

# Paul Simon - Duncan

Tom: G

Em C D  
Couple in the next room, bound to win a prize  
They've been going at it all night long

G C G C  
Well, I'm trying to get some sleep, but these motel walls are cheap  
Lincoln Duncan is my name and here's my song, here's my song

Em D  
My father was a fisherman, my mama was the 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

solo:  
C G C G C Em C G C G D Em

Em D  
Holes in my confidence, holes in the knees of my jeans  
I was left without a penny in my pocket.  
Oo hoo wee I was about destituted as a kid could be  
And I wished I wore a ring so I could hock it, I'd like to hock it

Em D

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 surviv - - - - al

solo:  
C G C G C Em C G C G D Em

Em  
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 something and it feels so good!"  
And just like a dog I was befriended I was befriended

Em D  
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

fade out:  
C G C G C Em C G C G D Em 3x

## Acordes

