

# 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 hand I 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 shelf She was playing Cinderella  
She was riding her first bike  
Bouncing on the bed  
And looking for a pillow fight Running through the sprinkler  
With a big popsicle grin  
Dancing with her dad  
Looking up at him In her eyes I'm Prince Charming  
But to him I'm just some fella  
Riding in and stealing Cinderella I 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 be Playing Cinderella  
Riding her first bike  
Bouncing on the bed  
And looking for a pillow fight Running through the sprinkler  
With a big popsicle grin  
Dancing with her dad  
Looking up at him In her eyes I'm Prince Charming  
But to him I'm just some fella  
Riding in and stealing Cinderella Oh 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 too She was playing Cinderella  
Riding her first bike  
Bouncing on the bed  
And looking for a pillow fight Running through the sprinklers  
With a big popsicle grin  
Dancing with her dad  
Looking up at him If he gives me a hard time  
I can't blame the fella

I'm the one who's stealing Cinderella

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