

Baker Anita

"Fairytales"

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I can remember stories, those things my mother said.
She told me fairytales before I went to bed.
She spoke of happy endings and tucked me in real tight.
She'd turn my night light on and kiss my face "good night."

My mind would fill of visions, of perfect paradise.
She told me everything. She said he'd be so nice.
He'd ride up on his horse and take me away one night.
I'd be so happy with him, we'd ride clean out of sight.

She never said that we would curse, cry, and scream,
and lie.
She never said that maybe, someday he'd say
goodbye.
The story ends, as stories do. Reality steps into view.
No longer living life in paradise. No fairytale.

Oh,oh,oh

She spoke about happy endings, of stories not like this.
She'd say he'd slay all dragons, defeat the evil prince.
She'd say he'd come to save me, swim through the
stormy sea.
I'd understand the story. It would be good for me.

You never came to save me. You let me stand alone.
Out in the wilderness, alone in the cold.
My story ends. as stories do. Reality steps into view.
No longer living life in paradise. No fairytale, yeah!

I don't look for pies up in the sky baby!
Need reality now! I said I don't feel the need to be
pacified,
don't you try, honey I know you lied.

You never came to save me. You let me stand alone.
Out in this wilderness, alone in the cold.
I found no magic potion, no horse with wings to fly.
I found the poisoned apple, my destiny to die.

No royal kiss could save me, no magic spell to spin.
My fantasy is over, my life must now begin.
My story ends, as stories do. Reality steps into view.
No longer living life in paradise. No fairytales.

Oh, oh, oh.

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