

# Lucille

M. Craft

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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