

# Little Wing

**Gil Evans**

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 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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