



Lucille

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In a bar in Toledo across from the depot
On a barstool she took off her ring
I thought I'd get closer so I walked on over
I sat down and asked her name
When the drinks finally hit her, she said, "I'm
no quitter
But I finally quit livin' on dreams
I'm hungry for laughter and here ever after
I'm after whatever the other life brings"

In the mirror, I saw him and I closely watched
him
I thought how he looked out of place
He came to the woman who sat there beside
me
He had a strange look on his face
The big hands were calloused, he looked like
a mountain
For a minute I thought I was dead
But he started shaking, his big heart was
breaking
He turned to the woman and said

"You picked a fine time to leave me, Lucille
With four hungry children and a crop in the
field
I've had some bad times, lived through some
sad times
But this time your hurtin' won't heal
You picked a fine time to leave me, Lucille"

After he left us, I ordered more whiskey
I thought how she'd made him look small
From the lights of the barroom to a rented
hotel room
We walked without talkin' at all
She was a beauty, but when she came to me
She must have thought I'd lost my mind
I couldn't hold her 'cause the words that he
told her
Kept comin' back time after time

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