

# Mel Tillis, Margie's At The Lincoln Park Inn

My name's in the paper where I took the boy scouts to hike  
My hands're all dirty from working on my little boy's bike  
The preacher came by and I talked for a minute with him  
My wife's in the kitchen and Margie's at the Lincoln Park Inn  
And I know why she's there I've been there before  
But I made her a promise that I wouldn't cheat anymore  
I tried to ignore it but I know she's in there my friend  
My mind's on a number and Margie's at the Lincoln Park Inn  
Next Sunday it's my turn to speak to the young people's class  
And they expect answers to all of the questions they ask  
Oh what would they say if I spoke on a modern day sin  
And all of the Margies at all of the Lincoln Park Inns  
The bike is all fixed and my little boy's in bed asleep  
And his little puppy is curled in a ball at my feet  
My wife's baking cookies to feed to the Bridge Club again  
I'm almost out of cigarettes and Margie's at the Lincoln Park Inn  
And I know why she's there