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I'm just a poor boy, though my story's seldom told
                                            G6 (0202)
                            G7
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
Mm-mm mmmm mm-mm mmmmmm, mmm mm mm mmmmm
When I left my home and my family, I was no more than a boy
                               G7 G6
In the company of strangers, in the quiet of the railway station, runnin' scared
  Laying low, seeking out the poorer quarters, where the ragged people go
Looking for the places only they would know
                                                                      (0201)
                                                                       C9
                                          G7
                Em %
Lie-la-lie lie-la-la-la-lie-la-lie, lie-la-lie Lie-la-la-la-la-lie-la-lie, la-la-la-la-lie
Asking only workman's wages, I come lookin' for a job
But I get no offers, just a come-on from the whores on Seventh Avenue
  I do de-clare there were times when I was so lonesome I took some comfort there
                           C %
  ouh-la-la-la, la-la-la-la
                                   %
                                              Am
Now the years are rolling by me The are rocking easi-ly I am older than I once was
                                C
And younger than I'll be that's not un-usual No, it isn't strange
After changes upon changes We are more or less the same
After changes we are more or less the same
                                                                          (0201)
                                                      G
                                                                  :|| C % C9 %
                                       %
                                              G7
                           %
                                  Am
 Then I'm laying out my winter clothes wishing I was gone, going home
                     G6
Where the New York City winters aren't bleeding me
                                                         %
               Am
  Leading mee-eeeeeee to 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 'til he cried out
                 Am
In his anger and his shame, "I am leaving, I am leaving, but the fighter still re-mains" G
Just still re-mains
  %
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