

## Paul Simon

### "Lincoln Duncan"

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LINCOLN DUNCAN by Paul Simon

Em D  
Couple in the next room, bound to win a prize.  
Em D  
They've been going at it all night long.  
C G C G  
I'm trying to get some sleep, but these motel wall are  
cheap,  
C G D Em  
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 of the chowder.  
So when I reached my prime, I left my home in the  
Maritimes,  
And headed down the turnpike to New England, sweet  
New England.

Holes in my confidence, holes in the knees of my jeans.  
I was left without a penny in my pocket.  
Oh we I was bout as destituted as a kid could be.  
And I wish'd I'd wore a ring so I could hock it, I'd like to  
hock it.

Seen a young girl in a parking lot, preaching to a  
crowd.  
Singing sacred songs and reading from the Bible.  
Well I told her I was lost and she told about the  
Pentecost.  
Seen that girl as the road to my survival.

Just later on the very same night, I crept to her tent with  
a flashlight.  
And my long years of innocence ended.  
She took me to the woods saying "Here comes  
something and it feels so good".  
And just like a dog I was befriended, I was befriended.

Oh what a night, oh what a garden of delight.  
Even now that sweet memory lingers.  
I was playing my guitar and lying underneath the stars.  
Just thanking the Lord for my fingers, for my fingers.

@love  
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DC  
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