

## **Sammie Smith**

### **"Sand Covered Angels"**

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Three sunburned noses  
The colour 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 tall headed brother  
Has startled his mother  
Trying to swallow his dime  
Do you really think  
That the fish like 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 mummy

Bruises and splinters  
And colds in the winters  
Making up stories that rhyme  
Noses need blowing  
Their clothes, they're outgrowing  
Sand covered angels of mine

Finger prints on the wall  
Of the bathroom and hall  
And picking up toys takes my time  
But the joy I would miss  
If I couldn't kiss  
Sand covered angels of mine...

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