

Parvati "Cinderella"

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It's a little girl fantasy:
"Will you marry me, complete me,
Make my life whole?
Will you take good care of me?
Save me, turn my lead into gold?"

This little girl fantasy is on TV,
In magazines at the corner store.
My daddies told me I had to be
The woman's way, sweet virgin saint or unconscious
whore

Cinderella, you're looking for a fella
To make ya whole, don't ya know?
Cinderella, you are stellar!
Don't ya know? Don't ya know? You ought to know!
Cinderella, Cindereeeeeelle!

Cinder, Cinderella-ha-ha-ha!
You're stellar! Ya don't need a fella!
Cinder, Cinderella-ha-ha-ha!
You're stellar! Ya don't need a fella!
Oh no, don't ya know?
This little girl fantasy is a legacy,
Pre-antiquity from times of old.
My mummies did the same as me
Let patriarchy turn their souls stone cold

Cinderella, you're looking for a fella
To make ya whole, don't ya know?
Cinderella, you are stellar! Don't ya know? You ought
to know!
Cinderella, Cindereeeeeelle!

Cinder, Cinderella-ha-ha-ha!...

Well, I don't need your glass slipper.
I like my shoe just fine thanks.
Have you noticed how beautiful my soul is?
Cinderella, you're stellar! Ya don't need a fella!

Cinder, Cinderella-ha-ha-ha!...

Cinderella-la-la-la-la-la
You don't need a fella-la-la!

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