

Little Wing

Sting

Well, she's walking through 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. When I'm sad she comes to me
With a thousand smiles
She gives to me free
It's alright, she says, it's alright,
Take anything you want from me, anything, Fly on, little wing

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