

# The Boxer

## Simon & Garfunkel

I am just a poor boy  
Though my storyâ€™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 a 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 workmanâ€™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 . . .

Now the years are rolling by me  
The are rocking easily  
I am older than I once was  
And younger than Iâ€™ll be  
But thatâ€™s not unusual  
No, it isnâ€™t strange  
After changes upon changes  
We are more or less the same  
After changes we are  
More or less the same

Then Iâ€™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 remainders  
Of every 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 . . .

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