Stealing Cinderella

Chuck Wicks

I came to see her daddy
For a sit down man to man
It wasn't any secret
I'd be asking for her handI guess that's why he left me waiting
In the living room by myself
With at least a dozen pictures of her
Sitting on a shelfShe was playing Cinderella
She was riding her first bike
Bouncing on the bed
And looking for a pillow fightRunning through the sprinkler
With a big popsicle grin
Dancing with her dad
Looking up at himIn her eyes I'm Prince Charming
But to him I'm just some fella
Riding in and stealing CinderellaI leaned in towards those pictures
To get a better look at one
When I heard a voice behind me say
"Now, ain't she something, son?"I said, "Yes, she quite a woman"
And he just stared at me
Then I realized that in his eyes
She would always bePlaying Cinderella
Riding her first bike
Bouncing on the bed
And looking for a pillow fightRunning through the sprinkler
With a big popsicle grin
Dancing with her dad
Looking up at himIn her eyes I'm Prince Charming
But to him I'm just some fella
Riding in and stealing CinderellaOh 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 tooShe was playing Cinderella
Riding her first bike
Bouncing on the bed
And looking for a pillow fightRunning through the sprinklers
With a big popsicle grin
Dancing with her dad
Looking up at himIf he gives me a hard time
I can't blame the fella

I'm the one who's stealing Cinderella

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