Duncan

The Wayfarers

Couple in the next room bound to win a prize
They been goin' 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 songMy 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 EnglandHoles in my confidence
Holes in the knees of my jeans
I was left without a penny in my pocket
I's about destituted as a kid could be
And I wish I wore a ring
So I could hock it, I'd like to hock itA young girl in a parking lot was preaching to a crowd
Singin 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
I know, I know, I know, I know, I know, I knowJust 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 somethin' and it feels so good"
And just like a dog I was befriended, I was befriendedOh, oh, what a night
Oh what a garden of delight
Even now that sweet memory lingers
I was playin' my guitar
Lying underneath the stars
Just thankin' the Lord for my fingers, for my fingers
I know, I know, I know, I know, I know, I know

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