

# Chuck Wicks, Stealing Cinderella

I went to see her dad for a sit down man to man  
Wasn't any secret, I'd be asking for her hand  
I guess that's why he left waiting in the living room by myself  
With at least a dozen pictures of her sitting on a shelf, she was

CHORUS:

playing Cinderella  
She was riding her first bike  
Bouncing on the bed and looking for a pillow fight  
Runnin' through the sprinkler with a big popsicle grin  
Dancin with her dad, lookin up at him  
In her eyes I'm prince charming but to him I'm just some fellow  
Riding in and stealing Cinderella

I leaned in towards those pictures  
to get a better look at one  
When I heard a voice behind me say  
"Now, Ain't she somethin son?"  
I said "Yeah, she's quite a woman"  
And he just stared at me  
And I realized that in his eyes she would always be

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Oh, he slapped me on the shoulder  
Then he called her in the room  
When she threw her arms around him  
That's when I could see it too

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Bouncing on the bed looking for a pillow fight  
Runnin' through the sprinkler with a big popsicle grin  
Dancin with her dad, lookin up at him  
If he gives me a hard time  
I can't blame the fellow  
I'm the one who's stealing -- cinderella