

Contraband

"Hang On To Yourself"

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Well she's a tongue twisted star,
She's coming to the show tonight
Praying to the light machine
She wants my honey not my money
She's a funky-thigh collector
Laying on electric 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 messing with the Spiders from Mars

Come on, come on
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Well come on, well come on
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