Ian Dury And The Blockheads, Cowboys

They say it's tough out there and that's for sure
You pay your way twice over if not more
They say that's the proce of fame, and now you've made your name
Your freinds don't even treat you like they used to do before
They quote the man stars who've died so young
From the fermament you seek to walk among
They tell you who went mad, who went from good to bad
And they warn you of the dangers that await the highly strung

Who the hell are they?
And who cares what they say?
Who only seek to worry and alarm
Don't give those dogs thier day
Don't let them get thier way
'Cos I can see that fame's done you no harm

They say what you sacrifeced to be the best
Did you loose all other perpose in your quest?
They say that fame's your only goal and it messes up your soul
And they mension Elvis Presley and you're supposed to know the rest
They tell you cherish every minute that you're hot
So at least your'll have some memories when you're not
They say wehn fame becomes dispair, you abandon what you learn
Which makes it that much harded to give up what you've got

Who the hell are they?
And who cares what they say?
Who only deal in envy and dismay
Don't give those dogs thier day
Don't let them get thier way
I'm glad to see your picture everywhere

They say celebrity extracts a heavy tole
That the devil soon appears to take control
They say it leads you by the nose and they resite the names of those
Who bled apon the alter of the demon rock 'n' roll

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