

Map of the Stars

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All the people in your home town
And you were just teen
Said that you were pretty
Like in the magazine

And so you left your home town
To try out for the part
Of everybody's pretty little angel
With a pretty little heart

You studied hard
The map of the stars
All because you wanted
Yeah, you really wanted
Every night you wanted to be

One of the little angels
That flies between the stars
One of the little angels
With a pretty little car

So you eat a little less
And you smoke a little more
Waiting in the lines
For them to open up the doors
For all the little angels

So you got yourself an agent
You made a little deal
They got you on the TV
Everyone agreed you had the charm and the appeal

So you bought yourself a house in the Hollywood Hills
You bought yourself a tan
You fixed your nose and hair
Learned how not to care
Got a pretty little man

You landed hard
On the map of the stars
Now everybody wants you
Oh, they really want you
Every night they want you to be

One of the little angels
That flies between the stars
One of the little angels
With a pretty little car

So you eat a little less
And you drink a little more
Waiting in your room
For them to open up the door
For all the little angels

Now you drink a little more
Your family's talking to the press

And the movie didn't score
So you eat a little less
Just a little bit less

Well the people on the street now
They're getting kind of mean
They read about your break up
In the magazine

And somewhere in your hometown
A girl tries out her best
Maybe she'll go far
She wants to be a star
So she eats a little less

All the little angels
All the little angels