

Sand Covered Angels

Conway Twitty

Three sunburned noses,
The color of roses,
Bobby's got a frog in his pocket
Where is your sister
For an hour I've missed her
She's trying to find her gold locket.

And your tow-headed brother
Has startled his mother
Trying to swallow his dime.
Do you really think
The fish liked that ink
Sand covered angels of mine.

There's crayons and mittens
And a box full of kittens
Though we always called that cat Tommy
Torn shirts and dresses
And rooms that are messes
And that's a bit hard on your mommy.

Bruises and splinters
And colds in the winter
Making up stories that rhyme
Noses need blowing
Clothes you're out growing
Sand covered angels of mine.

Fingerprints on the wall
Of the bathroom and hall
Mending your toys takes my time
But the joy I would miss
If I couldn't kiss
Sand covered angels of mine...