

Phil Ochs, Chords Of Fame

E
I found him by the stage last night
D A
He was breathing his last breath
E
A bottle of wine and a cigarette
D A
Was all that he had left
"I can see you make the music
D E
'Cause you carry a guitar
A
God help the troubadour
F#m G
Who tries to be a star
G# A G A
So play the chords of love, my friend
G A
Play the chords of pain
D A
If you want to keep your song,
E A G A
Don't, don't, don't, don't play the chords of fame
I seen my share of hustlers
As they try to take the world
When they find their melody
They're surrounded by the girls
But it all fades so quickly
Like a sunny summer day
Reporters ask you questions
They write down what you say
(chorus)
They'll rob you of your innocence
They will put you up for sale
The more that you will find success
The more that you will fail
I been around, I've had my share
And I really can't complain
But I wonder who I left behind
The other side of fame
(chorus)