

# Joe Cocker, Lucinda

(R.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

hey sent her to low school

She just wouldn't go further