

Lou Reed

"Claim To Fame"

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Talk-talk, yak-yak
Watch you pull that old one track
Get it up and get it back
Making it upon your back

No space, no rent
The money's gone, it's all been spent now
Tell me 'bout your claim to fame

Now ain't that some claim to fame

Extra, extra, read all about it now
Extra, extra, something 'bout a claim to fame
Ooohhh sweet mama, ooohhh sweet mama
Something 'bout your claim to fame

Wet lips, dry now
Ready for that old hand out, now
Ain't that some claim to fame

Spaced out, spaced in
The head's round, the square's flat
Ain't that some claim to fame

Now tell me ain't that some claim to fame

Extra, extra, read all about it now
Extra, extra, something, something 'bout some claim to fame
Ooohhh-wheee sweet mama, extra, extra, something
Something 'bout your claim to fame

Yeah now

I said now, extra, extra
Something 'bout your claim to fame
I said now, extra, extra
Something 'bout your claim to fame
Ooohhh mama, said now, extra, extra
Something 'bout your claim to fame
Extra, extra, something 'bout a
About a, about a, something 'bout your claim to fame

Extra, extra, something 'bout a
'bout a, 'bout a, something 'bout your claim to fame
Ooohhh, ooohhh sweet mama
Something 'bout your claim to fame
Oh, ooohhh sweet mama
Something 'bout your claim to fame

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