

# 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 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  
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 it  
A 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 know  
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 somethin' 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 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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