

# Emmylou Harris, The Boxer

(Paul Simon)

I am just a poor boy though my story's seldom told  
I have squandered my existence  
On a pocket full of mumbles such are promises  
All lies in jest, till a man hears what he wants to hear  
And disregards the rest

Well I left my home and family I was no more than a boy  
In the company of strangers  
In the quiet of the railway station runnin' scared  
Layin' low seeking out the poor quarters  
Where the ragged people go, looking for the places  
Only they would know

Li Li Li [etc.]

Only seeking 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

In a-laying out my winter clothes and wishing I was home  
Going home  
Where the New York City winters aren't a-bleeding me  
Bleeding me  
Going home

Da Da Da [etc.]

In the clearing stands a boxer and a fighter by his trade  
And he carries the reminders  
Of every bloke that laid him down or cleft him  
Till he cried out in his anger and his shame  
I am leaving, I am leaving  
But the fighter still remains

Li Li Li [etc.]