Broken Children

Peter Cincotti

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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/