С

1. Every day in the morning on her way to the office

You can see as she catches a train

Just a face among a million faces

Just another woman with no name

Not the girl you'd remember but she's still something special

If you knew her I am sure you'd agree

'Cause I know she's got a little secret

A7

Friday evening she turns out to be

R: Nina, pretty ballerina, now she is the queen of the dancing floor This is the moment she's waited for

Just like Cinderella, just like Cinderella

Nina, pretty ballerina, who would ever think she could be this way This is the part that she likes to play

> **A**7 С

But she knows the fun would go away

A7 G

If she would play it every day

2. So she's back every morning to her work at the office And another week to live in a dream

And another row of early mornings

In an almost never-ending stream

Doesn't talk very often, kind of shy and uncertain

Everybody seems to think she's a bore

But they wouldn't know her little secret

What her Friday night would have in store

- R: Nina, pretty ballerina...
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Nina, pretty ballerina, who would ever think she could be this way This is the part that she likes to play