

FAME CITY

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I was hitching down the highway, I had no place to go
a guy stopped, he said get on in, where are you going to?
I got in and he drove on, I told him I did not know
so he took us to a town somewhere, he drove there very slow. . .

And in that town of people, they all knew my name
the townfolk were all quite different—nobody the same
I asked the driver where we were, he said we were in Fame
and he said the suffering stars were here, and you and I to blame. . .

I talked to a fine woman—we ate—I spent the night
she told me she didn't love me, but in a lifetime she might
and maybe if I stay there, she'll make me see the light
and I could be a suffering star, shining, but not bright. . .

Then the next morning my friend said Let's drive on
I said to him I'm gonna stay, I don't know where to run
The woman told me—Go AWAY—don't hide beneath the sun
she told me if I didn't leave, I'd have to get a gun. . .

I said to her why must I leave this pretty place
then she said to me don't cry, her hands went to her face
her skin it started to melt, her body she started to erase
And then my small town dissappeared, I stood there in no-place. . .

So he said to me get in the car, time to drive away
We got in—he turned the key—the car, it started to sway
then he said to me DON'T DREAM, tomorrow is today
I looked at him and fell asleep, I drifted, and I prayed. . .

The next thing I knew I was hitching once again
I didn't know where to go, how to get there, or when
But I woke up from that dream and I was hitching with my friend
Who had driven me to Fame City, and showed me there is no end. . .

