

**The Ballad Of Lucy Jordan**  
**Marianne Faithfull**

**F#** **F#7**  
The morning sun touched gently on  
**B** **F#**  
the eyes of Lucy Jordan  
  
in a white suburban bedroom  
**C#** **C#7**  
in a white suburban town.  
**F#** **F#7**  
As she lay there neath the covers  
**B** **F#**  
dreaming of a thousand lovers  
**C#** **C#7**  
till the world turned to orange  
**F#** **F#7**  
and the room went spinning round.  
  
**B**  
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#** **F#7**  
So she let the phone keep ringing  
**B** **F#**  
as she sat there softly singing  
**C#**  
the nursery rhymes she d memorize  
**B** **F#**  
in her daddy s easy chair.  
  
**F#7**  
Her husband is off to work  
**B** **F#**  
and the kids are off to school  
  
and there were oh so many ways  
**C#** **C#7**  
for her to spend a day.  
  
**F#** **F#7**  
She could clean the house for hours  
**B** **F#**

or re-arrange the flowers

**C#**

or make it through the shady stream

**F#**

screaming all the way.

**B**

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#**

**F#7**

So she let the phone keep ringing

**B**

**F#**

as she sat there softly singing

**C#**

the nursery rhymes she d memorize

**B**

**F#**

in her daddy s easy chair.

**F#7**

The evening sun touched gently on

**B**

**F#**

the eyes of Lucy Jordan

on the roof top where she climbed

**C#**

**C#7**

when all the laughter grew too loud.

**F#**

**F#7**

And she bowed and cursed to the man (?)

**B**

**F#**

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

**C#**

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

**F#**

**F#7**

that waited, past the crowd.

**B**

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.