

## Little Wing

Eric Johnson

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

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