

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
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You picked a fine time to leave me, Lucille"
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