

# Lucille

Waylon Jennings

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 living on dreams.  
I'm hungry for laughter,  
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.  
The big hands were calloused,  
He looked like a mountain,  
For a minute I thought I was dead.  
But he started shaking,  
His big heart was breaking,  
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,  
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.  
From the lights of the barroom to the rented hotel room  
We walked without talking 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, for the words that he told her  
Kept comin' back time after time.

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