# Antique Sandy

## The Byrds

Antique Sandy lived in the woods
And she'd go to the stream when the weather was good
She'd take down the washing for her old man to wear
And she'd try not to get eaten by the bear
She'd fly to the market in her worn out old balloon
That she traded with the flyer for an antique silver spoon
And when she'd get home she'd cook upon the wooden stove
And she'd go to sleep and listen to the whispers of the grove

At night she dreamed of places where she lived when she was young
Where the corn strip stretched for miles like a giant serpent's tongue
Electric lights and phone bells and every light insane
Like a hundred thousand hungry miles were meeting at her brain
And I greet her in the morning when she wakes up in my arms
And I tell her that I love her and I'll keep her free from harm
I hold her close, she matters, she is all the world to me
'Cause she's my Antique Sandy, and she's in love with me

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