

Jimi Hendrix, Little Wing

Well, she's walking through the clouds
With a circus mind,
That's running wild.
Butterflies and zebras and moonbeams
And fairytales,

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.