

# Cinderella Search

## Marillion

On the rebound, fumbling all the lines  
The light at the ends of the bottle alcoholic alphabet  
Through the looking glass the proof in my own reflection  
Five senses down and reeling on the Cinderella search  
Cinderella search On the rebound, fumbling all the lines  
Decay on the vertical hold with a horizontal aim  
Conversation needs translation  
Three dimensions down dissolving on the Cinderella search  
Cinderella search, Cinderella search  
Search On the rebound, fumbling all the lines  
Dreaming bartenders, bourbon and saxophone  
Out of luck, out of charm  
Out the game of rejections in a cigarette city  
Only courting the homing of direction on the Cinderella search  
Cinderella search But the Samaritan of the heartbroken, heartbroken  
Swam through the nicotine seize and we exchanged the kiss of life  
Resurrection in a trance, the model, the grail  
In a marquee of promises I touched the dream  
I hold the dream, I have the dream  
To end the Cinderella search  
Cinderella search, oh no more, no more  
No more, no more Exposing bedside manners on a work extension  
Awaiting development with paranoid Polaroid eyes  
Polaroid eyes The footman memorized the number  
But the prince still holds both the slippers  
And would you leave a palace for a bedsit  
And Canterbury tales, Canterbury tales? Maybe it was infatuation or the thrill of the chase  
Maybe you were always beyond my reach  
And my heart was playing safe  
But was that love in your eye I saw or the reflection of mine?  
I'll never really know for sure you really gave me time  
Give me time, won't you give me that time Welcome back to the circus  
Welcome back to the circus  
Welcome back to the circus I always use the cue sheets but never the nets  
Always the cue sheets but never the nets  
Never the nets, never the nets, nevertheless  
Nevertheless, nevertheless, nevertheless, nevertheless Welcome back to the circus

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