

# Sting, Little Wing

Well, she's walking through the clouds  
with a circus mind  
that's running wild  
Butterflies and zebras and moonbeams  
and fairy tales

That's all she ever thinks about...

Riding with 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