

# 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  
Mmmmm  
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-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-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

Mmmmm

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

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

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

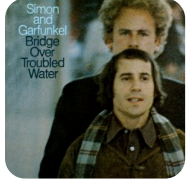
Lie-la-lie-lie-lie-lie-lie,

Lie-lie-lie-lie-lie

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

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



Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych