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 amd 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...