

Little Wing

Well she's walking through the clouds
with a circus mind
that's running wild
Butterflies and zebras and moonbeams
and fairly tales,

That's all she ever thinks about...

Riding the wind

When I'm sad 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.

Fly on, little wing.