

David Bowie, Fame

Fame, makes a man take things over
Fame, lets him loose, hard to swallow
Fame, puts you there where things are hollow
Fame

Fame, it's not your brain, it's just the flame
That burns your change to keep you insane

Fame

Fame, what you like is in the limo
Fame, what you get is no tomorrow
Fame, what you need you have to borrow

Fame

Fame, "Nein! It's mine!" is just his line
To bind your time, it drives you to, crime

Fame

Could it be the best, could it be?

Really be, really, babe?

Could it be, my babe, could it, babe?

Really, really?

Is it any wonder I reject you first?

Fame, fame, fame, fame

Is it any wonder you are too cool to fool

Fame

Fame, bully for you, chilly for me

Got to get a rain check on pain

Fame

Fame, fame, fame, fame, fame, fame, fame, fame, fame,
fame

Fame, fame, fame, fame, fame, fame, fame, fame, fame,
fame

Fame, fame, fame

Fame

What's your name?

[whispered:]

Feeling so gay, feeling gay?

Brings so much pain?