

The Boxer

Paul Simon

I am just a poor boy
Though my story's seldom told,
I have squandered my resistance
For a pocket full of mumbles, such are promises
All lies and jests
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, lie la la la lie lie
Lie la lie, lie la la la lie la 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, le le le le le le
Lie la lie, lie la la la lie lie
Lie la lie, lie la la la lie la 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
Or cut him till he cried out
In his anger and his shame,
"I am leaving, I am leaving"
But the fighter still remains, mmm mmm
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