

Ballad of Lucy Jordan

Dr. Hook / Marianne Faithfull

Intro

^E
1. The morning sun touched lightly on ^{E7}
^A The eyes of Lucy Jordan ^E
In a white suburban bedroom
^B In a white suburban town ^{B7}
^E As she lay there 'neath the covers ^{E7}
^A Dreaming of a thousand lovers ^E
^B Till the world turned to orange ^{B7}
^E And the room went spinning round ^{E7}

^A At the age of thirty-seven
^E She realised she'd never ride
Through Paris in a sports car
^{F#m} With the warm wind in her hair ^B

2. So she let the phone keep ringing
And she sat there softly singing
Little nursery rhymes she'd memorised
In her daddy's easy chair

Solo 1

Her husband, he was off to work
And the kids were off to school
And there were, oh, so many ways
For her to spend the day
She could clean the house for hours
Or rearrange the flowers
Or run naked through the shady street
Screaming all the way

Chorus

3. So she let the phone keep ringing
As she sat there softly singing
Pretty nursery rhymes she'd memorised
In her daddy's easy chair

Solo 2

The evening sun touched gently on
The eyes of Lucy Jordan
On the roof top where she climbed
When all the laughter grew too loud
And she bowed and curtsied to the man
Who reached and offered her his hand
And he led her down to the long white car
That waited past the crowd

At the age of thirty-seven
she knew that she'd found forever
as she rode along through Paris
With the warm wind in her hair

Outro