

Glass Slipper

Burning Brides

no one's asking to go dancing its not like that anymore
its romantic if they mean it when they shut your fingers in the door
its a gory sort of story thats been told a hundred times before
it gets tricky dont be picky if the slipper fits you wear it whore
how many tips can i take home tonight without them getting mad
how many stitches do you think it takes to fix a cut that bad
how many minutes until midnight and you get your eyesight back
not to knock it i've been off it never moving very much at once
its been awkward i still offer it when its that time of
other girls shower but i give out flowers
to curious strangers who throw dollars at my feet
how many crimes can i try spotting dry before it leaves a stain
how many times say that i love you til it doesnt mean a thing
how many fittings must i sit through with my big feet blistering
how many times until it strips me and my big mouth strikes again

i'm not asking to go dancing i'm not that dumb anymore
its exhausting to keep smiling when your toes are bleeding on the floor
its a gory sort of story thats been told a hundred times before
don't be sorry just ignore me because honestly
i'm too sore from fitting exactly to ride into setting suns aching to
stand on my own two feet
how many wishes do i still have left to fix the way it ends
how many princes do you think
it takes to put a girl like this back together again
how many instances can you point out where i was less than kind
how many happy endings do you need to change your fucking mind
and how much time do we have left before it's midnight and
you see that i was never the right size?

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