

# Duncan

Paul Simon 1972

[Am] Couple in the next room, [G] bound to win a prize, they've been [C] going at it [D] all night [G] long. Well [F] I'm trying to [C] get some sleep but these [F] motel walls are [C] cheap. Lincoln [F] Duncan is my [C] name and here's my [G] song. Here's my [Am] song.

My father was a fisherman. My [G] mama was a fisherman's friend. And [C] I was born in the [D] boredom and the [G] chowder. So [F] when I reached my [C] prime, I left [F] my home in the [C] Maritimes, [F] headed down the [C] turnpike for New [G] England, sweet New [Am] England.

Holes in my confidence. [G] Holes in the knees of my jeans. I was [C] left without a [D] penny in my [G] pocket. [F] Oo hoo hoo [C] wee. I was about [F] destituted as a [C] kid could be, and I [F] wish I wore a ring [C] so I could [G] hock it. I'd like to [Am] hock it.

A young girl in a parking lot was [G] preachin' to a crowd. Singing [C] sacred songs and [D] reading from the [G] bible. Well I [F] told her I was [C] lost, and she [F] told me all about the [C] Pentecost. And I [F] seen that girl as the [C] road to my [G] survival, my [Am] survival. [Am]

Just latter on the very same night when I [G] crept to her tent with a flashlight, and my [C] long years of [D] innocence [G] ending. Well she [F] took me to the [C] woods saying, [F] "Here comes something and it [C] feels so good!" And [F] just like a [C] dog I was [G] befriended. I was be[Am] friended

Oh oh, what a night. [G] Oh what a garden of delight. Even [C] now that sweet [D] memory [G] lingers. [F] Playing my gui[C]tar, lying [F] underneath the [C] stars. Just [F] thanking the [C] lord for my [G] fingers for my [Am] fingers.