

# Ingrid Michaelson, Highway

On a highway along the atlantic I'm rifling through these last 17 years.  
The radio waxes romantic. Its lullabies fill our eyes with tears.

We don't say a word.  
There's nothing to say that hasn't been heard.  
And how you've grown my little bird.  
I'm regretting letting you fly.

6 pounds and 7 ounces. A ball of bones and flesh and tears were you.  
Now your hands, your tiny pink hands, grew larger than my hands ever grew.

We don't say a word.  
There's nothing to say that hasn't been heard.  
And how you've grown my little bird.  
I'm regretting letting you fly.  
I'm regretting letting you fly.  
I'm regretting letting you fly.

On a highway. On a highway.