

Lisa Loeb, No Fairy Tale

A Prince in the Summer was a drag in the Spring.
How could you know that he took off his ring?
And, every thing you wanted behind the castle wall.
And, a hundred white horses were stuck in the stall.
It's no fairy tale, there's no breadcrumb trail to lead you back, that's just as well.
That's a better one to tell.

You tried, but, you can't bear the weight of the glitter and the glue.
So, you lie down and dream of the kiss that would wake you.
And, once upon a time can lead to a hapless ever after.
And, when the tears are real, so is the laughter.

It's no fairy tale, there's no breadcrumb trail to lead you back,
But, it's just as well.
You can close the book and curse the turn it took.
And, tell the true story of how you felt.
That's a better one to tell.

And, when it's told the leaves are turning red and gold.
And, no one had to come along and cast the spell.

It's no fairy tale, there's no breadcrumb trail
To lead you back, but, it's just as well.
And, you can close the book and curse the turn it took.
Tell the true story of how you fell.
That's a better one to tell.
That's a better one to tell.