Moderately fast (♩ = 6/8)

Guitar → G
(capo 1st fret)

Piano → Ab

Am    G    Dm7    F
Bbm    Ebm7  Gb

Cinderella's on her bedroom floor. She's got a

G    Dm7
Ab    Ebm7

crush on the guy at the liquor store. 'cause Mister Charming don't come
home anymore, and she forgets why she came here.

Sleeping Beauty's in a foul mood. For shame, she says,

"None for you, dear prince; I'm tired today. I'd rather sleep my whole life away than have you keep me from dreaming."

'Cause
I don’t care for your fairy tales.

You’re so worried 'bout the maiden, though you

know she’s only waiting on the next best thing.

Next best thing.
Snow White is doing dishes again 'cause what else can you do with seven itty bitty men? Sends them to bed and she calls up a friend; says, "Would you meet me at midnight?"

Oh. The tall blond lets out a cry of despair; says, "Would have cut it myself if I knew
men could climb, hair. I'll have to find another tower somewhere and keep away from the windows."

'Cause once upon a time in a faraway kingdom, man made up a story, said that
I should believe him. Go and tell your white knight that he's handsome in hindsight, but I don't want the next best thing.

So I sing and hold my head down and I break these walls 'round me. Can't take no more.

Am  G/B  Csus2  Csus2/D  Am  G/B
Bbm  Ab/C  Dbsus2  Dbsus2/Eb  Bbm  Ab/C
of your fairy tale love.

I don't care.

worry 'bout the maiden, though you know she's only waiting.

Spent her
whole life being graded on the sanctity of patience and a
dumb appreciation. But the story needs some mending and a
better happy ending, 'cause I don't want the next best thing.

No, no, I don't want the next best thing.