

Sheryl Crow, Little Wing

(by Jimi Hendrix)

Well, she's walking through the clouds
With a circus mind that's running wild
Butterflies and zebras and fairy tales
That's all she ever thinks about

When I'm sad she comes to me
With a thousand smiles she gives to me free
She says, it's all right, take anything you want from me, anything
Fly on, little wing