

## **Preps Four "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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