

# Townes Van Zandt, Sad Cinderella

by Townes Van Zandt

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 turn 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 your 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 place for your laughter?

As 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 to screaming that you ain't the one  
that once dwelled within you, will you turn, will you run  
Then princess, will you come home and get me?