

Jimi Hendrix, Little Ivey

Well she's walking
Through the clouds
To the circus life
That's running wild
Butterflies and zebras moving
In a fairy tale
That's all she ever thinks about
Riding with the wind

Lord when I'm sad
When I'm sad she comes to me
Her thousand smiles she gives to me free
It's alright, it's alright, she says it's alright
Take anything you want from me
Anything, anything