

# Little Fly

Esperanza Spalding

Little fly  
The summer's play  
My thoughtless hand  
Has brushed away Am not I  
A fly like thee  
Or art not thou  
A man like me  
Little fly For I dance  
And drink and sing  
Till some blind hand  
Shall brush my wing I thought is life  
And strength and breath  
And the want  
Of thought is death  
Little fly Then am I  
A happy fly  
If I live  
Or if I die

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>