

The Ballad Of Lucy Jordan
Marianne Faithfull

E **E7**
The morning sun touched gently on
A **E**
the eyes of Lucy Jordan

in a white suburban bedroom
B **B7**
in a white suburban town.
E **E7**
As she lay there neath the covers
A **E**
dreaming of a thousand lovers
B **B7**
till the world turned to orange
E **E7**
and the room went spinning round.

A
At the age of thirty-seven
E
she realized she d never ride

through Paris in a sports car
B
with the warm wind in her hair.

E **E7**
So she let the phone keep ringing
A **E**
as she sat there softly singing
B
the nursery rhymes she d memorize
A **E**
in her daddy s easy chair.

E7
Her husband is off to work
A **E**
and the kids are off to school

and there were oh so many ways
B **B7**
for her to spend a day.

E **E7**
She could clean the house for hours
A **E**

or re-arrange the flowers

B

or make it through the shady stream

E

screaming all the way.

A

At the age of thirty-seven

E

she realized she d never ride

through Paris in a sports car

B

with the warm wind in her hair.

E

E7

So she let the phone keep ringing

A

E

as she sat there softly singing

B

the nursery rhymes she d memorize

A

E

in her daddy s easy chair.

E7

The evening sun touched gently on

A

E

the eyes of Lucy Jordan

on the roof top where she climbed

B

B7

when all the laughter grew too loud.

E

E7

And she bowed and cursed to the man (?)

A

E

who reached out ... off to her his hands (?)

B

and led her down to a long white car (?)

E

E7

that waited, past the crowd.

A

At the age of thirty-seven

E

she knew that she d found heaven

as she rode along through Paris

B

with the warm wind in her hair.