

# Angel Town

Peter Cincotti

Mazy checks her cell phone for the 32nd time  
Slips into her Jimmy Choos  
Perfect pink three-quarter skirt and lilac leather purse  
She's a page from WShe grabs the only coat she owns  
Sprays the room with French cologne  
Just in case she don't come home aloneWell, she's on stage tonight in Angel Town  
Where how you look's what matters  
Things are lookin up so don't look downAnd she should go home but she never will  
She'll ride her broken wings until she flies so high  
She shatters and loves this townFat Boy Roy's a would be king with offices at Fox  
He's sipping on his Veuve Cliquot  
Sending drinks to movie stars and hoping that his date  
Hes hoping that she likes the Fat Boy dinner showHe gives the matre d' a nod  
They bring his food like he was god  
But Roy just sits there knowing he's a fraudWell, he's on stage tonight in Angel Town  
Where how you looks what matters  
Things are lookin up so don't look downAnd he should go home but he never will  
He'll ride his broken wings until he flies so high  
He shatters, I love this townWe're driving down from Heaven's Gate  
And winding through the hills  
Just can't wait to hit the streets  
Tattoo Venus waits for us with all her neon thrills  
And many more delicious treatsWell, Norma Jean, I think I see  
How you lost yourself in fantasy  
Just like Mazy, Fat Boy Roy and meWe're on stage tonight in Angel Town  
Where how you look's what matters  
Things are lookin up so don't look downWe should go home but we never will  
We'll ride our broken wings until we fly so high  
We shatter, I love this townI love this town, I love this town  
We should go home  
I love this town, I love this town  
We should go home  
I love this town

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