

Hang By, Hang By

Razorlight

I just got off the plane about ten minutes ago
And I'm nine drinks down, I've got nowhere to go
But I ride a single star
That generates no heat in your hand
And I'm a boxer bucking on the back of the beat
I'm a jet plane rising, turning on the heat
And I'll swagger and sway
But I'll find my feet hang around me

Hang by, hang by
Hang by, hang by
Hang by, hang by
Hang by, hang by me

Iron Man's sick of being Tony Stark
And the Silversurfer's lost his silver heart
But you can see my secret identity
Just slipping off the page into your hands

And receivers ring and telephones buzz
And the lines get tangled and they'll quicken your blood
But the taste of your skin is always enough
So hang around me

Hang by, hang by
Hang by, hang by
Hang by, hang by
Hang by, hang by me

From Weavers Field to Central Park
Oh ours is the time that turns life into dark
And the evening strips away
And I forget to say what I meant to say
I forget to say what I meant to say

But I'm always arriving ten minutes too late
An there's too much on my mind, too much on your plate
And you know, and you know...
You should really stick around

Hang by, hang by
Hang by, hang by
Hang by, hang by
Hang by, hang by
...
Hang by, hang by me