Little Wing

G3

Now she's walking thru the clouds
With a circus mind
That's running wild
Butterflies and zebras
And moonbeams and fairytales
All she ever thinks about is riding with the wind
When I'm sad she comes to me

With a thousand smiles
She gives to me free
It's alright it's alright she says
Take anything you want from me
Anything
.
Fly little wing...

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