

## **Bowie 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

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

Ho

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, 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, ah, come on, ah

Come on, ah, come on, ah  
Come on, ah, come on, ah  
Come on, ah, come on, ah  
Come on, ah, come on, ah  
Come on, ah, come on, ah  
Come on, ah, come on, ah  
Come on, ah, come on, ah  
Come on, ah, come on, ah  
Come on, ah, come on, ah  
Come on, ah, come on, ah  
Come on, ah, come on, ah  
Come on, ah, come on, ah

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