

Dr. Hook

"Ballad Of Lucy Jordan"

Visit "[Ballad Of Lucy Jordan](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(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' round

At 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 chair

Her 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
way

At 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 chair

The 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 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

At 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.

Visit [Dr. Hook](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.