

# Kris Delmhorst, Little Wings

Today I went flying in my favorite patch of sky  
I circled and I circled above the world so high  
And I thought to myself, what a lovely lovely thing  
To be up here with the clouds, to be flying right out loud on little wings

Then I met a 747, then he knocked me right out of the sky  
He landed down beside me, he looked me in the eye and said  
I don't know why you even bother, I don't know why you even try  
I don't know where you hope to get to, I don't know how you hope to fly on those little wings  
Little wings  
Little wings  
Little wings

Now I don't want to be a jet airliner, I just want to be a little bird  
I don't want to rip the skies wide open, I just want my song to be heard  
And I don't want to be state of the art, I don't want to get there overnight  
I just want to be part of all this beauty, want to be part of all this flight on little wings

I'll never be a flea in your circus, I'll never be a prop up on your stage,  
I'll never be one more little songbird you can try to keep inside your cage,  
You're never gonna tell me where to fly, you're never gonna tell me what to sing  
And if I end up lost and all alone at least I know I got there on my own two little wings

I guess that you reap what you sow  
I guess it gets lonely at the top  
I guess it gets harder and harder  
To ever really know just when to stop