

Lucille

Auteur : Kenny Rogers

{c: Verse 1}

In a b[A]ar in Toledo across from the depot on a
bar stool she took off her r[E7]ing
I [Bm]thought I'd get closer so [E7]I walked on over,
I [Bm]sat down and [E7]asked her [A]name

When the drinks finally hit her she said I'm no
quitter but I finally quit [A7]livin' on [D]dreams
I'm [E7]hungry for laughter and here ever after I'm
after whatever the other life [A]brings

{c: Verse 2}

I[A]n the mirror I saw him and I closely watched him
I thought how he looked out of p[E7]lace
He [Bm]came to the woman who [E7]sat there beside me,
he [Bm]had a strange [E7]look on his [A]face

The big hands were calloused, he looked like a
mountain, for a minute I [A7]thought I was [D]dead
But he [E7]started shaking, his big heart was
breaking, he turned to the woman and [A]said

{c: Chorus}

Y[A]ou picked a fine time to leave me Luc[D]ille
with four hungry children and a crop in the f[A]ield
I[D]'ve had some bad times, lived through some sad times, but
this time your hurting won't [A]heal
You picked a [E7]fine time to leave me [A]Lucille

{c: Verse 3}

A[B]fter he left us I ordered more whisky, I thought how she'd
made him look [F#7]small
From the [C#m]lights of the bar room to a [F#7]rented hotel room,
we [C#m]walked without [F#7]talking at [B]all

She was a beauty but when she came to me
she must have thought [B7]I'd lost my [E]mind
I[F#7] couldn't hold her 'cos the words that he told her kept
coming back time after t[B]ime

{c: Chorus}

Y[B]ou picked a fine time to leave me Luc[E]ille
with four hungry children and a crop in the f[B]ield
I[E]'ve had some bad times, lived through some sad times, but
this time your hurting won't h[B]eal
You picked a fin[F#7]e time to leave me Lucill[B]e