

# Cinderella Search

Fish

On the rebound, fumbling all the lines  
The light at the end of the bottle - alcoholic alphabet  
Through the looking glass the proof in my own reflection  
Five senses down and reeling on the cinderella search

On the rebound, fumbling all the lines  
Decay on the vertical hold with a horizontal aim  
Conversation needs translation  
Three dimensions down dissolving on the cinderella search,  
Cinderella search

On the rebound, fumbling all the lines  
Dreaming bartenders, bourbon and saxophone,  
Out of luck, out of charm, out the game of rejections in a cigarette  
city  
Only courting the homing of direction on the cinderella search,  
Cinderella search

But the samaritan of the heartbroken, heartbroken,  
Swam through the nicotine seize, and we exchanged the kiss of life  
Resurrection in a trance, the model, the grail, in a marquee of promi  
ses  
I touched the dream, I hold the dream, I have the dream  
To end the cinderella search, cinderella search, oh no more, no more

Exposing bedside manners on a work extension  
Awaiting development with paranoid polaroid eyes, polaroid eyes

The footman memorised the number  
But the prince still holds both the slippers  
And would you leave a palace for a bed-sit  
And canterbury tales, canterbury tales?

Maybe it was infatuation or the thrill of the chase  
Maybe you were always beyond my reach and my heart was playing safe  
But was that love in your eye I saw or the reflection of mine?  
I'll never really know for sure, you never really gave me time.  
Give me time, won't you give me that time

Welcome back to the circus  
Welcome back to the circus  
Welcome back to the circus

I always use the cue sheets but never the nets  
Always the cue sheets but never the nets,  
Never the nets, never the nets,  
Nevertheless, nevertheless, nevertheless, nevertheless, nevertheless.  
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