



Chorus



Verse 2

Her fairy godmother, all dressed in white, helped Cinderella get to the ball that night a bit of magic right before her eyes and sparkly glass slippers, the perfect size.

Verse 3

She and the handsome prince danced toe to toe. Then the clock struck twelve, and she had to go! She ran from the ball. The prince ran after, but all he found was her glass slipper.

Chorus

Verse 4

The prince went looking, slipper in hand. Girls tried it on from across the land. No foot was a perfect fit, it's true, until Cinderella slipped on that shoe.

Verse 5

To the castle, the prince took her away, and he married Cinderella that day. The birds sang, and the halls filled with laughter. They both lived happily ever after.

Chorus