

## **Dr. Hook & The Medicine Show**

### **"Ballad Of Lucy Jordan"**

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(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.....

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