

## Tom T. Hall

# "Margie's at The Lincoln Park Inn"

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My name's 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's at the Lincoln Park  
Inn

And I know why she's there 'cause I've been there  
before  
But I made a promise that I wouldn't cheat anymore  
I tried to ignore it but I know she's in there, my friend  
My mind's on a number and Margie's at the Lincoln  
Park Inn

Next Sunday it's my turn to speak to the young people's  
class  
They expect answers to all of the questions they ask  
What would they say if I spoke on a modern day sin  
And all of the Margies' at all of the Lincoln Park Inns

The bike is all fixed and my little boy's in bed asleep  
His little old 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's at the Lincoln  
Park Inn  
And I know why she's there

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