Sad Cinderella

Townes Van Zandt

When the bandits have stolen your jewelry and gone
and your crippled young gypsy, he's grown tall and strong
and your dead misconceptions have proven you wrong
well then, princess, where you plannin' to turn to?
when your magazine memory has spun you around
and you realize your lovers were just painted clowns
and outside your window you start hearing sounds
where they're building a cross for to burn youwhen all your bright scarlet turn slowly to blue
will you stop and decide that it's over?When your teardrops go sour and no longer fall
the splash cross the virgin that lives down your hall
and spends all her nights with an ear to your wall
well then, what will you have you can offer?
When the firedancers finish and leave you alone
with nothing but embers and sacks full of stone
that hang round your neck, slicing through to the bone
will there still be place for your laughter?As your shattered illusions come a-tumblin' home
and all of the butchers you've nourished have grown
and they are suddenly able to leave you alone
and they run like slaves that are set free
when your questions are answered and your pleading is done
and your mind starts to screaming that you ain't the one
that once dwelled within you, will you turn, will you run
Then princess, will you come home and get me?

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