

# Map of the Stars

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All the people in your home town  
And you were just teen  
Said that you were pretty  
Like in the magazine

And so you left your home town  
To try out for the part  
Of everybody's pretty little angel  
With a pretty little heart

You studied hard  
The map of the stars  
All because you wanted  
Yeah, you really wanted  
Every night you wanted to be

One of the little angels  
That flies between the stars  
One of the little angels  
With a pretty little car

So you eat a little less  
And you smoke a little more  
Waiting in the lines  
For them to open up the doors  
For all the little angels

So you got yourself an agent  
You made a little deal  
They got you on the TV  
Everyone agreed you had the charm and the appeal

So you bought yourself a house in the Hollywood Hills  
You bought yourself a tan  
You fixed your nose and hair  
Learned how not to care  
Got a pretty little man

You landed hard  
On the map of the stars  
Now everybody wants you  
Oh, they really want you  
Every night they want you to be

One of the little angels  
That flies between the stars  
One of the little angels  
With a pretty little car

So you eat a little less  
And you drink a little more  
Waiting in your room  
For them to open up the door  
For all the little angels

Now you drink a little more  
Your family's talking to the press

And the movie didn't score  
So you eat a little less  
Just a little bit less

Well the people on the street now  
They're getting kind of mean  
They read about your break up  
In the magazine

And somewhere in your hometown  
A girl tries out her best  
Maybe she'll go far  
She wants to be a star  
So she eats a little less

All the little angels  
All the little angels