

# Cinderella, Make Your Own Way

Born and raised in a one dog town  
That never took a chance or a dare  
The times kept a changin' but it all passed 'em by  
The prejudices in the air  
Drove me to cocaine eyes by the age of one five  
Kept my momma walking the floor  
But I had to draw the line for the very last time  
She kicked my ass out the door

It ain't always easy when you're living hand to mouth  
The more you put in, the less you get out  
It ain't always easy when you're living day to day  
It ain't always easy when you're tryin' to make your own way

Make your own way  
When life's a little hard on you  
Make yor own way  
Nobody's gonna die for you

I remember rollin' dice on the run  
Looking for a winning hand  
We never stop to wonder at the wonders passing by  
Just searchin' for the promised land  
We met a mean old man  
Who dealt a dirty hand  
Promised we could touch the sky  
But the devil's his friend  
He put the pen in my hand  
Said you can pay me back after you die

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Ah, ah, ah sometimes you gotta walk the straight line  
Ah, ah, ah feel like I'm just doing time

Ooo, when life gets a little hard  
You gotta gotta ooo make your own way  
Sometimes you gotta make your own way  
Here we go

Ooo, sing it for 'em now, yeah  
Make your own way  
When life's a little hard on you  
Make your own way  
Ain't nobody gonna die for you  
Make your own way  
When life's a little hard on you  
Make your own way  
Ain't nobody gonna die for you  
Make your own way  
You gotta gotta make your own way  
Make your own way  
Make your own way  
You gotta make your own way  
Make your own way  
Gotta make your own way

Make your own way