

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.