

Intro (come in after 4)

1...2...3...4...1...

[C] I am just a poor boy though my story's seldom [Am] told.

I have [G] squandered my resistance,

For a 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.

La la [G] la la la la [F] la la [G] la la [C] la

When [C] I left my home and my family, I was no more than a [Am] boy,

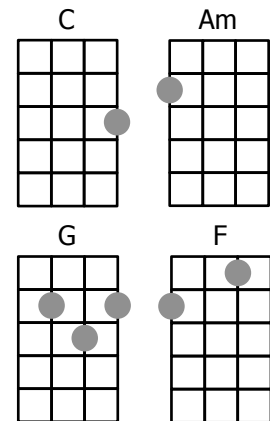
In the [G] company of strangers,

In the [F] quiet of a [G] railway station, [C] running scared.

Laying [Am] low, seeking [G] out the poorer [F] quarters,

Where the ragged people [C] go.

Looking [G] for the places [F] only [G] they would [C] know.



Chorus
 Lie la [Am] lie
 Lie la [G] la la la lie
 Lie la [Am] lie
 Lie la [F] la la la [G] lie
 La la la la [C] la

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

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

I do dec[Am]lare, there were [G] times when I was [F] so lonesome,
 I took some comfort [C] there.

La la [G] la la la la [F] la la [G] la la [C] la

Chorus
 Lie la [Am] lie
 Lie la [G] la la la lie
 Lie la [Am] lie
 Lie la [F] la la la [G] lie
 La la la la [C] la

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

Going [G] home,

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

[Am] Leading me[G]e, going [F] home. [C]

In the [C] clearing stands a boxer and a fighter by his [Am] trade,

And he [G] carries a reminder of [F] ev'ry glove that [G] laid him down,

Or [C] cut him till he cried out in his anger and his [Am] shame.

I am [G] leaving, [F] I am leaving,

But the fighter still rem[C]ains.

La la [G] la la la la [F] la la [G] la la [C] la

Chorus
 Lie la [Am] lie
 Lie la [G] la la la lie
 Lie la [Am] lie
 Lie la [F] la la la [G] lie
 La la la la [C] la

Repeat chorus

[C]