

# 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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