

David Bowie - Hang Onto Yourself

Tom: D
Intro: D C G D C G

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

Laying on electric dreams

CHORUS:

Well 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 yours...lf

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

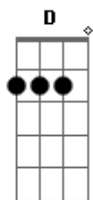
CHORUS 2

SOLO: Lay it on come on...

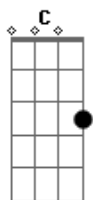
CHORUS 3 AND 4

SOLO: Until fade

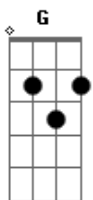
Acordes



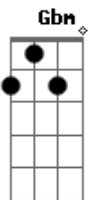
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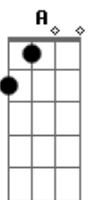
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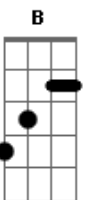
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