

# A Dustland Fairytale

## The Killers

A Dustland fairytale beginning  
Or just another white trash county kiss  
In '61, long brown hair and foolish eyes  
He looked just like you'd want him to  
Some kind of slick chrome American Prince  
A blue jean serenade and moon river, what you do to me  
And I don't believe you  
Saw Cinderella in a party dress  
But she was looking for a nightgown  
I saw the devil wrapping up his hands  
He's getting ready for the showdown  
I saw the minute that I turned away  
I got my money on a palm tonight  
Change came in disguise of revelation, set his soul on fire  
She says she always knew he'd come around  
And the decades disappear like sinking ships  
But we persevere, God gives us hope  
But we still fear what we don't know  
The mind is poison  
Castles in the sky sit stranded, vandalized  
A drawbridge is closin'  
Saw Cinderella in a party dress  
But she was looking for a nightgown  
I saw the devil wrapping up his hands  
He's getting ready for the showdown  
I saw the ending when they turned the page  
I took my money and I ran away  
Straight to the valley of the great divide  
Out where the dreams are high  
Out where the wind don't blow  
Out here, the good girls die  
And the sky won't snow  
Out here the bird don't sing  
Out here the field don't grow  
Out here the bell don't ring  
Out here the bell don't ring  
Out here the good girls die  
Now Cinderella, don't you go to sleep  
It's such a bitter form of refuge  
Oh, don't you know, the kingdom's under siege  
And everybody needs you  
Is there still magic in the midnight sun  
Or did you leave it back in '61?  
In the cadence of a young man's eyes  
I wouldn't dream so high

Lyrics provided by

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