

I'm Nearly Famous

Cliff Richard

The record man said 'don't let it go to your head, i'm gonna make you a star'
If you've got it, use it, but don't abuse it, gave me money from an old fruit jar
To exercise my delight, i went out that night and shook the town the way I knew
How So mama please don't worry about me, i'm nearly famous now Six months later I'm a cool operator, and I
know my way around
The record man sighed, he really tried, but he couldn't get it off the ground
But that don't bother me now cos I've got a friend who's gotta friend who
Really knows how
So mama please don't worry about me, i'm nearly famous now Still hanging on, still hanging on, hang on I met this
real live walking, self-styled, self-assured, slow talking bore
I thought I'd play him along, give him a song, to keep the doom dust away from
My door
But I didn't do what he wanted me to, but it didn't seem to matter somehow So mama please don't worry about
me, i'm nearly famous now Still hanging on, still hanging on, hang on Six months later I'm a part time waiter, but
that didn't last long
I stretched and squeezed at words I'd never heard to write a song
And when it finally came, it sounded the same as a tune I'd heard before
Somehow But mama please don't worry about me, i'm nearly famous now Still hanging on. still hanging on

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