

Rock Star Blues
(for Elliot Murphy)

Easter 1977

Well they say that you were born on the right side of town
Where they bought you a car and let your hair hang down
You never had the willies about staying alive
Or had to hustle pennies with that urban jive
Your shoes all fit and your clothes were clean
Nobody in your crowd ever mourned James Dean
I don't know how you ever made it out the other side
Some rock n roll blood that just can't hide

G D C Am (x4)

And I guess it's one life we're living
No matter what the game

G D Am
G D C

Was it fire in your thinking made you talk like this
Or paper roses in the gym and a goodnight kiss?
Did you think that Buddy Holly mighta had it all?
Were you tired by the time it came around to Paul?
Would you let 'em sell your soul to be a rock n roll star?
Would you try to buy it back once you made it where you are?
Am I making any sense, am I talking too fast?
Don't forget about the first or you could be the last
And it's only one life we're living
You better look out for the flame

I only met you once, I don't want to sound mean
But something was about you looked a little bit clean
Somewhere in your lines I could feel that fire
Saying, Yes I got the blues and I walk that wire
I hope that you can make it, keep on coming on strong
Cause nothing up on top ever lasts that long
If the ones who make it turn say to give it up
You'll be leaving that garden with a silver cup
But it ain't their life you're living
Hold on to the flame

Am I making any sense, am I talking too fast?
Don't forget about the first or you could be the last

Rocker Elliott Murphy is the cousin of my childhood friend Sandy Sidar. I met him at Sandy's wedding in New York and wrote this song as an appreciation and warning. It's the first track on the Skip Yarrow CD "Waters Wide Between." Elliott seems not to have needed my advice: He's released 35 albums and sung a duet with Bruce Springsteen.