

Ballad of Lucy Jordan

[Dr. Hook](#)

(Shel Silverstein)The mornin' sun touched lightly on the eyes of Lucy Jordan

In her white suburban bedroom, in a white suburban town

As she lay there 'neath the covers, dreaming of a thousand lovers

'Til the world turned to orange and the room went spinnin' roundAt the age of 37, she realised she'd never ride
through Paris

In a sports car, with the warm wind in her hair

And she let the phone keep ringin' as she sat there softly singin'

Pretty nursery rhymes she'd memorised in her daddy's easy chairHer husband, he was off to work, and the kids
were off to school

And there were oh so many ways for her to spend her day

She could clean the house for hours, or rearrange the flowers

Or run naked down the shady street screaming all the wayAt the age of 37, she realised she'd never ride through
Paris

In a sports car, with the warm wind in her hair

And she let that phone keep ringin' as she sat there softly singin'

Pretty nursery rhymes she'd memorised in her daddy's easy chairThe evening sun touched gently on the eyes of
Lucy Jordan

On the rooftop where she'd climbed when all the laughter grew too loud

And she bowed and curtsied to the man, who reached and offered her his hand

And led her down to the long white car that waited past the crowdAt the age of 37, she knew she'd found
forever as they rode along through Paris

With the warm wind in her hair

Oooooohhh yes with the wind in her hair oooooohhhh.....(c)1973 Sony Music Entertainment Inc.

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