

# The Corrs, Little Wing

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

Fly little wing