

Premonitions Of War

"Cinderella"

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Gotta cute little girl and I call her Cinderella
I'm so in love with her
I'm the lucky guy that she calls her fella
And she always will I'm sure

We can dance all night at the record hop
Dance all night up til 12 o' clock
We can spend the night a-jumpin'
But my head would be a pumpkin
If I didn't get her home on time
I'd lose my love sublime
And maybe this head of mine

I'm her own Prince Charming
And her beauty's so alarming
When I pick her up at eight
Cinderella's so fine and she's always mine
For a regular weekend date

She's a real queen when she climbs aboard
Her royal coach: my hopped-up Ford
Then away we fly
Cinderella and I
To her favorite drive-in show
And at twelve it's home we go
But we drive home very slow
Listen to the radio

In the book it says
That the clock struck twelve
And the magic of her beauty was gone
Well the girls compare
But it stops right there
Cause my Cinderella's magic goes on

I may have to lose her at 12 o' clock
But my Cinderella's beauty doesn't ever stop
If you want to see
She's the one with me
She's the doll that makes my life complete
She's so pretty and soft and sweet

How could anyone be so neat
Mmhmm mmmm mmm

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