

Livores Mortis

"Margie's At The Lincoln Park Inn"

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His name's in the paper where he took the boy scouts
to hike
His hands are all dirty from working on our little boy's
bike
The preacher came by and we talked for a minute with
him
Now I'm here in the kitchen and Margie's at the Lincoln
Park Inn
And I know why she's there cause she's been there
before
But he made a promise that he wouldn't cheat anymore
He tries to ignore it but he knows she's in there my
friend
His mind's on a number and Margie's at the Lincoln
Park Inn
Next Sunday it's his turn to speak to the young people's
class
And they'll expect answers to all of the questions they'll
ask
Oh what would they say if he spoke on a modern day
sin
And all of the Margies at all of the Lincoln Park Inns
The bike is all fixed and our little boy's in bed asleep
His little old puppy is curled in a ball at his feet
And I'm baking cookies to feed to my Bridge Club
again
He's almost out of cigarettes and Margie's at the
Lincoln Park Inn
And I know why she's there

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