

Van Morrison "Frame"

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Whoa-oh, fame
They're takin' ev'rything an' twistin' it
Whoa-oh, 'fame' they're sayin'
Yeah, I never could have resisted it
What's in a name
And ev'rybody's jaded by fame

Whoa, fame again
The press has gone an' made another mess of it
Ho-oh, just because they've got so much invested in it
But they say you're to blame, it's your own fault
'Cause you've got mixed up in fame

Whoa, no don't believe all that
Old Andy Warhol guff!
It takes a lot more than ten or fifteen minutes
That's just not enough
To qualify you for fame

Ya went beyond the boundaries of sanity
And ev'ryday you defy all the laws of gravity
Ya ain't got no shame
'Cause you're just addicted to fame

Alright

(Instrumental and guitar)

Whoa no, don't ya buy
None of that old Andy Warhol stuff-a
It takes a lot more than ten or fifteen minutes
That's just not enough
To qualify you for fame

They're already settin' up your own Watergate
Whoa-oh, fame
That stalker out there is just filled with hate
You'll never be the same
'Cause ev'rybody's corrupted by fame

Whoa-oh-oh-oh, fame
You took away all my humanity

Oh-oh, fame
Got to fight ev'ry second of the day for my dignity
You're spectator's game
And there ain't nothin' fair about fame

Do it again

Whoa-oh
(Fame)
Whoa-oh
(Fame)
Say it again

Whoa-oh
(Fame)
Say it again
Fame
(Fame)
They say you're to blame
'Cause you got mixed up in fame.

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