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.
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.
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,
I've 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.
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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