

Marianne Faithfull, Chords Of Fame

I found him by the stage last night, he was breathing his last breath.
A bottle of gin and a cigarette was all what he had left.
Well, I know that you make music 'cause you carry a 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 want to keep your song, do mi, do ml do,
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 a melody, they're surrounded by the girls.
But it all fades so quickly like a sunny summer day,
Reporters ask you questions and they write down what you say.

Come on and play the chords of love, my friend,

Play the chords of fame,
But if you want to keep your song, do mi, do ml do,
Don't play the chords of fame, oh no, no.

They'll rob you of your innocence, and put you up for sale.
The 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 on the other side of fame.

Come on and play the chords of love, my friend,
Play the chords of fame,
But if you want to keep your song, do mi, do ml do,
Don't play the chords of fame, oh no, no.

Hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm,
Don't, oh don't, don't play the chords of fame.
Don't, oh don't, don't play the chords of fame.
Don't...