

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
Everybody's pretty little angel
With a pretty little heart You studied hard
The map of the stars
Oh 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 door
For all the little angels So you got yourself an agent
And you made a little deal
That got you on the tv
Everyone agreed you had the carm 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
Who flies between the stars
One of the little angels
In 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 Alright 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

Are gettin' kinda mean
They read about your break-up
In the magazineSomewhere in your hometown
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

Songwriters

MELISSA ETHERIDGEPublished by

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