

Highway

Ingrid Michaelson

On a highway along the atlantic I'm rifling through these last
17 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.

6 pounds and 7 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 grown my little bird.
I'm regretting letting you fly.
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On a highway. On a highway.