

Little Wings

The Homophones

Today I went flying in my favorite patch of sky
I circled and I circled above the world so high
And I thought to myself, what a lovely lovely thing
To be up here with the clouds
To be flying right out loud on little wings Then I met a 747
Then he knocked me right out of the sky
He landed down beside me
He looked me in the eye and said I don't know why you even bother
I don't know why you even try
I don't know where you hope to get to
I don't know how you hope to fly on those little wings Little wings
Little wings
Little wings Now I don't want to be a jet airliner
I just want to be a little bird
I don't want to rip the skies wide open
I just want my song to be heard And I don't want to be state of the art
I don't want to get there overnight
I just want to be part of all this beauty
Want to be part of all this flight on little wings I'll never be a flea in your circus
I'll never be a prop up on your stage
I'll never be one more little songbird
You can try to keep inside your cage You're never gonna tell me where to fly
You're never gonna tell me what to sing
And if I end up lost and all alone
At least I know I got there on my own two little wings I guess that you reap what you sow
I guess it gets lonely at the top
I guess it gets harder and harder
To ever really know just when to stop

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