

Paul Simon "Duncan"

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Words & music by paul simon

Couple in the next room
Bound to win a prize
They've been goin' at it all night long
Well I'm tryin' to get some sleep
But these motel walls are cheap
Lincoln duncan is my name
And here's my song, here's my song

My father was a fisherman
My mama was a fisherman's friend
And I was born in the boredom and the chowder
So when I reached my prime
I left my home in the maritimes
Headed down the turnpike for new england, sweet new
england

Holes in my confidence
Holes in the knees of my jeans
It's left without a penny in my pocket
Oo-o wee i's about as
Destituted as a kid could be
And I wish I wore a ring
So I could hock it I'd like to hock it

A young girl in a parking lot
Was preaching to a crowd
Singin 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 the road to my survi-ival

Just later on the very same night
When I crept to her tent with a flashlight
And my long years of innocence ended
Well she took me to the woods sayin'
"here comes somethin' and it feels so good!"
And just like a dog I was befriended
I was befriended

Oh, oh, what a night
Oh what a garden of delight
Even now that sweet memory lingers
I was playin' my guitar
Lying underneath the stars
Just thankin' the lord for my fingers
For my fingers

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