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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