

## Duncan

Paul Simon

Couple in the next room  
Bound to win a prize  
They've been going at it all night long  
Well, I'm trying 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 the 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  
I was left without a penny in my pocket  
Oo-we I was about destituted  
As a kid could be  
And I wished 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  
Singing 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 survival

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  
Saying here comes something 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 playing my guitar  
Lying underneath the stars  
Just thanking the Lord  
For my fingers,  
For my fingers