

Little Wing - Jimi Hendrix

Verse 1:

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 is
Riding with the wind

Verse 2:

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