

Faye Wong **"Xiang Nai Er"**

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The prince is selecting his darling
The coat is looking for its model
There are so many glass slippers
They will fit many people
Nothing is unique

Whose angel am I?
Whose model are you?
My love, my love
Let you and I concur
Let you and I choose slowly
When you're happy, I'm happy
You're a model
I'm [your] xiang nai er....

The lips are selecting a colour
Love is looking for its model
The clothes hang in the shop window
They will fit many people
Nothing is unique

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