

# Ilminster Ukulele Club



## The Boxer - Paul Simon

### Intro:- [C////]

[C] I am just a poor boy though my stories seldom [Am] told I have [G] squandered my resistance, for a [G7] pocket full of mumbles such are [C] promises.

All lies and [Am] jest still a [G] man hears what he [F] wants to hear and disregards the [C] rest, hmmm [G7] hmmm [C]

[C] When I left my home and my family I was no more than a [Am] boy in the [G] company of strangers, in the [G7] quiet of a railway station, [C] running scared....

Laying [Am] low, seeking [G] out the poorer [F] quarters, where the ragged people [C] go looking [G7] for the places [F] only they would [C] know.....

Lie lie [Am] lie, la la [G] lie lie lie lie lie, la la [Am] lie, la la [G7] lie lie lie lie lie, la la la la [C] lie

[C] Asking only workman's wages I come looking for a [Am] job, but I get no [G] offers...

Just a [G7] come-on from the whores on Seventh [C] Avenue...

I do de-[Am] clare, there were [G] times when I was [F] so lonesome I took some comfort [C] there, La la [G7] la la la [C] la la

### Musical Interlude

Lie lie [Am] lie, la la [G] lie lie lie lie lie, la la [Am] lie, la la [G7] lie lie lie lie lie, la la la la [C] lie

[C] Then I'm laying out my winter clothes and wishing I was [Am] gone going [G] home...

Where the [G7] New York City winters aren't [C] bleeding me...

Leading [Am] me....., going [G] home. [G7] [C]

[C] In the clearing stands a boxer and a fighter by his [Am] trade and he [G] carries a reminder of [G7] ev'ry glove that laid him down or [C] cut him - till he cried out in his anger and his [Am] shame...

I am [G] leaving; I am [F] leaving but the fighter still [C] remains, still remains... [G7] [F] [C]

Lie lie [Am] lie, la la [G] lie lie lie lie lie, la la [Am] lie, la la

[G] lie lie lie lie [G7] lie, la la la la [C] lie

Lie lie [Am] lie, la la [G] lie lie lie lie lie, la la [Am] lie, la la

### Slow on last line

[G] lie lie lie lie [G7] lie, la la la la [C>] lie

