

Lee Greenwood

"Ballad Of Lucy Jordon"

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The morning sun touched lightly on the eyes of Lucy
Jordon
In her white suburban bedroom in her white suburban
town
As she lay there neath the covers dreaming of a
thousand lovers
Till the world turn to orange and the room went
spinning round

At the age of thirty-seven she realized she'd never ride
Through Paris in a sports car with the warm wind in her
hair
And she left that phone keep ringing as she sat there
softly singing
Pretty nursery rhymes she'd memorize in her daddy's
easy chair

Her husband was off to work and the kids were off to
school
There were also 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

At the age of thirty-seven...

The evening touched gently on the eyes of Lucy Jordon
On the rooftop where she climbed when all the laughter
grew too loud
And she bowed and curtsied to the man who reached
and offered her his hand
And took her down to the long white car that waited
pass 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
With the wind in her hair with the wind in her hair

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