# Lucille

Fred Eaglesmith 1997

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**INTRO: / 1 2 3 4 / [G] / [G] / [G] / [G]**

Well, Lu-**[G]**cille was a woman and I was a boy

It was **[C]** obvious that she wanted more

Than a **[G]** man her age could give her and that was **[D]** me **[D]**

**[G]** I was wild as a summer squall

**[C]** Blowin’ through town no direction at all

**[G]** I was wilder than **[D]** even she could be-**[G]**lieve **[G]**

**CHORUS:**

I had a **[C]** Cobra Jet 428 in a **[G]** ’65 Ford and it ran great

**[C]** Take it on out to where that gravel turns to **[G]** road **[G]**

**[C]** Take it on up to a hundred and ten

**[G]** Tires screamin’ in and out of the bends

And **[G]** Lucille hangin’ on just as tight as she **[D]** could **[D]↓**

And it was **[C]** craaa-**[C]**-aaa-**[D]**zy **[D]↓**

But it sure was **[G]** good **[C] / [G] / [C]**

Well Lu-**[G]**cille was fifty and I was nineteen

You **[C]** know it never bothered me

Not **[G]** even when they called out in the **[D]** bars **[D]**

**[G]** I’d get tough and I’d bust some heads

Lu-**[C]**cille would laugh when the cops got there

We’d **[G]** sneak out the back and **[D]** take off in my **[G]** car **[G]**

**CHORUS:**

I had a **[C]** Cobra Jet 428 in a **[G]** ’65 Ford and it ran great

**[C]** Take it on out to where that gravel turns to **[G]** road **[G]**

**[C]** Take it on up to a hundred and ten

**[G]** Tires screamin’ in and out of the bends

And **[G]** Lucille hangin’ on just as tight as she **[D]** could **[D]↓**

And it was **[C]** craaa-**[C]**-aaa-**[D]**zy **[D]↓**

But it sure was **[G]** good **[C] / [G] / [C]**

Well **[G]** last week I turned forty-five

When **[C]** I woke up, well, out in the driveway

My **[G]** wife had fixed that old car up for **[D]** me **[D]**

She **[G]** had it in the garage for a week or two

When I **[C]** got it back it was good as new

I **[G]** started it up and I **[D]** took off down the **[G]** highway **[G]**

**CHORUS:**

I **[C]** drove on up to Randolf Heights

There’s an **[G]** old folks’ home there past the lights

**[C]** Lucille sittin’ out there in the **[G]** shade **[G]**

I **[C]** wheeled her around to the passenger door

I **[G]** picked her up and put her in that car

And **[G]** we took off like a **[D]** dustbowl hurri-**[G]**cane **[G]**

**FINAL CHORUS:**

And that **[C]** Cobra Jet 428 in that **[G]** ’65 Ford well it ran great

**[C]** Took it on out to where that gravel turns to **[G]** road **[G]**

**[C]** Took it on up to a hundred and ten

**[G]** Tires screamin’ in and out of the bends

And **[G]** Lucille hangin’ on just as tight as she **[D]** could **[D]↓**

And it was **[C]** craaa-**[C]**-aaa-**[D]**zy **[D]↓**

But it sure was **[G]** good **[C] / [G] / [C] / [G] / [C] / [G]↓**

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