

Cal Smith, (Margie's At The) Lincoln Park Inn

My name's in the paper where I took the boy scouts to hike
My hands are 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 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
They expect answers to all of the questions they ask
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 is in bed asleep
His little old 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)