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 tearsWe 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 flySix 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 grewWe 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 birdI'm regretting letting you fly
I'm regretting letting you fly
I'm regretting letting you fly
On a highway, on a highway

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