

# 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