

Margie's at the Lincoln Park Inn

Bobby Bare

My names in the paper where I took the Boy Scouts to hike
My hands are all dirty from working on my little boys bike
The preacher came by and I talked for a minute with him
My wifes in the kitchen and Margie is at the Lincoln Park Inn And I know why shes there Ive been there before
But I made a promise that I wouldnt cheat anymore
I try to ignore it but I know shes in there my friend
My minds on a number and Margie is at the Lincoln Park Inn Next Sunday its my turn to speak to the young
peoples' class
And they expect answers to all the questions they ask
What would they say if I spoke on a modern day sin?
And all of the Margies and all of the Lincoln Park Inns The bike is all fixed and my little boys in bed asleep
His little warm puppy is curled in a ball at my feet
My wifes baking cookies to feed to the bridge club again
Im almost out of cigarettes and Margie is at the Lincoln Park Inn
And I know why shes there

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