**THE BOXER (C)**

C G/B Am

I am just a poor boy though my story's seldom told

 G

I have squandered my resistance

 G7 G6 C

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

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, running scared

Laying low, seeking out the poorer quarters

Where the ragged people go

 G G7 F C

Looking for the places only they would know

 Am Em 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.

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 - lie lie lie lie la

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

Em Am G G7 C

Leading me, to going home

In the clearing stands a boxer and a fighter by his trade

And he carries a reminder

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