

## Corrs "Little Wing"

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Now she's walking through the clouds  
With a circus mind  
That's running wild  
Butterflies and zebras  
And moonbeams and fairytales  
All she ever thinks about is riding with the wind...

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

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Fly Little Wing... Yeah, Yeah...

*[Guitar solo]*

Fly Little Wing...  
I want her to fly

*[Fade out]*

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