

## Cliff Richard "I'm Nearly Famous"

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The record man said 'don't let it go to your head, i'm  
gonna make you a star'  
If you've got it, use it, but don't abuse it, gave me money  
from an old fruit jar  
To exercise my delight, i went out that night and shook  
the town the way I knew  
How

So mama please don't worry about me, i'm nearly  
famous now

Six months later I'm a cool operator, and I know my way  
around  
The record man sighed, he really tried, but he couldn't  
get it off the ground  
But that don't bother me now cos I've got a friend who's  
gotta friend who  
Really knows how  
So mama please don't worry about me, i'm nearly  
famous now

Still hanging on, still hanging on, hang on

I met this real live walking, self-styled, self-assured, slow  
talking bore  
I thought I'd play him along, give him a song, to keep  
the doom dust away from  
My door

But I didn't do what he wanted me to, but it didn't seem  
to matter somehow

So mama please don't worry about me, i'm nearly  
famous now

Still hanging on, still hanging on, hang on

Six months later I'm a part time waiter, but that didn't  
last long  
I stretched and squeezed at words I'd never heard to  
write a song  
And when it finally came, it sounded the same as a tune

I'd heard before  
Somehow

But mama please don't worry about me,i'm nearly  
famous now

Still hanging on.still hanging on

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