# Lucinda

## Steve March

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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