

# The Ballad Of Lucy Jordan

Marianne Faithfull

The morning sun touched lightly on the eyes of Lucy Jordan  
In a white suburban bedroom in a white suburban town  
As she lay there 'neath the covers dreaming of a thousand lovers  
Till the world turned to orange and the room went spinning  
round.

At the age of thirty-seven she realised she'd never  
Ride through Paris in a sports car with the warm wind in her hair.  
So she let the phone keep ringing and she sat there softly singing  
Little nursery rhymes she'd memorised in her daddy's easy  
chair.

Her husband, he's off to work and the kids are off to school,  
And there are, oh, so many ways for her to spend the day.  
She could clean the house for hours or rearrange the flowers  
Or run naked through the shady street screaming all the way.

At the age of thirty-seven she realised she'd never  
Ride through Paris in a sports car with the warm wind in her hair  
So she let the phone keep ringing as she sat there softly singing  
Pretty nursery rhymes she'd memorised in her daddy's easy  
chair.

The evening sun touched gently on the eyes of Lucy Jordan  
On the roof top where she climbed when all the laughter grew  
too loud  
And she bowed and curtsied to the man who reached and  
offered her his hand,  
And he led her down to the long white car that waited past  
the crowd.

At the age of thirty-seven she knew she'd found forever  
As she rode along through Paris with the warm wind in her  
hair ...