

Little Wing

Stevie Ray Vaughan

Well she's walking through the clouds
With a circus mind that's running wild
Butterflies and zebras
And moonbeams and a fairy tale
That's all she ever thinks about
Riding the wind

When I'm sad she comes to me
With a thousand smiles she gives to me free
It's alright she says, it's alright
Take anything you want from me
Anything

Fly on little wing
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Fly on little wing