Little Wing

Concrete Blonde

Well she's walking through the clouds
With a circus mind that's running round
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
Anything.Fly on little wing
Yeah, yeah, yeah, little wing

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