

Little Wing

The Corrs

Now she's walking through the clouds
With a circus mind
That's running wild
Butterflies and zebras
And moonbeams and fairytales
All she ever thinks about is riding with the wind...

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

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Fly Little Wing... Yeah, Yeah...

Fly Little Wing...
I want her to fly