

Duncan

Words & Music by
Paul Simon

Am G
Couple in the next room, they're bound to win a prize.
C C/B D D/F# G
They've been going at it all night long.
F C F C
Well I'm trying to get some sleep, but these motel walls are cheap.
F C G Am
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
And headed down the turnpike for New England, Sweet New England.

Am / F / | G / C / | F / / / | C / / / |
Am / F / | G / C / | G / / / | Am / / / |

Holes in my confidence, holes in the knees of my jeans.
I was left without a penny in my pocket.
Oooo-wee! I's about as 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.
Singing 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.

Am / F / | G / C / | F / / / | C / / / |
Am / F / | G / C / | G / / / | Am / / / |

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 saying, "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 playing my guitar & lying underneath the stars.
Just thanking the lord for my fingers, for my fingers.

Am / F / | G / C / | F / / / | C / / / |
Am / F / | G / C / | G / / / | Am / / / |

[original key is Em]