

# The Story Of Jamie Fame Flame

Kashmir

Well I was sitting in my limousine drinking champagne, when this little girl knocked on my door.  
She was crying for my money and I told her: "Little honey I don't have enough I need more."  
She was poor I am rich, so what I really didn't need was that bitch.  
But anyway I asked her to sit on my seat so I could mingle off her clothes, and feel her heart beat.

Everybody knows my name.  
Everybody wants my fame.  
There's nobody I can blame.  
Jamie Fame Flame, that's my name.

Next day in the paper, I read about a raper, a picture that was supposed to be me.  
So when I was walking down the stairs and I didn't seem to care, I met this crowd and they were shouting at me.  
They were jumping on my records, burning all my pictures, closing down the fanclub, turning over my car.  
Then I realized that they were all hypnotized, and that I was no longer a star.

Everybody hates my name.  
Maybe I should do the same.  
There's just one man I can blame.  
Jamie Fame Flame, that's my name.

Then I woke up in the morning in the middle of a desert, I found myself alone without clothes.  
I was freezing, I was yawning, then I met this little wizard, and he taught me how to sing with my nose.  
We sang a lot of songs of what is right and what is wrong, I felt like if I was in a haze.  
And he took me to a cave where we all were warm and safe.  
That was the place where I ended my days.

Everybody knew my name.  
Everybody wanted my fame.  
There's just one man I could blame.  
Jamie Fame Flame, was my name.