

Faron Young

"Days of Sand and Shovels"

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(Bud Reneau - Doyle Marsh)

When I noticed her the first time I was outside barefoot
in the rain
She lived in the house next door her nose was pressed
against a window pane
When I looked at her she smiled and showed a place
where two teeth used to be
And I heard her ask her mom if she could come outside
and play with me.

Soon the days of sand and shovels gave way to the
mysteries of life
Then I noticed she was changing and I looked at her
through different eyes
We became as one and knew a love without beginning
or an end
And everyday I lived with her was like a new day
dawning once again.

And I've loved her since every doll was Shirley Temple
Soda pop was still a nickel
Jam was on her fingertips, milk was circled on her lips.

After many years our love grew silent and at night I
heard her cry
And when she left me in the fall I knew that this would
be our last goodbye
I was man enough to give her everything she needed
for a while
In searching for a perfect love I found that I could not
give her a child.

Now she lives a quiet life and is a mother of a little girl
And everytime I pass her house my thoughts go back
into another world
Because I see her little girl her nose is pressed against
a window pane
She thinks I'm a lonely man who wants to come inside
out of the rain.

And I've loved her since every doll was Shirley Temple
Soda pop was still a nickel
Jam was on her fingertips, milk was circled on her
lips...

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