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

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