

**Duncan**

Paul Simon II-42

Em D  
 Couple in the next room bound to win a prize,  
 G A D  
 They've been going at it all night long,  
 C G C G  
 Well I'm trying to get some sleep, but these motel walls are cheap,  
 C G D Em  
 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 Eriend  
 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,

**Chorus:** (flute) C G C G C G Em C G C G D Em

Holes in my confidence, holes in the knees of my jeans, Em D  
 I was left without a penny in my pocket, G A D  
 Ooeh ee, I's about as destituted as a kid could be C G C G  
 And I wished I wore a ring so I could hock it, I'd like to hock it C G D Em

A young giri in a parking let was preaching to a crowd Em D  
 Singing sacred songs and reading from the Bible, G A D  
 Well I told her I was lost, and she told me all about the Pentecost, C G C G  
 And I seen that girl as the road to my survival C G D Em

**Chorus**

Just later on that very same night when I crept to her tent with a flashlight Em D  
 And my long years of innocence ended G A D  
 Well she took me to the woods, saying here comes something and it feeis so good, C G C G  
 And just like a dog I was befriended, I was befriended C G D Em

Oh, oh, what a night, oh what a garden of delight Em D  
 Even now that sweet memory lingers, G A D  
 I was playing my guitar, lying underneath the stars, C G C G  
 Just thanking the Lord for my fingers, for my fingers C G D Em

**Chorus twice**