

Hang On To Yourself

David Bowie

Oh, she's a tongue twisting storm
Comes to the show tonight
Praying to the light machine
She wants my honey not my money
She's a funky-thigh collector
Laying on the 'lectric dream
Come on, come on
We 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, we don't talk much, we just ball and play
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 really got a good thing going
Come on, come on
If you think we're gonna make it
You better hang on to yourself
C'mon
Come on, come on
Really got a good thing going
Come on, come on
If you think we're gonna make it
You better hang on to yourself
Come on, come on
We really got a good thing going
Come on, come on
If you think we're gonna make it
You better hang on to yourself

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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