

The boxer

C
 I am just a poor boy though my story's seldom told Am
G Am Dm G C
 I have squandered my resistance for a pocket full of mumbles, such are promises
Am G F
 All lies and jest, still a man hears what he wants to hear
C G G7 G6 C
 And disregards the rest

C
 When I left my home and my family, I was no more than a boy Am
G G7 G6 C
 In the company of strangers in the quiet of a railway station, running scared
Am G F C
 Laying low, seeking out the poorer quarters where the ragged people go
G G7 G6 C
 Looking for the places only they would know

Am G Am
 Lie la lie, Lie la lie la lie la lie, Lie la lie,
G F C
 Lie la lie la la la la, lie la la la la lie.

C
 Asking only workman's wages I come looking for a job but I get no offers Am G
G7 G6 C
 Just a come-on from the whores on Seventh Avenue
Am G F C
 I do declare, there were times when I was so lonesome I took some comfort there
G G7 G6 C C G C G F C
 Lie lie lie lie la refrain,

Then I'm C laying out my winter clothes and wishing I was gone Am Going home G
 Where the Dm7 New York G7 City winters aren't G C bleeding me
 Leading me Em Am , going home. G

In the C clearing stands a boxer and a fighter by his Am trade
 And he carries a reminder of G7 every glove that laid C him down
 Or cut him G7 till he cried C out in his anger and his shame Am
 I am G leaving, I am F leaving
 But the fighter still remains
refrain (x4)