

The boxer. Simon & Garfunkel

**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 jest
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 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-lie-lie
Lie-la-lie
Lie-la-lie-lie-lie-lie, lie-lie-lie-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 7th Avenue
I do declare, there were times when I was so lonesome
I took some comfort there, la-la-la-la-la-la-la**

**Lie-la-lie
Lie-la-lie-lie-lie-lie-lie
Lie-la-lie
Lie-la-lie-lie-lie-lie, lie-lie-lie-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, going 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 till he cried out

In his anger and his shame

"I am leaving, I am leaving"

But the fighter still remains

Lie-la-lie

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

Lie-la-lie

Lie-la-lie-lie-lie-lie-lie, lie-lie-lie-lie-lie

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

Lie-la-lie

Lie-la-lie-lie-lie-lie-lie, lie-lie-lie-lie-lie

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