

Little Wing

Scott Finch

Now she's walking thru the clouds

With a circus mind

That's running wild

Butterflies and zebras

And moonbeams and fairytales

All she ever thinks about is riding with the wind

When I'm sad she comes to me

With a thousand smiles

She gives to me free

It's alright it's alright she says

Take anything you want from me

Anything

Fly little wing...

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