

# Little Wing

## The Corrs

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

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Fly little wing...

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