

# Simon And Garfunkel, The Boxer

I am just a poor boy.  
Though my story's seldom told,  
I have squandered my resistance  
For a pocketful of mumbles,  
Such are promises  
All lies and jest  
Still, a man hears what he wants to hear  
And disregards the rest.

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...

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,  
Leading 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  
And cut him till he cried out  
In his anger and his shame,  
"I am leaving, I am leaving."  
But the fighter still remains

Lie-la-lie...