

Little Wing

Well she's walking
through the clouds
With a circus mind
That's running round
Butterflies and zebras
And moonbeams and fairy tales
That's all she ever thinks about
Riding with the wind.

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

Fly on little wing