

Indigo Girls "Lincoln Duncan"

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Couple in the next room's bound to win a prize
Cause they've been going at it all night long
And I'm trying to get some sleep
But these motel walls are cheap
And lincoln duncan is my name
And here's my song
And here's my song

My father was a fisherman my mom a fisherman's
friend
And I was born in the boredom and the chowder
When I reached my prime
I left my home in the maritimes
And i, I headed down the turnpike
For new england
Sweet new england

Had holes in my confidence
And holes in the knees of my jeans
And I was left without a penny in my pocket
And ew-whee I was desitute as a girl could be
And I wished I wore a ring so I could hock it
I'd surely hock it

I met a young girl in the parking lot
She was preaching to the crowd

By singing sacred songs and reading from the bible
Well I told her I was lost
And she told me all about the pentecost
And I seen that girl as a road to my survival

Later on the very same night
She crept to my tent with a flashlight
And these long years of innocence ended
Took me to the woods
I said her comes something that feels so good
And just like a dog I was befriended
I was befriended

I said what a night
What a garden of delight

Even now that sweet memory lingers
I was lying under the stars just playing my guitar
But I was thanking the lord for my fingers
For my fingers

I know I know I know I know
I know I know

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