

Angel Town

Peter Cincotti

Mazy checks her cell phone for the 32nd time
Slips into her Jimmy Choo's
Perfect pink three-quarter skirt and lilac leather purse
She's a page from W

She grabs the only coat she owns
Sprays the room with French cologne
Just in case she don't come home alone

Well, she's on stage tonight in Angel Town
Where how you look's what matters
Things are lookin' up so don't look down

And she should go home but she never will
She'll ride her broken wings until she flies so high
She shatters and loves this town

Fat Boy Roy's a would be king with offices at Fox
He's sipping on his Veuve Cliquot
Sending drinks to movie stars and hoping that his date
He's hoping that she likes the Fat Boy dinner show

He gives the maître d' a nod
They bring his food like he was god
But Roy just sits there knowing he's a fraud

Well, he's on stage tonight in Angel Town
Where how you look's what matters
Things are lookin' up so don't look down

And he should go home but he never will
He'll ride his broken wings until he flies so high
He shatters, I love this town

We're driving down from Heaven's Gate
And winding through the hills
Just can't wait to hit the streets
Tattoo Venus waits for us with all her neon thrills
And many more delicious treats

Well, Norma Jean, I think I see
How you lost yourself in fantasy
Just like Mazy, Fat Boy Roy and me

We're on stage tonight in Angel Town
Where how you look's what matters
Things are lookin' up so don't look down

We should go home but we never will
We'll ride our broken wings until we fly so high
We shatter, I love this town

I love this town, I love this town
We should go home
I love this town, I love this town
We should go home
I love this town