

# Lucille

## Billy Currington

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  
Sat down and asked her, her name When the drinks finally hit her  
She said, "I'm no quitter but I finally quit living 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  
And thought how he looked out of place  
He came to the woman who sat there beside me  
And had a strange look on his face 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'  
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 the 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 "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"" 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"

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