Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics
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Lincoln Duncan By Paul Simon

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  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.
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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.

DC