

Fairytale

Cowboy Junkies

There's a rock and a field and a dirty sky.
I'm still as corpse, I'm content as a bride,
Thoughts of you and those flyin' shoes
All around me.

One wrong step and it's a long way down
So I triple check the hand holds, stand on firmer ground,
But it's not so easy when the whole mountains
Coming down on you.

So we wait for the morning when we'll stumble on the truth.
Probably fail to recognize it, as we're digging at its roots,
The sorrow and the anger that we've sown
In the fields all around us.

Hey little princess, hey little pea,
Come down from your tower and dance with me.
Yah you're the fairest one in the land.
Try on this glass slipper and give me your hand.
There's a rock and a field and a collapsing sky.
I'm precious as a snowman, fragile as a lie,

Thoughts of you and those flyin' shoes
All around me.

I'm afraid of the anger of the hard twisted heart
That beats in the chests of those that are caught
In the ruins of the lives of those
All around them.

I'm sick of the blood and I'm sick of the bleeding,
The effort it takes just to keep on dreaming
Of better days, and better ways
Of living.

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