

## **Push Stars, The "Cinderella"**

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My father spent his days working on the outside  
Breaking his back to put clothes on mine  
When I think of all, all, all of my heroes  
He is the first one that comes to my mind, my mind  
My mother filled my head with beautiful daydreams  
Someday you'll be a king or the president  
You know some days, I still believe her  
But today I'm too busy trying to scrape up my rent  
Come on Cinderella  
Fold your umbrella  
Feel the rain  
'Cause it ain't so strange  
And I got a brother who's a sinner  
He grows a strange crop in his backyard  
When the cops come and take him away would they  
even care  
That he taught his little brother how to play his guitar?  
Come on Cinderella  
Fold your umbrella  
Feel the rain  
'Cause it ain't so strange

Cinderella

Oh feel the rain

'Cause it ain't so strange

No, no, no

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