

THE BANGLES, Glitter Years

Denny was working it real hard
Down Sunset boulevard
Back in 1973
Why would he bother going home
His parents left him on his own
Who knows
Maybe they were out getting stoned
I don't really know
How we survived the glitter years
What did we do it all for
Do you remember the glitter years
We were the lost and lonely ones
We hid in the discotheques all night long
Till we could see the morning sun
Denny was king, he'd rock the place
Dressed like a working girl from
Outer space
He was dancing like he wanted to dance
His life away
In December of '74 Denny wrecked
His father's car
Driving home that night he was singing
You better Hang on to Yourself