

# Hangin' 'Round

Lou Reed

Harry was a rich young man  
Who would become a priest  
He dug up his dear father  
Who was recently deceased

He did it with tarot cards  
And a mystically attuned mind  
And shortly therein  
After he did find

Jeanie was a spoiled young brat  
She thought she knew it all  
She smoked mentholated cigarettes  
And she had sex in the hall

But she was not my kind  
Or even of my sign  
The kind of animal  
That I would be about

Woh-woh-woh, you keep hangin' round me  
And I'm not so glad you found me  
You're still doing things that I gave up years ago  
Oh-woh-woh-woh, you keep hangin' round me  
And I'm not so glad you found me  
You're still doing things that I gave up years ago  
All right now  
Ah-huh-huh

Kathy was a bit surreal  
She painted all her toes  
And on her face she wore dentures  
Clamped tightly to her nose

And when she finally spoke  
Her twang her glasses broke  
And no one else could smoke  
While she was in the room

Hark the herald angels sang  
And reached out for a phone  
And plucking it with a knife in hand  
Dialed long distance home

But it was all too much  
Sprinkling angel dust  
To AT and T  
Who didn't wish you well

Oh, but you keep hangin' round me  
And I'm not so glad you found me  
You're still doing things that I gave up years ago  
Ho-ho-ho-ho, you keep hangin' round me  
And I'm not so glad you found me  
You're still doing things that I gave up years ago

Hangin' round

Hangin' round, that's all you're doing baby  
Hangin' round  
Hangin' round, ooohhh  
Hangin' round  
Hangin' round  
Hangin' round  
Hangin' round  
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