

Little Wing

Steve Winwood

Well she's walking through the clouds
With a circus mind that's running 'round.
Butterflies and zebras, fairy tales,
That's all she ever thinks about.

When I'm sad she comes to me
With a thousand smiles she gives to me free.
Said, "It's all right, take anything you want,
Anything you want, anything."

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Fly on, little wing.