

Sprawled face down on this swiss stained iron bed  
In a dismal cheap hotel  
With my one arm injured  
And the sweat stained billowous murk  
From my last cold turkey attack

I tremble and shiver at the sound outside my door  
Instrument of release by my side  
The spike, the hose, the blackened spoon  
The can or sterno red  
I wait, and I wait, spread eagled half dead

Waiting for my man  
(Waiting for my man)  
Waiting for my man  
(Waiting for my man)  
Waiting for my man  
(Waiting for my man)  
Waiting for my man

Yea

I wait for my fit, the footsteps fall  
For the black man's staccatto knock

I wait he doesn't show  
I wait he doesn't show  
I wait he doesn't show

Get this monkey off my back  
Get this monkey off my back  
Get this monkey off my back  
Get this monkey off my back  
Off my back  
Off my back  
Off my back  
Off my back