

David Bowie, Hang On To Yourself

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

[CHORUS]

So 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

[CHORUS (x3)]

Come on, ah, come on, ah [repeat ad inf.]