Duncan (demo)

Paul Simon

Couple in the next room
bound to win a prize:
they've been going at it all night long!
Well, I'm tryin' 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 a 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-oowee, I was about as destituted as a kid could be
and I wished I wore a ring so I could hock it
I'd like to hock itA young girl in a parkin' lot
was preaching to a crowd,
singing sacred songs
and reading from the Bible.
Well, I told her I was lost
and she told all about the Pentecost,
and I seen that girl as the road to my survival,
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,
sayin' "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
lyin' underneath the stars
just thankin' the Lord
for my fingers,
for my fingers

Songwriters

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