

# 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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