# 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 talesThat's all she ever thinks aboutRiding the wind.When I'm sad she comes to me
With a thousand smiles
She gives to me freeIt's alright she says
It's alright
Take anything you want from me
AnythingFly on little wing

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