

Marianne Faithfull

"The 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 she'd 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 she'd memorised in her daddy's
easy chair.

Her husband, he's 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 she'd 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 she'd memorised in her daddy's
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 she'd found
forever
As she rode along through paris with the warm wind in
her hair ...

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