

Stevie Ray Vaughan, Little Wing

Well she's walking through the clouds
With a circus mind that's running wild
Butterflies and zebras
And moonbeams and a fairy tale
That's all she ever thinks about
Riding 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
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Fly on little wing