

Death Of Cinderella

Alanis Morissette

I'm wise and ambitious
And angry and free
And smart and available
And sexy...
I'm soft and appealing
And wearing pajamas
And twisted and willing
And crazy...
And this is the story of the death of Cinderella
She'd grow to be a maid if she couldn't find a fella
Who can use her
And it's all you could do not to throw her on the floor.
And thought-provoking
And opinionated
Cultured and funny
And experienced...
Fearless and tender

And sweetly innocent
Uninhibited
Likes a good debate.
And this is the story of the death of Cinderella
She'd grow to be a maid if she couldn't find a fella
Who can use her
And it's all you could do not to tie her to the bed.
I could fall in love a million times before I die
You could draw me a bubble bath
We could walk into the sunset...
And this is the story of the death of Cinderella
She'd grow to be a maid if she couldn't find a fella
Who can use her
And it's all you could do not to keep her sober.
And this is the story of the death of Cinderella
I'm gonna grow to be a maid and I'll never find a fella
Who can use me
And that's all you can do not to kick me in the ass.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>