

# Belinda Carlisle, The Ballad Of Lucy Jordan

The morning' sun touched lightly  
On the eyes of Lucy Jordan  
In her white suburban bedroom  
In her white suburban town  
As she lay there, neath the covers  
Dreaming of a thousand lovers'  
Til the world turned orange  
And the room went spinning' round

At the age of thirty-seven  
She realised she'd never ride  
Through Paris in a sports car  
With the warm wind in her hair  
And she let the phone keep ringing  
As she sat there softly singing'  
Pretty nursery rhymes she'd memorised  
In her daddy's easy chair

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

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