

# Lucinda

## Eric Tingstad

Met one summer evening  
As the sun was going down  
She was lyin' on the beach  
    In her graduation gown  
She was wrapped up in a blanket  
I could tell, she knew her way around  
    And as I lay down beside her  
    Know, she never made a sound  
        On down the beach  
    Came the beach cleaning man  
        Scoopin' up the papers  
        Flattening down the sand  
        Lucinda, Lucinda, Lucinda  
    Got to run away  
    That big white truck is closin' in  
    And we'll get wounded if we stay  
        Now Lucinda lies buried  
        'Neath the California sand  
        Put under  
    By the beach cleaning man  
    Lucinda, Lucinda, Lucinda  
        Why'd you have to go?  
    They sent her to high school  
    They sent her to low school  
    She just wouldn't go further

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