

Claim To Fame

[Lou Reed](#)

Talk-talk, yak-yak, watch you pull that old one track
Get it up and get it back
Making it upon your back
No space, no rent, the money's gone, it's all been spent
Now tell me 'bout your claim to fame
Now, ain't that some claim to fame
Extra, extra, read all about it, now
Extra, extra, something 'bout a claim to fame
Ooooh, sweet mama, ooooh, sweet mama
Something 'bout your claim to fame
Wet lips, dry now, ready for that old hand-out
Now, ain't that some claim to fame
Spaced out, spaced in,
The head's round, the square's flat
Ain't that some claim to fame
Now, tell me, ain't that some claim to fame
Extra, extra, read all about it
Extra, extra, something 'bout some claim to fame ...

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