

## Intro

[E] ///|///|/// [B] // [E] ///|///|/// [B] //

[E]The morning sun touched [E7]lightly on the [A]eyes of Lucy [E]Jordan  
In a white suburban bedroom, in a [B]white suburban [B7]town.  
As she [E]lay there 'neath the [E7]covers dreaming [A]of a thousand [E]lovers  
Till the [B]world turned to [B7]orange and the room went spinning [E]round ///| [E7] ///|

## Chorus

At the [A] age of thirty-seven, she [E]realised - she never ride  
Through Paris in a sports car, with the warm wind in her [B]hair ///|///|  
So she [E]let the phone keep [E7]ringing, as she [A]sat there softly [E]singing  
The [B]nursery rhymes she'd memorised in her [A] daddy's easy [E]chair ///|///|

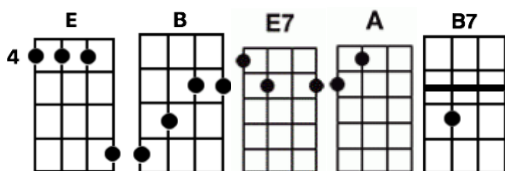
Her [E]husband is off to [E7]work and the [A]kids are off to [E]school  
And there were oh so many ways for [B]her to spend a [B7]day.  
She could [E]clean the house for [E7]hours or [A]re-arrange the [E]flowers  
Or run [B]naked through the [B7]shady street screaming all the [E]way ///|

At the [A] age of thirty-seven, she [E]realised she never ride  
Through Paris in a sports car, with the warm wind in her [B]hair ///|///|  
So she [E]let the phone keep [E7]ringing, as she [A]sat there softly [E]singing  
The [B]nursery rhymes she'd memorised in her [A] daddy's easy [E]chair ///|///|

[E]The evening sun touched [E7]gently on the [A]eyes of Lucy [E]Jordan  
On the roof top where she'd climbed when all the [B]laughter grew too [B7]loud  
And she [E]bowed and cursed to the [E7]man who [A]reached and offered [E]her his hand  
And [B]led her down to a [B7]long white car that waited, past the [E]crowd ///| [E7] ///|

## [slowing]

At the [A]age of thirty seven, she [E]knew that she'd found forever  
As she rode along through Paris, with the warm wind in her <[B]>hair...



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=d0NxFn0szc>

# The Ballad of Lucy Jordan