

# Peter Cincotti, Broken Children

Who's that face on today's front page  
Sticking to my shoe  
Empty eyes and a real good smile  
That's all it takes to sell the news  
She got her name on Gotham's tongue  
But Mama Fame, she eats her young  
And half a buck  
Ain't half the price you pay

When you got  
Broken children  
Shot in black and white  
Chasing wasted lives  
And they can't wait to go there

Daddy's money  
Bought a first class seat  
And they all just fly away  
On a jet plane to nowhere

On a jet plane to nowhere

Well I'm at a house party at the Taj Mahal  
The portrait hanging on the wall  
Has got too much wine in her head  
And she gets too close and grabs my face  
And says, "If you like this place  
Well, then you ought to see my bed."  
She gives an order to the staff  
Looks up for the photograph  
It's hard to know  
If you should laugh or cry

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The Hamptons is a summer dream  
Where little kings chase little queens  
They eat it up like hungry wolverines  
And it looks like  
the fabric of their life is  
Sewn tight  
But it's ripping at the seams

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On a jet plane to nowhere  
Oh, On a jet plane to nowhere  
Oh, a jet plane to nowhere