

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.]