

David Bowie

"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

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

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

Come on

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Come on
Come on
Come on

...

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