

# Jimi Hendrix, Little Ivey

Well she's walking  
Through the clouds  
To the circus life  
That's running wild  
Butterflies and zebras moving  
In a fairy tale  
That's all she ever thinks about  
Riding with the wind

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