

# 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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