

Kashmir, The Story Of Jamie Fame Flame

well I was sitting in my limousine, drinking champagne
when this little girl knocked on my door
she was crying for my money and I told her:
"little honey I haven't got enough I need more"
she was poor I am a rich
so what I really didn't need was that bitch
but anyway I asked her to sit on my seat
so I could mingle off her clothes and feel her heart beat

everybody knows my name
everybody wants my fame
there's nobody I can blame
jamie fame flame
thats my name

next day in the paper I read about a raper
a picture that was supposed to be me
so when I was walking down the stairs
and I didn't seem to care
I met this crowd and they were shouting at me
they were jumping on my records burning all my pictures
closing down the fanclub, turning over my car
then I realized they were all hypnotized and that I was no longer a star

everybody hates my name
maybe I should do the same
there's just one man I can blame
jamie fame flame, that's my name

then I woke in the morning in the middle of a desert
I found myself alone without clothes
I was freezing I was yawning
then I met this little wizard and he taught me how to sing with my nose
we sang a lot of songs of what is right and what is wrong
I felt like if I was in a haze
and he took me to a cave where we all were warm and safe
that was the place where I ended my days

everybody knew my name
everybody wanted my fame
there's just one man I could blame
jamie fame flame was my name