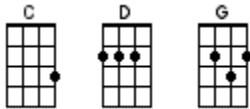


# Lucille

Fred Eaglesmith 1997



## 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]

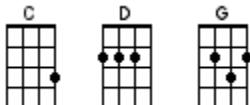
Well [G] last week I turned forty-five  
When [C] I woke up, well, out in the driveway  
My [G] wife had fixed that old car up for [D] me [D]  
She [G] had it in the garage for a week or two  
When I [C] got it back it was good as new  
I [G] started it up and I [D] took off down the [G] highway [G]

## **CHORUS:**

I [C] drove on up to Randolph 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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