

Belinda Carlisle

"The Ballad Of Lucy Jordan"

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The morning' sun touched lightly
On the eyes of Lucy Jordan
In her white suburban bedroom
In her white suburban town
As she lay there, neath the covers
Dreaming of a thousand lovers'
Til the world turned 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
And she let the phone keep ringing
As she sat there softly singing'
Pretty nursery rhymes she'd memorised
In her daddy's easy chair

Her husband he was off to work
And the kids were off to school
And there were on so many ways
For her to spend the day
She could clean the house for hours
Or rearrange the flowers
Or run naked down the shady street
Screaming all the way

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 curtseyed to the man
Who reached and offered her his hand
And led her down to the long white car
That waited past the crowd

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