

## Chords Of Fame

Phil Ochs

I found him by the stage last night  
He was breathing his last breath  
A bottle of gin and a cigarette  
Was all that he had left

I can see you make the music  
'Cause you carry a guitar  
But God, help the troubadour  
Who tries to be a star

So play the chords of love, my friend  
Play the chords of pain  
If you want to keep your song  
Don't, don't, don't, don't play the chords of fame

I've seen my share of hustlers  
As they try to take the world  
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  
They write down what you say

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They will rob you of your innocence  
They will put you up for sale  
More that you will find success  
The more that you will fail

I've been around, I've had my share  
And I really can't complain  
But I wonder who I left behind  
The other side of fame

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Don't, don't, don't, don't play the chords of fame