

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

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

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

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