

# Fame (The Game)

Donna Summer

You're fabulous  
Fantastic  
Now we have all the right property

Fame makes a fool out of anyone  
Fame takes you back to the golden childhood  
Fame makes you think that you're having fun  
Fame the game

Turn your mobile on  
Get off into the limousine  
To the early morning show  
Everyday routine  
Make up fake up get a manicure  
Five minute autographs, grab a picture, yes or no  
All the same answers to the same questions  
Create a scandal with your reaction  
What's that you say  
Take it or leave it  
Paparazzi wanna see you bleeding

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Late suit days, hair extensions  
Botox faux false interventions  
Nude job, boob job, all nouveau  
It ain't what, but who you know  
Uncalled perjury, cosmetic surgery  
Dirty secrets frame your glory  
It'll get the cover story

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Everybody wanna be a star  
It's all about who they think you are  
Pulling up in a crazy car  
The front door is your garage  
Everywhere en entourage  
Play like you've been living large  
Someone got your credit cards  
Lend me your blah blah blah

Be careful  
Be careful what you wish for

Since I was a child of three  
I'd watch old movies on the silver screen  
Kate Bette and Marilyn were the reigning queens  
(do you wanna be a star?)  
I know if I can make it out  
Out of this sleepy town then I could go real far

I could I'd really work so hard  
And I could do it and do it and do it 'til I become a star

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Miami, London, Paris in a week  
Lying in private, catching up sleep  
Celebrity parties, politic profits  
Rock'n' roll bullyboys walk the red carpet  
Getting in VIP through the velvet rope  
Shake hands, photograph and you gotta go  
Little black book pools with the CEO  
Smile and tell'em what they wanna know  
And tell'em what they wanna know

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