

## Sick for the Cure

Cinderella

There used to be a time when I thought I had the answers  
Answers to the questions that nobody knew  
Used to be a time when I had some time  
But when I had the time, I didn't know what to do

Wasted all those years never gettin' any younger  
Times kept a changin' but I still got the hunger  
Only trouble is the walls are closing in  
Sometimes I want to give it all away

I just wanna be free  
Free like the wind  
And if the wind fills my sails  
Then I'm never comin' back again

Maybe I'll head down south to New Orleans  
Wouldn't have no taxes? cause I wouldn't have no means  
Lookin' for a Genie that could fill my dreams  
But dreams become reality and real ain't what it seems to be

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And if the wind fills my sails  
Then I'm never comin' back again

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Sick for the cure on this roller coaster ride  
It can take you real low and it can get you real high  
Just passin' time  
But time ain't on our side  
Ah, guitar

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I just wanna be free  
Free like the wind  
And if the wind fills my sails  
Then I'm never comin' back again, alright