

Alanis Morissette, Death of Chinderella

I'm wise and ambitious,
And angry and free,
And smart and available,
And sexy...
I'm soft and appealing,
And wearing pajamas,
And twisted and willing,
And crazy...
And this is the story of the death of Cinderella
She'd grow to be a maid if she couldn't find a fella
Who can use her
And it's all you could do not to throw her on the floor.
And thought-provoking,
And opinionated
Cultured and funny,
And experienced...
Fearless and tender,
And sweetly innocent,
Uninhibited,
Likes a good debate.
And this is the story of the death of Cinderella
She'd grow to be a maid if she couldn't find a fella
Who can use her
And it's all you could do not to tie her to the bed.
I could fall in love a million times before I die
You could draw me a bubble bath,
We could walk into the sunset...
And this is the story of the death of Cinderella
She'd grow to be a maid if she couldn't find a fella
Who can use her
And it's all you could do not to keep her sober.
And this is the story of the death of Cinderella
I'm gonna grow to be a maid and I'll never find a fella
Who can use me
And that's all you can do not to kick me in the ass.