

Chords Of Fame

Teenage Fanclub

Found him by the stage last night
He was breathing his last breath
A bottle of gin and a cigarette
was all that he had left
I can see you making music
cause you carry your guitar
God help the troubadour
who tries to be a star

So play the chords of love my friend
play the chords of fame
If you wanna keep your soul
don't, don't, don't
don't play the chords of fame

I've seen my share of hustlers
as they try to take the world
When they find their melody
they're surrounded by the girls
But it all fades so quickly
like a sunny summer's day
The foreigners ask the questions
they write down what you say

So play the chords of love
my friend
play the chords of fame
If you wanna keep your soul
don't, don't, don't
don't play the chords of fame

They'll rob you of your innocence
they will put you up for sale
The more that you will find success
the more that you will fail
I've been around
I have my share
and I really can't complain
But I wonder who I left behind
the other side of fame

So play the chords of love
my friend
play the chords of fame
If you wanna keep your soul
don't, don't, don't
don't play the chords of fame