

David

"Hang On To Yourself"

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Well she's a tongue twisting storm, she will come to the
show tonight
Praying to the light machine
She wants my honey not my money she's a funky-thigh
collector
Layin' on 'lectric dreams

CHORUS

So come on, come on, we've really got a good thing
going
Well come on, well come on, if you think we're gonna
make it
You better hang on to yourself

We can't dance, we don't talk much, we just ball and
play
But then we move like tigers on vaseline
Well the bitter comes out better on a stolen guitar
You're the blessed, we're the spiders from Mars

CHORUS (x3)

Come on, ah, come on, ah (repeat ad inf.)

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