

Sting, Little Wing

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 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

Fly on, little wing