

Little Wing

Eric Clapton

By jimi hendrix Well she's walking through the clouds
With a circus mind that's running 'round.
Butterflies and zebras, fairy tales,
That's all she ever thinks about. When I'm sad she comes to me
With a thousand smiles she gives to me free.
Said, "it's all right, take anything you want,
Anything you want, anything." First verse Second verse Fly on, little wing.

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