

# Hold On To Yourself

## Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds

I'm so far away from you  
Pacing up and down my room  
Does Jesus only love a man who loses?  
Turn on my radio  
There's some cat on the saxophone  
Laying down a litany of excuses  
The madhouse longing in my baby's eyes  
She rubs a lamp between her thighs  
And hopes the genie comes out singing  
And she lives in some forgotten song  
And moves like she is zombie strong  
Breathes steady as the pendulum keeps swinging  
You better hold on to yourself  
Well, cities rust and fall to ruin  
Factories close and cars go cruising  
In and around the borders of her vision  
And she says, oh woah, woah, woah, woah  
As Jesus makes the flowers grow  
All around the scene of her collision  
Oh you know I would, yes, I would  
I would hold on to yourself  
Cause in the middle of the night  
I try my best to chase outside  
The phantoms and the ghosts and the fairy girls  
'1001 Nights' like this she mutters, 'Open sesame?'  
And 'Ali Baba And His Forty Thieves'  
Launch her off the face of the world  
Well, you know one day I'll come back  
And I'll hold on to yourself, to yourself  
Oh yeah, hold on to yourself  
Oh babe, I'm a thousand miles away  
And I just don't know what to say  
'Cause Jesus only loves a man who bruises  
But darling we can clearly see  
It's all life and fire and lunacy  
And excuses and excuses and excuses  
Well, you know if I could I would  
Yeah, I would lie right down  
And I'd hold on to yourself  
Yeah, I would lie right down  
And I would hold on to yourself  
One day I'll come back to you  
And I'll hold on to yourself  
Yeah, I'm gonna come back  
Gonna lie down  
And I'll hold on to yourself  
Yeah, to yourself, self, to yourself

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