

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 And she lay there 'neath the covers
Dreaming of a thousand lovers
'Til the world turned to orange
And the room went spinning round At the age of thirty seven
She realized 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 memorized
In her Daddy's easy chair Her husband, he's off to work
And the kids are off to school
And there were oh so many ways
For her to spend her days 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 realized 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 memorized
In her Daddy's easy chair The evening sun touched gently on
The eyes of Lucy Jordan
On the rooftop 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

Songwriters

SHEL SILVERSTEIN Published by

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