

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

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

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Come on, ah, come on, ah