

The Corrs, Little Wing

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

Fly little wing