

M. Craft **"Lucile"**

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Lucile, where did the love go?
We used to think everything could be
We used to think someday they would see
That to feel is greater than anything
But they chased all the dreams away
And then they turned all the colors gray

And now the city lights don't spell out our names
And the stars up above won't lead us on our way
And the black hearted people have stolen everything
And Lucile, the meaning that I thought was there
It don't mean a thing

And Lucile, life is a cabaret
A series of hoops we must jump through
A high-wire act we all must do
And a dance, a dance of fire
We'll dance as the flames rise up around us
We'll dance as they burn us to the ground

Because the city lights don't spell out our names
And the stars up above won't lead us on our way
The black hearted people have stolen everything
And Lucile, the meaning that I thought was there
It don't mean a thing, it don't mean a thing

And Lucile, where did the love go?
Lucile, where did the love go?
Lucile, where did the love go?
Lucile, where did the love go?

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