

Hang on to Yourself

David Bowie

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
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 much, just ball and play
But then we move like tigers on vaseline
The bitter comes out better on a stolen guitar
You're the blessed, we're the spiders from Mars

CHORUS