

# Faye Wong, Xiang Nai Er

The prince is selecting his darling  
The coat is looking for its model  
There are so many glass slippers  
They will fit many people  
Nothing is unique  
Whose angel am I?  
Whose model are you?  
My love, my love  
Let you and I concur  
Let you and I choose slowly  
When you're happy, I'm happy  
You're a model  
I'm [your] xiang nai er....  
The lips are selecting a colour  
Love is looking for its model  
The clothes hang in the shop window  
They will fit many people  
Nothing is unique