Lucille

Fred Eaglesmith

Well, Lucille was a woman and I was a boy
And it was obvious that she wanted more
Than a man her age could give her
And that was me
I was wild as a summer squall
Blowin' through town no direction at all
I was wilder than even she could believe
I had Cobra Jet 428
In a '65 Ford
And it ran great
Take it on out to where that gravel turns to road
Take it on up to 110
Tires screaming in and out of the bends
And Lucille hanging on just as tight as she could
And it was crazy
But it sure was good
Well, Lucille was fifty and I was nineteen
And you know it never bothered me
Not even when they called out in the bar
I'd get tough and I'd bust some heads
Lucille would laugh when the cops got there
We'd sneak out the back and take off in my car
I had a Cobra Jet 428
In a '65 Ford
And it ran great
Take it on out to where that gravel turns to road
Take it on up to 110
Tires screaming in and out of the bends
And Lucille hanging on just as tight as she could
And it was crazy
But it sure was good
Well, last week I turned forty-five
When I woke up
Well, out in the driveway
My wife had fixed that old car up for me
She'd had it in the garage for a week or two
And when I got it back it was good as new
I started it up and I took off down the highway
I drove on up to Randolph Heights

There's an old folk's home there past the lights
And Lucille sitting out there in the shade
I wheeled her around to the passenger door
I picked her up and put her in that car
And we took off like a dust bowl hurricane
And that Cobra Jet 428
And that '65 Ford well it ran great
Took it on out to where that gravel turns to road
Took it on up to 110
Tires screaming in and out of the bend
And Lucille hanging on just as tight as she could
And it was crazy
But it sure was good
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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