I 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 make the music 'Cause you carry a guitar But God, help the troubadour Who tries to be a star

So play the chords of love, my friend
Play the chords of pain
If you want to keep your song
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 day Reporters ask you questions They write down what you say

So play the chords of love, my friend Play the chords of pain If you want to keep your song Don't, don't, don't play the chords of fame

So play the chords of love, my friend Play the chords of pain If you want to keep your song Don't, don't, don't play the chords of fame

They will rob you of your innocence They will put you up for sale More that you will find success The more that you will fail

I've been around, I've had 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 pain
If you want to keep your song
Don't, don't, don't play the chords of fame