

Townes Van Zandt

"Sad Cinderella"

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When the bandits have stolen your jewelry and gone
And your crippled young gypsy, he's grown tall and
strong
And your dead misconceptions have proven you wrong
Well then, princess, where you plannin' to turn to?

When your magazine memory has spun you around
And you realize your lovers were just painted clowns
And outside your window you start hearing sounds
Where they're building a cross for to burn you

When all your bright scarlet turns slowly to blue
Will you stop and decide that it's over?

When your teardrops go sour and no longer fall
The splash cross the virgin that lives down the hall
And spends all her nights with an ear to your wall
Well then, what will you have you can offer?

When the firedancers finish and leave you alone
With nothing but embers and sacks full of stone
That hang 'round your neck, slicing through to the bone
Will there still be a place for your laughter?

When all your bright scarlet turns slowly to blue
Will you stop and decide that it's over?

When your shattered illusions come a-tumblin' home
And all of the butchers you've nourished have grown
And they are suddenly able to leave you alone
And they run like slaves that are set free

When your questions are answered and your pleading
is done
And your mind starts a-screaming that you ain't the
one
That once dwelled within you, will you turn, will you run
But princess, will you come home and get me?

When all your bright scarlet turns slowly to blue
Will you stop and decide that it's over?

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