

George Michael, Fame

(D.Bowie, J.Lennon, C.Alomar)

Performed by David Bowie

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 the 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, "Nien! It's mine!" is just his line

to bind your time, it drives you to, ah, crime

Fame

Could it be the best, could it be?

Really be, really, babe?

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

Really be, really, babe?

Is it any wonder

I reject you first?

Fame, fame, fame, fame

Is it any wonder

you're too cool to fool

Fame

Fame, bully for you, chilly for me

Got to get a rain-check on pain

Fame

{vocoder}

ba ba be

ba be ba be

ba be ba be

ba ba ba ba

ba ba

baby, baby

baby

Fame

What's your name?