

LUCILLE

Words and Music by ROGER BOWLING
and HAL BYNUM

In a moderate Country 3

$\text{♩} = 144$

In a bar in To - le - do a - cross from the de - pot, on a bar stool she
mir - ror I saw him and I close - ly watched him, I thought how he
took off her ring. I thought I'd get clos -
looked out of place. He came to the wom -
- er, so I walked on o - ver, I
- an who sat there be - side me, he
sat down and asked her her name. When the
had a strange look on his face. The
drinks fi - n'ly hit her, she said, "I'm no
big hands were cal - loused, he looked like a
quit - ter, but I fi - n'ly quit liv - ing on dreams. I'm hun - gry for laugh - ter and
moun - tain, for a min - ute I thought I was dead. But he start - ed shak - ing, his
here ev - er - af - ter, I'm af - ter what - ev -
big heart was break - ing, he
- er the oth - er life brings." In the

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turned to the wom-an — and said: “You picked a fine time to leave — me, Lu - cille,

with four hun - gry chil - dren and a crop in the field. I've had some

bad times, _____ lived through some sad times, _____ but

this time _____ your hurt - in' won't heal, you picked a

fine time to leave me Lu - cille.” Af - ter he left us — I

or - dered — more — whis - key, — I must - 've thought

I'd lost my mind; — I could - n't hold —

— her — 'cause the words that he told — her — kept

com - ing — back time af - ter time: — “You picked a

fine time to leave — me, Lu - cille, with four hun - gry chil - dren and a crop in the

field. I've had some bad times, — lived through some sad times, — but this time your

hurt - in' won't heal, you picked a fine time to leave me, Lu - cille."