

The Ballad Of Lucy Jordan
Marianne Faithfull

F **F7**
The morning sun touched gently on
Bb **F**
the eyes of Lucy Jordan

in a white suburban bedroom
C **C7**
in a white suburban town.
F **F7**
As she lay there neath the covers
Bb **F**
dreaming of a thousand lovers
C **C7**
till the world turned to orange
F **F7**
and the room went spinning round.

Bb
At the age of thirty-seven
F
she realized she d never ride

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

F **F7**
So she let the phone keep ringing
Bb **F**
as she sat there softly singing
C
the nursery rhymes she d memorize
Bb **F**
in her daddy s easy chair.

F7
Her husband is off to work
Bb **F**
and the kids are off to school

and there were oh so many ways
C **C7**
for her to spend a day.

F **F7**
She could clean the house for hours
Bb **F**

or re-arrange the flowers

C

or make it through the shady stream

F

screaming all the way.

Bb

At the age of thirty-seven

F

she realized she d never ride

through Paris in a sports car

C

with the warm wind in her hair.

F

F7

So she let the phone keep ringing

Bb

F

as she sat there softly singing

C

the nursery rhymes she d memorize

Bb

F

in her daddy s easy chair.

F7

The evening sun touched gently on

Bb

F

the eyes of Lucy Jordan

on the roof top where she climbed

C

C7

when all the laughter grew too loud.

F

F7

And she bowed and cursed to the man (?)

Bb

F

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

C

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

F

F7

that waited, past the crowd.

Bb

At the age of thirty-seven

F

she knew that she d found heaven

as she rode along through Paris

C

with the warm wind in her hair.