

Map of the Stars

Melissa Etheridge

All the people in your hometown
When you were just a teen
Said that you were pretty
Like in the magazine And so you left your hometown
To try out for the part
There everybody's pretty little angels
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
In the pretty little car So you read a little less
And you smoke a little more
Waiting in the lines for them to open up the door
For all the little angels So you got yourself an agent
And you made a little deal
They've 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 where 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
In a pretty little car So you read 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 Alright Now you drink a little more
Your family's talking to the press
And the movie didn't score
So you read a little less, just a little bit less Well, the people on the street now
Getting kinda 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 lessAll the little angels

All the little angels

All the little angels

All the little angels

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