Little Wing

Stevie Ray Vaughan

Well she's walking through the clouds
With a circus mind that's running wild
Butterflies and zebras
And moonbeams and a fairy tale
That's all she ever thinks about
Riding the windWhen 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
AnythingFly on little wing
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Fly on little wing

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