

ICIBILLET

## Paroles de chanson

04/05/2026

# 3-15.Marianne Faithfull – The Ballad Of Lucy Jordan

Par Various

*Album : NOW That's What I Call Timeless... The Songs*

The morning sun touched lightly on

**The eyes of Lucy Jordan**

In a white suburban bedroom

In a white suburban town

As she lay there 'neath the covers

Dreaming of a thousand lovers

'Till the world turned to 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**

## 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

Her husband, he's off to work

And the kids are 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

## 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

## 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

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 she'd found forever

As she rode along through Paris

## With the warm wind in her hair