

# Randy Newman, Lucinda

We met one summer evening  
As the sun was going down  
She was lying 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  
You know she never made a sound  
On down the beach came the beach-cleaning man  
Scoopin' up the papers and flattening down the sand  
"Lucinda, Lucinda, Lucinda - we've 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