

Faithfull Marianne "Chords Of Fame"

Visit "[Chords Of Fame](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I found him by the stage last night, he was breathing
his last
breath.
A bottle of gin and a cigarette was all what he had left.
Well, I know that you make music 'cause you carry a
guitar,
But God help the troubadour who tries to be a star.
Come on and play the chords of love, my friend,
Play the chords of fame,
But if you want to keep your song, do mi, do mi do,
Don't play the chords of fame, oh no, no.
You know I've seen my share of hustlers as they try to
take the
world
And when they find a melody, they're surrounded by
the girls.
But it all fades so quickly like a sunny summer day,
Reporters ask you questions and they write down what
you say.
Come on and play the chords of love, my friend,

Play the chords of fame,
But if you want to keep your song, do mi, do mi do,
Don't play the chords of fame, oh no, no.
They'll rob you of your innocence, and put you up for
sale.
The more that you will find success, the more that you
will fail.
I've been around, I've had my share, and I really can't
complain,
But I wonder who I left behind on the other side of
fame.
Come on and play the chords of love, my friend,
Play the chords of fame,
But if you want to keep your song, do mi, do mi do,
Don't play the chords of fame, oh no, no.
Hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm,
Don't, oh don't, don't play the chords of fame.
Don't, oh don't, don't play the chords of fame.
Don't ...

