

# Broken Children

Peter Cincotti

Who's that face on today's front page  
Sticking to my shoe  
Empty eyes and a real good smile  
That's all it takes to sell the news She got her name on Gotham's tongue  
But Mama Fame she eats her young  
And half a buck ain't half the price you pay When you got broken children  
Shot in black and white  
Chasing wasted lives  
And they can't wait to go there Daddy's money  
Bought a first class seat  
And they all just fly away  
On a jet plane to nowhere  
On a jet plane to nowhere Well, I'm at a house party at the Taj Mahal  
The portrait hanging on the wall  
Has got too much wine in her head And she gets too close and grabs my face  
And says if you like this place  
Well, then you ought to see my bed She gives an order to the staff  
Looks up for the photograph  
It's hard to know if you should laugh or cry When you got broken children  
Shot in black and white  
Chasing wasted lives  
And they can't wait to go there Daddy's money  
Bought a first class seat  
And they all just fly away  
On a jet plane to nowhere The Hamptons is a summer dream  
Where little kings chase little queens  
They eat it up like hungry wolverines And it looks like  
The fabric of their life is sewn tight  
But it's ripping at the seams Oh, broken children  
Shot in black and white  
Chasing wasted lives  
And they can't wait to go there Daddy's money  
Bought a first class seat  
And they all just fly away  
On a jet plane to nowhere Oh, on a jet plane to nowhere  
Oh, on a jet plane to nowhere

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