

Highway

Ingrid Michaelson

On a highway along the Atlantic
I'm rifling through these last seventeen years
The radio waxes romantic
It's lullabies fill our eyes with tears
We don't say a word
There's nothing to say that hasn't been heard
And how you've grown my little bird
I'm regretting letting you fly
Six pounds and seven ounces
A ball of bones and flesh and tears were you

Now your hands, your tiny pink hands
Grew larger than my hands ever grew
We don't say a word
There's nothing to say that hasn't been heard
And how you've, how you've grown my little bird
I'm regretting letting you fly
I'm regretting letting you fly
I'm regretting letting you fly
On a highway, on a highway

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