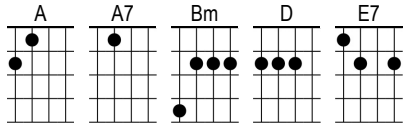


Lucille

Kenny Rogers



In a **A** bar in Toledo, a cross from the depot, on a barstool she took off her **E7** ring |

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 what ever the other life **A** brings" |

A In the mirror I saw him, and I closely watched him I thought how he looked out of **E7** place |

He **Bm** came to the women 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 **E7** he started shakin', his big heart was breakin', he turned to the woman and said, **A↓** |

You picked a **nc** fine time to leave me, Lu**D**cille, with four hungry children and a crop in the **A** field |

D I've had some bad times, lived through some sad times, but this time your hurtin' won't **A** heal |

You picked a **E7** fine time to leave me, Lu**A**cille | | |

A After he left us, I ordered more whiskey, I thought how she'd made him look **E7** small |

From the **Bm** lights of the bar room to a **E7** rented hotel room, we **Bm** walked without **E7** talkin' at **A** all |

She was a beauty, but when she came to me she must have thought **A7** I'd lost my **D** mind |

E7 I couldn't hold her, 'cause the words that he told her kept comin' back | time after | time **A A↓** |

You picked a **nc** fine time to leave me, Lu**D**cille, with four hungry children and a crop in the **A** field |

D I've had some bad times, lived through some sad times, but this time your hurtin' won't **A** heal |

You picked a **E7** fine time to leave me, Lu**A**cille |

You picked a **A** fine time to leave me, Lu**D**cille, with four hungry children and a crop in the **A** field |

D I've had some bad times, lived through some sad times, but this time your hurtin' won't **A** heal |

You picked a **E7** fine time to leave me, Lu**A**cille **A↓** |