

Clarke Gilby

"HANG ON TO YOURSELF"

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She's a tongue twisting storm She will come
to the show tonight Praying to the light machine She
wants my money, not
my honey She's a funky thigh collector Laying on
electric dreams
chorus So come on, come on We've really got
a good thing going Come on, come on If you think
we're gonna make it You
better hang on to yourself
We can't dance, don't talk to much, just ball
and play But then we move around like tigers on
vaseline The bitter comes
out better on a stolen guitar You're blessed, we're the
spiders from Mars
So come on, come on We've really got a good
thing going Come on, come on If you think we're gonna
make it You better
hang on to yourself
So come on, come on We've really got a good
thing going Come on, come on If you think we're gonna
make it You better
hang on to yourself

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