Lucille

Bobby Freeman

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, 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
Now his big hands were calloused, he looked like a mountain
For a minute I thought, I was dead
But he started shakin' his big heart was breakin'
And he turned to the woman and said
"You picked a fine time to leave me, Lucille
With four hungry children and crops in the field
I've had some bad times, lived through some sad times
But this time the 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
And from the lights of the barroom to the rented hotel room
We walked without talkin' at all
Now she was a beauty but when she came to me
She must have thought I'd lost my mind
'Cause I couldn't hold her the words that he told her
Kept comin' back time after time
"You picked a fine time to leave me, Lucille
With four hungry children and crops in the field
And I've had some bad times, I lived through some sad times
But this time the hurtin' won't heal
You picked a fine time to leave me, Lucille"
"You picked a fine time to leave me, Lucille
With four hungry children and crops in the field
I've had some bad times, lived through some sad times
This time the hurtin' won't heal
You picked a fine time to leave me, Lucille"

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