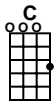
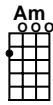


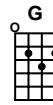
# The Boxer - Simon and Garfunkel



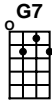
I am just a poor boy,



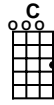
though my story's seldom told



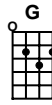
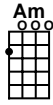
I have squandered my resistance



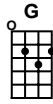
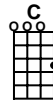
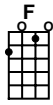
For a pocket full of mumbles such are promises



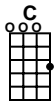
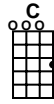
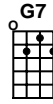
...All lies and jests.



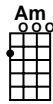
Still a man hears what he wants to hear, and disregards the rest.



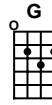
Hmm hmm hmm-mm hmm hmm... hmm-mm hmm hmm hmm



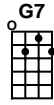
When I left my home and my family,



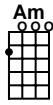
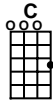
I was no more than a boy



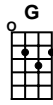
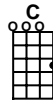
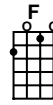
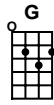
In the company of strangers,



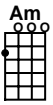
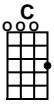
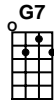
In the quiet of the railway station running scared



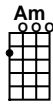
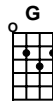
Laying low, seeking out the poorer quarters where the ragged people go



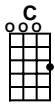
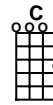
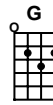
Looking for the places only they would know



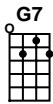
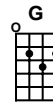
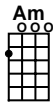
Lie la lie ... Lie la lie lie lie la lie



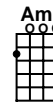
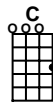
Lie la lie ... Lie la lie lie lie la lie la-la-lie lie



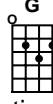
Asking only workman's wages, I come looking for a job, but I get no offers,



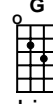
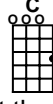
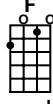
Just a come-on from the whores on Seventh Avenue



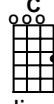
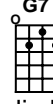
I do de - clare,








there were times when I was so lonesome, I took some comfort there





La la Lie la lie lie lie... lie la lie lie lie










Lie la lie ... Lie la lie lie lie la lie      Lie la lie ... Lie la lie lie lie la lie la-la-lie lie




Now the years are rolling by me, they are rockin' evenly






Now I'm older than I once was, younger than I'll be, that's not unusual




No it isn't strange, after changes upon changes we are more or less the same







After changes, we are more or less the same





Lie la lie ... Lie la lie lie lie la lie      Lie la lie ... Lie la lie lie lie la lie la-la-lie 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, to go 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

Yes he still remains...

Lie la lie ... Lie la lie lie lie la lie      Lie la lie ... Lie la lie lie lie la lie (3x)      la-la-lie lie