

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