

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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