

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