

Belinda Carlisle

"Ballad Of Lucy Jordan"

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The Ballad of Lucy Jordan

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

the roof top where she climbed when all the laughter
grew too loud

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...

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