

# Angelica & Ramone

## Secret Service

On a morning in May  
On a beach outside Monterrey  
She walked alone in the sand  
With her shoes in her hand  
And let her mind go astray

He was a Santa Cruz-boy  
He held his head up  
With pride and joy  
And he was riding the surf  
To where the sea meets the turf  
And every wave was his toy

And then he saw her and smiled  
He never knew such a lovely child  
With a curly brown hair  
Flying loose in the air  
Looking gentle and mild

She pretends to be shy  
And makes a motion to passing by  
He is handsome and strong  
She doesn't walk very long  
Turns around and says "hi!"

And his name is Ramone  
And her name is Angelica  
What ever made them both reach  
The same spot on the beach  
Always will be unknown

There are stories that tell  
That the tide has a magic swell  
And that the hundred year pine  
Has a secret divine  
That is sung by a shell

And they smile and they know  
'Cause their young bodies  
Tell them so  
That they're alone in the world  
Unseen and unheard  
For the feelings to show

So in the warm morning sun  
While the sandpiper makes his run  
They make a beautiful love  
And the blue sky above  
Blessed the day that begun

Two hearts that fly like a dove  
As seagulls are circling above  
Names that are carved in a stone:  
Angelica and Ramone

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'Cause their young bodies

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That they're alone in the world  
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