

# The Fame

Oasis

Breaks like glass  
But not in your hand  
They'll shoot you down  
Right where you stand  
And it don't care for what you wear  
Or which way you might sway  
It calls you up  
But not on the phone  
And they will drag you from your throne

And you may laugh while you sit there  
Sipping your champagne  
And they all laugh at your despair  
Sniffing your cocaine  
I'm a man of choice in an old rolls royce  
And I'm howling at the moon  
Is my happening to deafening  
For you?  
For you?

It's maybe the fame  
It's walked out on your name  
It's sees you crying  
Never did explain  
Am I the name  
Blowing through you  
Like a hurricane

It's a shame  
It's a shame  
It's a shame

It will not fall  
Not from the sky  
And it don't eat no humble pie  
And you may have your quiet life  
But I bet you don't know why  
It makes you a mess  
You didn't believe  
You still don't know what makes me breathe

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It sees you cry

Up from the sky

You never did explain

Why I'm still

Blowing through you

Like a hurricane