

CINDERELLA'S SHOES

At a thrift store in Salt Lake I was nosin' around
Pickin' up knick knacks and puttin' 'em down
When something real col caught my eye as I passed
There on the shoe rack were slippers of glass

The gal at the counter, she cut me a deal
'Cus they were scratched 'round the toes
and chipped round the heels
I didn't say nothin' about you-know-who
Just paid ninety-five cents for Cinderella's shoes

I aint' no prince, my treasures are few
But I'm takin' good care of Cinderella's shoes

Someday I might donate them to a museum
I bet pretty girls would just line up to see 'em
No doubt there's some women who would not approve
That a loser like me owns Cinderella's shoes

(chorus)

Ya know I can relate 'cus I work all the time
I'm up to my ashes in cinders and grime

Sometimes I polish them up late at night
Then I get out my shoehorn, 'cus they fit pretty tight
You can call me a sissy, but when I get these blues
I waltz round the kitchen in Cinderella's shoes

When I get lonesome, it's hard to believe
That somewhere there's a princess out lookin' for me
But if she should find me I know what I'll do
I'll swap her her boots for Cinderella's shoes

(chorus)