

# Chords Of Fame

## Teenage Fanclub

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 making music  
'Cause you carry your guitar  
God help the troubadour  
Who tries to be a star So, play the chords of love my friend  
Play the chords of fame  
If you wanna keep your soul  
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's day  
The foreigners ask the questions  
They write down what you say So, play the chords of love my friend  
Play the chords of fame  
If you wanna keep your soul  
Don't, don't, don't  
Don't play the chords of fame So, play the chords of love my friend  
Play the chords of fame  
If you wanna keep your soul  
Don't, don't, don't  
Don't play the chords of fame They'll rob you of your innocence  
They will put you up for sale  
The more that you will find success  
The more that you will fail I've been around, I have 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 fame  
If you wanna keep your soul  
Don't, don't, don't  
Don't play the chords of fame

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