# 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 restWhen 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 knowLie la lie, lie la la la lie lie
Lie la lie, lie la la la la lie la la lieAsking 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 leLie la lie, lie la la la lie lie
Lie la lie, lie la la la la lie la la lieThen 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 homeIn 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 mmmLie la lie, lie la la la lie lie
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