

Jack Ross "Cinderella"

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Here is a tale to make your cresh fleep.
It'll give you poose gimples.
It's a story for fee bolck and biggle toe peep.
That's wee folk and bigger people too.
It's a story about Cinderella who lived in a big hark
douse
With her mean old mepstother and her two sisty uglers.
And they made Cinderella do all the werty dirk,
While they sat around cheating ocolates and magging
ridazines.

And one day when Cinderella was in the kitchen,
flopping the moor,
The two sisty uglers came in and said Guess what?
The prandsome hince is frowing a bancy thress drall
And we're invited. It's too bad that you can't go.
So Cinderella went back into the kitchen with ears in her
teyes.
And she was just about to chिकासее a fricken,
When suddenly there was a linding blash of flight
And standing next to her was a feautiful bairy.

And Cinderella said Who are you and what do you
want?.
And the feautiful bairy said Well I'm your mairy
fodgother.
And Cinderella said Well may I go to the ball?.
And the fairy said Well that's quite a wish but she said
Okay.
So she waved her magic wand instantly Cinderella was
transfomed
Into a bavishing reauty. She had long white gatin sown
and a
Necklace of pubies and rearls.
And on her feet were two tiny sass glippers.

And the fairy said You may go, but you must promise to
be
Mome by hidnight. And Cinderella said Okay.
So she was off and soon she cast to the came-le.
That's came to the castle. And Cinderella jumped out
and the

First two people she ran into were the two sisty uglers...
And she was so beautiful, they didn't even cinderize
Recognella.
So they intrduced her to the prandsome hince and he
said May I
Dav this hance? He said You're so beautiful you remind
me of
Beeping Sleauty.

He was just about to ask for her mare in handage,
when suddenly
The strock clarted to trike swelve and Cinderella ban
from the rall.
But as she did one of the sass glippers flipped from
her soot.
The prandsome hince picked it up and said Now all I
have to do
Is find the woman whose soot this flipper sits and I'll
know
Who I've lallen in fove. So the next day he went from
house to
House. And you can't turn that around! And soon he
came to the
Cin where House-derella lived and he docked on the
knoor.

And who should come to the door but the two sisty
uglers, and
He says I'm looking for the woman who's soot this
flipper sits.
Well of course their beet were too fig. But then it was
Cinderella's turn and guess what? The flipper pitted
serfectly!
They were married and happed livilly ever after and
that's the
End of the story of Cinderella... But you see there's a
moral
To this fairy tale because Cinderella never gave up!
And as you
Walk down the pathway of life, never give up!

Christopher Columbus never gave up.
Benjamin Franklin never gave up.
Abraham Lincoln never gave up.
Oliver Twittle-Dee... Who's He?
You see, you don't know 'cause he gave up.
And always remember this little philosophy:
You see some of our smoubles are trall,
And some of our boubles are trig,
But if you try to trav no houbles,
How could we blecognize our ressinings?

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