

Little wing

Popa Chubby

Well, she's walking through the clouds with a circus mind that's running wild. Butterflies and zebras and moonbeams and fairy tales,

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.