

Chapin Harry, Sandy

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Portrait Gallery
Sandy

Sandy is the seashore
And Sandy is the sea
Sandy is the clear blue sky
Or so it seems to me
Yes I see her everywhere
In everything I see
She can turn to anything
That she would like to be

Sandy is the summer's day
She laughs inside the brook
Sandy is and autumn moon
She shines down when I look
Sandy is a cozy fire
On a snowy winter's night
And Sandy is the soft spring rain
In the early morning light

Sandy is my mirror
There are secrets in her eyes
And every single morning
She dawns a new disguise
She has caught the mystery
Of all that's wild and free
Oh yes, I see the world in her
For she means the world to me