

# Harry Chapin, 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