

Highway

Ingrid Michaelson

On a highway along the Atlantic
I'm rifling through these last seventeen years
The radio waxes romantic
It's lullabies fill our eyes with tears
We don't say a word
There's nothing to say that hasn't been heard
And how you've grown my little bird
I'm regretting letting you fly
Six pounds and seven ounces
A ball of bones and flesh and tears were you
Now your hands, your tiny pink hands
Grew larger than my hands ever grew
We don't say a word
There's nothing to say that hasn't been heard
And how you've, how you've grown my little bird
I'm regretting letting you fly
I'm regretting letting you fly
On a highway, on a highway

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