

Yoko Ono, Fame

As recorded by david bowie

Fame, makes a man take things over.
Fame, let's him lose, hard to swallow.
Fame, puts you there where things are hollow.
Fame.

Fame,
It's not your brain, it's just a 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,
Now it's mine, it's just his line
To bind your time it drives you to crime.

Fame.

Could it be the best, could it be?

Really be, really, baby?
Could it be, my babe, could it, babe?
Really be, really, babe?

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 raincheck 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?

(fame, fame)
(fame, fame)