

Hold on to Yourself

Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds

I'm so far away from you
Pacing up and down my room
Does Jesus only love a man who loses?
I turn on the radio
There's some cat on the saxophone
Laying down a litany of excuses
There's madhouse longing in my baby's eyes
She rubs the lamp between her thighs
And hopes the genie comes out singing
She lives in some forgotten song
And moves like she is zombie-strong
Breathes steady as the pendulum keeps swinging

You better hold on to yourself

Well, cities rust and fall to ruin
Factories close and cars go cruising
In around the borders of her vision
She says ooh
As Jesus makes the flowers grow
All around the scene of her collision

You know I would, yes, I would
I would hold on to yourself

In the middle of the night
I try my best to chase outside
The phantoms and the ghosts and fairy-girls
On 1001 nights like these
She mutters open sesame and Ali Baba and his forty thieves
Launch her off the face of the world

You know one day I'll come back and I'd hold on to yourself
To yourself, I'd hold on to yourself

Ooh baby, I'm a 1000 miles away
And I just don't know what to say
Cause Jesus only loves a man who bruises
But darling, we can clearly see
It's all life and fire and lunacy
And excuses and excuses and excuses

Well, you know if I could, I would
I'd lie right down and I'd hold on to yourself
Yeah, I would lie right down and I would hold on to yourself
One day I'll come back to you and I'd hold on to yourself
Yeah, I'm gonna come back, gonna lie down
And I would hold on to yourself
Yeah, to yourself