

## Cell of Fame

Wishbone Ash

Isadora  
Dancing  
Can you see her?  
Che Guavara  
Marching beside her  
Valentino  
Loving every minute?  
Don't you see them looking  
Looking down on you?

Pictures on the walls of your room  
Gonna help you play the parts  
Of your ever changing mood.  
Lying low  
The cast is set around your bones  
When all you ever wanted to be  
Was plain Mister Jones.

Cell of fame  
It's gonna trap you forever.  
Self confessions  
And your back's against the wall.

Idolized by the hands that hold the key  
Not even time will set you free.  
When it's your turn to leave  
Hung at dawn  
Then you will join up  
With the faces looking on  
That's where you belong.

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Self confessions  
And your back's against the wall.