

Cliff Richard, I'm Nearly Famous

The record man said 'Don't let it go to your head, I'm gonna make you a star'
If you've got it, use it, but don't abuse it, gave me money from an old fruit jar
To exercise my delight, I went out that night and shook the town the way I knew
how

So mama please don't worry about me, I'm nearly famous now

Six months later I'm a cool operator, and I know my way around
The record man sighed, he really tried, but he couldn't get it off the ground
But that don't bother me now cos I've got a friend who's gotta friend who
really knows how

So mama please don't worry about me, I'm nearly famous now

Still hanging on, still hanging on, hang on

I met this real live walking, self-styled, self-assured, slow talking bore
I thought I'd play him along, give him a song, to keep the doom dust away from
my door

But I didn't do what he wanted me to, but it didn't seem to matter somehow

So mama please don't worry about me, I'm nearly famous now

Still hanging on, still hanging on, hang on

Six months later I'm a part time waiter, but that didn't last long
I stretched and squeezed at words I'd never heard to write a song
And when it finally came, it sounded the same as a tune I'd heard before
somehow

But mama please don't worry about me, I'm nearly famous now

Still hanging on, still hanging on