

Hang On To Yourself (2012 Remastered Version)

David Bowie

Well 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

Come on, come on, we've really got a good thing going
Well come on, well come on, if you think we're gonna make it
You better hang on to yourself

We can't dance, we don't talk much, we just ball and play
But then we move like tigers on Vaseline
Well the bitter comes out better on a stolen guitar
You're the blessed, we're the spiders from Mars

Come on, come on, we've really got a good thing going
Well come on, well come on, if you think we're gonna make it
You better hang on to yourself
Come on

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Come on, come on
Come on, come on
Come on, come on

Come on

Come on

Come on

Come on

Come on

Come on

Come on

Come on

Come on

Come on

Come on
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