

Dr. Hook, Ballad Of Lucy Jordan

(Shel Silverstein)

The mornin' sun touched lightly on the eyes of Lucy Jordan
In her white suburban bedroom, in a white suburban town
As she lay there 'neath the covers, dreaming of a thousand lovers
'Til the world turned to orange and the room went spinnin' round

At the age of 37, 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 ringin' as she sat there softly singin'
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 oh so many ways for her to spend her day
She could clean the house for hours, or rearrange the flowers
Or run naked down the shady street screaming all the way

At the age of 37, she realised she'd never ride through Paris
In a sports car, with the warm wind in her hair
And she let that phone keep ringin' as she sat there softly singin'
Pretty nursery rhymes she'd memorised in her daddy's easy chair

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

At the age of 37, she knew she'd found forever as they rode along through Paris
With the warm wind in her hair
Oooooohhh yes with the wind in her hair oooooohhhh.....

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