

Good Range

Dm C
 Couple in the next room were bound to win a prize, they've been
 F G C Bb F
 Goin' at it all night long Well I'm tryin to get some sleep but these
 Bb F Bb F C
 Motel walls are cheap. Lincoln Duncan is my name and here's my song
 Dm
 Here's my song

Dm C
 My father was a fisherman my mama was a fisherman's friend And
 F G C
 I was born in the boredom and the chowder
 Bb F Bb F
 So when I reached my prime, I left my home in the maritimes
 Bb F C Dm
 Headed down the turnpike for New England...sweet New England

Solo:

Bb Bb F F Bb F
 Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh, ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh, ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh,
 Bb Bb F Dm C Dm
 Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh

Dm C
 Holes in my confidence, holes in the knees of my jeans
 F G C Bb F
 I's left without a penny in my pocket. Oo hoo hoo wee I's a - bout
 Bb F Bb F C
 Destituted as a kid could be and I wish I wore a ring so I could hock it
 Dm
 I'd like to hock it

Dm C
 A young girl in a parking lot was preachin to a crowd
 F G C
 Singin' sacred songs and reading from the bible
 Bb F Bb F
 Well I told her I was lost and she told me all about the Pentecost
 Bb F C Dm
 And I seen that girl as the road to my surviv - - - - - al

Repeat Solo:

Dm
 Just latter on the very same night when I
 C F G C
 Crept to her tent with a flashlight and my long years of innocence ended
 Bb F Bb F
 Well she took me to the woods sayin', "Here comes somethin' and it feels so good!"
 Bb F C Dm
 And just like a dog I was befriended. I was befriended

Dm C
 Oh oh what a night Oh what a garden of delight
 F G C
 Even now that sweet memory lingers
 Bb F Bb F
 Playin' my guitar, lying underneath the stars
 Bb F C Dm
 Just thankin' the lord for my fingers. For my fingers

Repeat Solo x 2 & Fade: