

Lucille

Kenny Rogers

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 fin'ly hit her, she said, "I'm no quitter,
but I fin'ly 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.

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 crops 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 made him look small.
From the lights of the barroom, to a rented hotel room,
we walked without talking at all.

She was a beauty, but when she came to me,
she must've thought I'd lost my mind;
I couldn't hold her 'cause the words that he told her
kept coming back time after time:

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 your hurtin' won't heal.
You picked a fine time to leave me, Lucille