

Stealing Cinderella

Chuck Wicks

I came to see her daddy
For a sit down man to man
It wasn't any secret
I'd be asking for her hand

I guess that's why he left me waiting
In the living room by myself
With at least a dozen pictures of her
Sitting on a shelf

Playing Cinderella
She was riding her first bike
Bouncing on the bed
And looking for a pillow fight

Running through the sprinkler
With a big popsicle grin
Dancing with her dad
Looking up at him

In her eyes I'm Prince Charming
But to him I'm just some fella
Riding in and stealing Cinderella

I leaned in towards those pictures
To get a better look at one
When I heard a voice behind me say
"Now, ain't she something, son?"

I said, "Yes, she quite a woman"
And he just stared at me
Then I realized that in his eyes
She would always be

Playing Cinderella
Riding her first bike
Bouncing on the bed
And looking for a pillow fight

Running through the sprinkler
With a big popsicle grin
Dancing with her dad
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Oh he slapped me on the shoulder
Then he called her in the room
When she threw her arms around him
That's when I could see it too

She was playing Cinderella
Riding her first bike
Bouncing on the bed
And looking for a pillow fight

Running through the sprinklers
With a big popsicle grin
Dancing with her dad
Looking up at him

If he gives me a hard time
I can't blame the fella
I'm the one who's stealing Cinderella