

Little Wing

Skid Row

Well she's walking
Trough the clouds
With a circus mind
That's running wild
Butterflies and zebras and moonbeams and
Fairy tales
That's all she ever thinks about
Riding with the wind Oh, when I'm sad
She comes to me
With a thousand smiles
She gives to me free It's alright she said
It's alright
Take anything you want from me
Anything...

Songwriters

YOUNG, CHRISTOPHER Published by

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