

Little Wing

Well, she's walkin' through the clouds
With a circus mind, that's running wild.
Butterflies and zebras and moonbeams,
and uh fairy tales.
That's all she ever thinks about.
Riding with the wind.

When I'm said, she comes to me
With a thousand smiles, she gives to me free
It's alright she says. It's alright
Take anything you want from me,
anything. Anything

Fly on, Little Wing Yeah yeah yeah