

# Hang On To Yourself

Gilby Clarke

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

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