

Marianne Faithfull

"Ballad of Lucy Jordan"

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

At the age of thirty-seven she realised shed never
Ride through paris in a sports car with the warm wind in her hair.
So she let the phone keep ringing and she sat there softly singing
Little nursery rhymes shed memorised in her daddys easy chair.

Her husband, hes off to work and the kids are off to school,
And there are, oh, so many ways for her to spend the day.
She could clean the house for hours or rearrange the flowers
Or run naked through the shady street screaming all the way.

At the age of thirty-seven she realised shed never
Ride through paris in a sports car with the warm wind in her hair
So she let the phone keep ringing as she sat there softly singing
Pretty nursery rhymes shed memorised in her daddys easy chair.

The evening sun touched gently on the eyes of lucy jordan
On the roof top 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 he led her down to the long white car that waited past the crowd.

At the age of thirty-seven she knew shed found forever
As she rode along through paris with the warm wind in her hair

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