

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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