

Peter Cincotti, Angel Town

Mazy checks her cell phone
For the 32nd time
Slips into her Jimmy Choo's
Perfect pink three-quarter skirt
And lilac leather purse
She's a page from W
She grabs the only coat she owns
Sprays the room with French cologne
Just in case she don't come home alone

Well she's on stage tonight in Angel Town
Where how you look's what matters
Things are looking up so don't look down
And she should go home but she never will
She'll ride her broken wings until
She flies so high
She shatters
She loves this town

Fat 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
He's hoping that she
Likes the fat boy dinner show
He gives the matre d' a nod
They bring his food like he was god
But Roy just sits there knowing he's a fraud

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He flies so high
He shatters
I love this town

We're driving down from Heaven's Gate
And winding through the hills
Just can't wait to hit the streets
Tattooed Venus waits for us
With all her neon thrills
And many more delicious treats
Well Norma Jean I think I see
How you lost yourself in fantasy
Just like Mazy, Fat Boy Roy and Me

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