

The Ballad Of Lucy Jordan
Marianne Faithfull

Eb **Eb7**
The morning sun touched gently on
G# **Eb**
the eyes of Lucy Jordan

in a white suburban bedroom
Bb **Bb7**
in a white suburban town.
Eb **Eb7**
As she lay there neath the covers
G# **Eb**
dreaming of a thousand lovers
Bb **Bb7**
till the world turned to orange
Eb **Eb7**
and the room went spinning round.

G#
At the age of thirty-seven
Eb
she realized she d never ride

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

Eb **Eb7**
So she let the phone keep ringing
G# **Eb**
as she sat there softly singing
Bb
the nursery rhymes she d memorize
G# **Eb**
in her daddy s easy chair.

Eb7
Her husband is off to work
G# **Eb**
and the kids are off to school

and there were oh so many ways
Bb **Bb7**
for her to spend a day.

Eb **Eb7**
She could clean the house for hours
G# **Eb**

or re-arrange the flowers

Bb

or make it through the shady stream

Eb

screaming all the way.

G#

At the age of thirty-seven

Eb

she realized she d never ride

through Paris in a sports car

Bb

with the warm wind in her hair.

Eb

Eb7

So she let the phone keep ringing

G#

Eb

as she sat there softly singing

Bb

the nursery rhymes she d memorize

G#

Eb

in her daddy s easy chair.

Eb7

The evening sun touched gently on

G#

Eb

the eyes of Lucy Jordan

on the roof top where she climbed

Bb

Bb7

when all the laughter grew too loud.

Eb

Eb7

And she bowed and cursed to the man (?)

G#

Eb

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

Bb

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

Eb

Eb7

that waited, past the crowd.

G#

At the age of thirty-seven

Eb

she knew that she d found heaven

as she rode along through Paris

Bb

with the warm wind in her hair.