

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