

## Antique Sandy

The Byrds

Antique Sandy lived in the woods  
And she'd go to the stream when the weather was good  
She'd take down the washing for her old man to wear  
And she'd try not to get eaten by the bear

She'd fly to the market in her worn out old balloon  
That she traded with the flyer for an antique silver spoon  
And when she'd get home she'd cook upon the wooden stove  
And she'd go to sleep and listen to the whispers of the grove

At night she dreamed of places where she lived when she was young  
Where the corn strip stretched for miles like a giant serpent's tongue  
Electric lights and phone bells and every light insane  
Like a hundred thousand hungry miles were meeting at her brain

And I greet her in the morning when she wakes up in my arms  
And I tell her that I love her and I'll keep her free from harm  
I hold her close, she matters, she is all the world to me  
'Cause she's my Antique Sandy, and she's in love with me