

Peter Cincotti **"Broken Children"**

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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 Hampton's
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 on a jet plane to nowhere

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