

Ingrid Micahelson "Highway"

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On a highway along the atlantic I'm rifling through
these last 17 years.

The radio waxes romantic.

It's lullabies fill our eyes with tears.

We don't say a word.

There's nothing to say that hasn't been heard.

And how you've grown my little bird.

I'm regretting letting you fly.

6 pounds and 7 ounces.

A ball of bones and flesh and tears were you.

Now your hands, your tiny pink hands, grew larger than
my hands ever grew.

We don't say a word.

There's nothing to say that hasn't been heard.

And how you've grown my little bird.

I'm regretting letting you fly.

I'm regretting letting you fly.

I'm regretting letting you fly.

On a highway. On a highway.

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