

## **Lee Hazlewood**

# **"Ballad Of Lucy Jordon"**

Visit "[Ballad Of Lucy Jordon](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

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

