

# Hang On to Yourself

# 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 onCome 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, 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 yourselfCome 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

Come on

Come on

Come on

Come on

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