

In a bar in Toledo
Across from the depot
On a bar stool, 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 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

His big hands were calloused
He looks 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 crops in the field.
And I've had some bad times and lived through some sad times,
But this time the hurting won't heal.
You've picked a fine time to leave me, Lucille."

After he left us,
I ordered more whiskey.
I thought how she made him look small.

From the lights of the bar room
To a rented hotel room
We walked without talking at all.

No, 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
Kept coming 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 and lived through some sad times,
But this time the hurting won't heal.
You've picked a fine time to leave me, Lucille."