

INTRO

C

I am just a poor boy

Am

Though my story's seldom told

G

I have squandered my resistance

G7

C

For a pocket full of mumbles, such are promises

Am

All lies and jests

G

F

Still a man hears what he wants to hear

C / Bm / Am ARPEGE

And disregards the rest

C

When I left my home and my family

Am

I was no more than a boy

G

In the company of strangers

G7

In the quiet of the railway station

C

Running scared,

Am

G

F

Laying low, seeking out the poorer quarters

C

Where the ragged people go

G

Looking for the places

F

C

Only they would know

Am Em

Lie la lie, lie la la la lie lie

Am ARPEGE

C C9

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

C

Asking only workman's wages

Am

I come looking for a job

G

But I get no offers

G7

Just a come-on from the whores

C

On Seventh Avenue

Am

I do declare

G

F

There were times when I was so lonesome

C / Bm / Am ARPEGE

I took some comfort there, le le le le le le

SOLO FLUTE C/Am/G/G7 C/Am/G/ F C / G/F C

Am Em

Lie la lie, lie la la la lie lie

Am ARPEGE

x2

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

C C9

C

Then I'm laying out my winter clothes

Am

And wishing I was gone

G

Going home

G7

Where the New York City winters

C

Aren't bleeding me

Em

Am

Leading me

ARPEGE

Going home

C

In the clearing stands a boxer

Am

And a fighter by his trade

G

And he carries the reminders

G7

Of ev'ry glove that laid him down

C

Or cut him till he cried out

Am

In his anger and his shame

G

F

« I am leaving, I am leaving »

C / Bm / Am ARPEGE

But the fighter still remains, mmm mmm

Am Em

Lie la lie, lie la la la lie lie

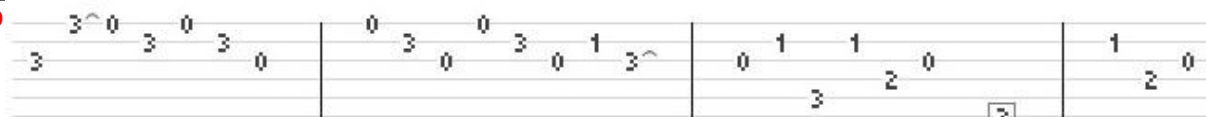
Am ARPEGE

x3

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

C C9

INTRO



ARPEGE

