

Bobby Bare

"(margie's At) The Lincoln Park Inn"

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My names in the paper where I took the Boy Scouts to
hike
My hands are all dirty from working on my little boy's
bike
The preacher came by and I talked for a minute with
him
My wife's in the kitchen and Margie is at the Lincoln
Park Inn

And I know why she's there I've been there before
But I made a promise that I wouldn't cheat anymore
I try to ignore it but I know she's in there my friend
My mind's on a number and Margie is at the Lincoln
Park Inn
Next Sunday it's my turn to speak to the young peoples'
class
And they expect answers to all the questions they ask
What would they say if I spoke on a modern day sin?
And all of the Margie's and all of the Lincoln Park Inns

The bike is all fixed and my little boy's in bed asleep
His little warm puppy is curled in a ball at my feet
My wife's baking cookies to feed to the bridge club
again
I'm almost out of cigarettes and Margie is at the Lincoln
Park Inn
And I know why she's there

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