

The Boxer

Paula Fernandes

(capo 2ª casa)

D **Bm**
I am just a poor boy, though my story s seldom told.
A
I have squandered my resistance,
D
For a pocketful of mumbles, such are promises.
Bm
All lies and jest.
A **G**
D A D
Still a man hears what he wants to hear and disregards the rest.

D **Bm**
When I left my home and my family I was no more than a boy,
A
In the company of strangers,
D
In the quiet of a railway station, runnin scared.
Bm A G
Laying low, seeking out the poorer quarters,
D
Where the ragged people go.
A G A D
Lookin for the places, only they would know.

Bm F#m
Lie-la-lie Lie-la-lie-la-la-lie
Bm G A D
Lie-la-lie Lie-le-lie-la-lie-la-la-la-lie

A Bm
Asking only workman s wages I come lookin for a job,
A
But I get no offers,
D
Just a come-on from the whores on Seventh Avenue.
Bm A G
I do declare there were times when I was so lonesome,
D A
I took some comfort there la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la
D Bm
Then I m laying out my winter clothes and wishing I was gone,
A D
Going home, where the New York City winters aren t bleedin me.

Bm F#m A D
Bleadin me, to goin home.

D Bm
In the clearing stands a boxer and a fighter by his trade,
A
And he carries the reminders of every glove that laid him down,

D Bm
Or cut him til he cried out in his anger and his shame,

A G
I am leaving, I am leaving.
D A D
But the fighter still remains.