

Lucille

Auteur : Kenny Rogers — (sans accords)

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 name

When the drinks finally hit her she said I'm no
quitter but I finally quit livin' 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, lived through some sad times, but
this time your hurting won't heal
You picked a fine time to leave me Lucille

After he left us I ordered more whisky, I thought how she'd
made him look small
From the lights of the bar room to a 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 'cos the words that he told her kept
coming back time after time

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