

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.