

'SWEET SAN CLEMENTE'

By Kevin and Freda Danzig

There's a Spanish Village by the sea

Southernmost in Orange County

And it's home to me

Strollin' down Avenida Del Mar

Past the shops and restaurants

And the Sunday morning Farmer's
Market

People smile and say hello

On the way to T-Street Beach

I'm going down to meet my "livin' doll"

She'll be wearing her usual

Next to nothing at all

And her Rainbow sandals

It's just another extraordinary day

Here in San Clemente

Leading up to a picture postcard night

Walking barefoot in the sand

The Pacific Ocean crashing around out
feet

SWEET SAN CLEMENTE

Star jasmine, Rosemary, Gardenia

Exude a heady scent

Their fragrance fills the morning air

Little doggies on their leashes

Are sharing the sidewalk

With the babies in their strollers

And the couples holding hands

People come from everywhere

To gaze at the golden sunsets

And cast a line from the weathered
wooden pier

It's just another extraordinary day

Here in San Clemente

Watch the surfers park their "wheels"

Woodies and VW's

See their wet suits gleaming as they
ride the waves

Looking a lot like seals

Now, I hear that whistle blowin'

It's the Beach Train

And it's rolling over San Onofre

Then across the Trestles

Passing Ole Hansons

With their red-tiled roofs

And their water fountains

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