

David Bowie, Fame

Fame, makes a man take things over
Fame, lets him loose, hard to swallow
Fame, puts you there where things are hollow
Fame
Fame, it's not your brain, it's just the flame
That burns your change to keep you insane
Fame
Fame, what you like is in the limo
Fame, what you get is no tomorrow
Fame, what you need you have to borrow
Fame
Fame, "Nein! It's mine!" is just his line
To bind your time, it drives you to, crime
Fame
Could it be the best, could it be?
Really be, really, babe?
Could it be, my babe, could it, babe?
Really, really?
Is it any wonder I reject you first?
Fame, fame, fame, fame
Is it any wonder you are too cool to fool

Fame
Fame, bully for you, chilly for me
Got to get a rain check on pain
Fame
Fame, fame, fame, fame, fame, fame, fame, fame, fame,
fame
Fame, fame, fame, fame, fame, fame, fame, fame, fame,
fame
Fame, fame, fame
Fame
What's your name?

[whispered:]

Feeling so gay, feeling gay?
Brings so much pain?