

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 37
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

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 37
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 37
She knew she'd found forever
As she rode along through Paris
With the warm wind in her hair

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