

# The Boxer

Paul Simon

Well 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 just  
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, runnin' scared  
Laying low, seeking out the poorer quarters  
Where the ragged people go  
Lookin' for the places, only they would know  
Asking only workman's wages, I come lookin' 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  
Then I'm laying out my winter clothes and wishing I was gone  
Going home, where the New York City winters aren't bleedin' me  
Leadin' me, to goin' home  
In the clearing stands a boxer and a fighter by his trade  
And he carries the reminders of every glove that laid him down  
Or cut him 'til he cried out in his anger and his shame  
"Well I am leaving, I am leaving"  
But the fighter still remains, it still remains

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