

Chords Of Fame

Melanie

I found him by the stage last night,
He was breathing his last breath,
A bottle of gin and a cigarette
Was all he had left.
Well, I know that you make music
'Cause you carry your guitar,
But God help the troubadour
Who tries to be a star.
Come on and play
the chords of love my friend,
Play the chords of fame
But if you wanna keep your song, no no no,
Don't play the chords of fame, oh no no.

You know I've seen my share of hustlers
As they try to take the world,
And when they find their melody
They're surrounded by the girls.
But it all fades so quickly
Like a sunny summer day;
Reporters ask you questions
And may write down what you say.
So come on and play
the chords of love my friend,
Play the chords of fame
But if you wanna keep your song, no no no,
Don't play the chords of fame, oh no no.

They'll rob you of your innocence,
They'll put you up for sale,
The more that you will find succes,
The more that you will fail.
I'd been around, I had my share
And I really can't complain
But I wonder who I left behind
On the other side of fame
Oh come on and play
the chords of love my friend,
Play the chords of fame
But if you wanna keep your song, no no no,
Don't play the chords of fame, oh no.
No, oh don't play the chords of fame,
Oh don't, no don't, don't play the chords of fame.