

# 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 price of fame, and now you've made your name  
Your friends don't even treat you like they used to do before  
They quote the man stars who've died so young  
From the firmament 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 their day  
Don't let them get their way  
'Cos I can see that fame's done you no harm

They say what you sacrificed to be the best  
Did you lose all other purpose in your quest?  
They say that fame's your only goal and it messes up your soul  
And they mention Elvis Presley and you're supposed to know the rest  
They tell you cherish every minute that you're hot  
So at least you'll have some memories when you're not  
They say when fame becomes despair, you abandon what you learn  
Which makes it that much harder 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 their day  
Don't let them get their way  
I'm glad to see your picture everywhere

They say celebrity extracts a heavy toll  
That the devil soon appears to take control  
They say it leads you by the nose and they recite the names of those  
Who bled upon the altar of the demon rock 'n' roll

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