Lucinda

Randy Newman

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