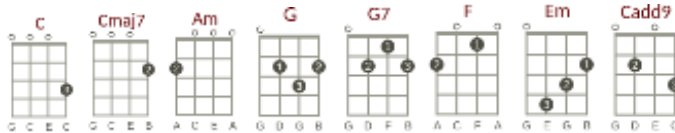


# The Boxer

writer: Paul Simon

artist: Simon and Garfunkel



Key: C, 4/4 strum D DuDuDu [Dum Ching-a Dum a-chinga with a rocking bass on low G uke]

**Intro** [C] [C] [C] [C]

[C]<sup>2</sup> I am just a poor boy though my story's [CMaj7] seldom [Am] told, I have  
[G]<sup>2</sup> squandered my resistance for a [G7]<sup>2</sup> pocket full of mumbles such are  
[C]<sup>2</sup> promises,  
[C] All lies and [Am]<sup>2</sup> jest, still a  
[G] man hears what he [F]<sup>2</sup> wants to hear and disregards the [C] rest  
[C] hmm [G] hmmm [G7] hmmm [C] hmmm [C]<sup>3</sup>

When I [C]<sup>2</sup> left my home and my family, I was no more [CMaj7] than a [Am]  
boy, in the [G]<sup>2</sup> company of strangers, in the [G7]<sup>2</sup> quiet of the railway station  
[C]<sup>2</sup> running scared, [Am]<sup>2</sup> Laying low, seeking  
[G] out the poorer [F]<sup>2</sup> quarters where the ragged people [C] go, looking  
[G] for the places [F] only they would [C] know [C]

## Chorus #1

Lie la [Am]<sup>2</sup> lie, lie la [G]<sup>2</sup> lie la lie la lie  
Lie la [Am]<sup>2</sup> lie, lie la [G] lie la lie la [G7] lie, la la lie la [C] lie [C] [Cadd9] [C]

Asking [C]<sup>2</sup> only workman's wages, I come looking [CMaj7] for a [Am] job, but I  
get no [G]<sup>2</sup> offers, just a [G7]<sup>2</sup> come-on from the whores on Seventh  
[C] Avenue, [C] [Am]<sup>2</sup> I do declare, there were  
[G] times when I was [F]<sup>2</sup> so lonesome I took some comfort [C] there  
[C] la la [G] la la la la [G] [F] [C] [C]

## Chorus #2

Lie la [Am]<sup>2</sup> lie, lie la [G]<sup>2</sup> lie la lie la lie  
Lie la [Am]<sup>2</sup> lie, lie la [G] lie la lie la [G7] lie, la la lie la  
Lie la [Am]<sup>2</sup> lie, lie la [G]<sup>2</sup> lie la lie la lie  
Lie la [Am]<sup>2</sup> lie, lie la [G] lie la lie la [G7] lie, la la lie la [C] lie [C] [Cadd9] [C]

Then I'm [C]<sup>2</sup> laying out my winter clothes and [CMaj7] wishing I was [Am] gone,  
going [G]<sup>2</sup> home, where the [G7]<sup>2</sup> New York City winters aren't [C]<sup>2</sup> bleeding me,  
[Em]<sup>2</sup> Leading me [Am]<sup>2</sup> to going [G] home [G7] [C]<sup>3</sup>

In the [C]<sup>2</sup> clearing stands a boxer and a fighter [CMaj7] by his [Am]<sup>2</sup> trade, and he  
[G]<sup>2</sup> carries the reminders of [G7]<sup>2</sup> every glove that laid him down, or  
[C]<sup>3</sup> cut him till he cried out in his anger and his [Am] shame, "I am

[G] leaving, I am [F]<sup>2</sup> leaving", but the fighter still re-[C]mains,  
[G]. [F] [C]

### Chorus #3

Lie la [Am]<sup>2</sup> lie, lie la [G]<sup>2</sup> lie la lie la lie  
Lie la [Am]<sup>2</sup> lie, lie la [G] lie la lie la [G7] lie, la la lie la  
[Am]<sup>2</sup> Lie la lie, lie la [G]<sup>2</sup> lie la lie la lie  
Lie la [Am]<sup>2</sup> lie, lie la [G] lie la lie la [G7] lie, la la lie la  
[Am]<sup>2</sup> Lie la lie, lie la [G]<sup>2</sup> lie la lie la lie  
Lie la [Am]<sup>2</sup> lie, lie la [G] lie la lie la [G7] lie, la la lie la [C] lie

### Outro:

[C] [C] [C/B] [Am]  
[G] [G] [G7] [G7]  
[C] [C] [C/B] [Am]  
[G] [F] [F] [C] [C]