

Chords Of Fame

Phil Ochs

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, 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

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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

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