Cowboys

Ian Dury

They say it's tough out there and that's for sure
You pay your way twice over if not more
They say that's the price of fame and now you've made your name
Your friends don't even treat you like they used to do before
They quote the many stars who've died so young
From the firmament you seek to walk among
They tell you who went mad, who went from good to bad
And they warn you of the dangers that await the highly strung

Who the hell are they?
And who cares what they say?
Who only seek to worry and alarm
Don't give those dogs their day
Don't let them get their way
'Cos I can see that fame's done you no harm

They say what you sacrifice to be the best
Means you lose all other purpose in your quest
They say that fame's your only goal and it messes up your soul
And they mention Elvis Presley and you're supposed to know the
rest
They tell you cherish every minute that you're hot
So at least you'll have some memories when you're not
They say when fame becomes the spur, you abandon what you were
Which makes it that much harder to give up what you've got

Who the hell are they?
And who cares what they say?
Who only deal in envy and despair
Don't give those dogs their day
Don't let them get their way
I'm glad to see your picture everywhere

They say celebrity extracts a heavy toll
That the devil soon appears to take control
They say it leads you by the nose and they recite the names of
those
Who've bled upon the alter of the demon Rock and Roll

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