

Hang On To Your IQ (2006 Digital Remaster)

Placebo

Chinese masseuse, comes between us
Talks in haiku's, plastic Venus.
Got a head rush, in her pocket
Two rubbers two lubes, and a silver rocket[Chorus]
Hang on, hang on
To your IQ, to your id
Hang on, hang on
To your IQ, to your id I'm lonely Every morning, my eyes will open wide
I gotta get high, before I go outside.
Roll another, for breakfast
Burning clouds around, and in my solar plexus.[Chorus] I'm lonely Legs eleven, makes me stay up late
Two fat ladies on my back, and now it's 88.
I'm a fool, whose tool is small
It's so minuscule, it's no tool at all. Hang on, hang on
To your IQ, to your id
Hang on, hang on
I'm lonely Oh.

Songwriters

MOLKO, BRIAN / OLSDAL, STEFAN / SCHULTZBERG, ROBERT Published by

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