

# Margie's at the Lincoln Park Inn

## Tom T. Hall

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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