

# 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.

---

Lyrics submitted by Kay.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>