

Waiting for the man

Lou Reed

I'm waiting for my man, 26 dollars in my hand
Up to Lexington, 125, feel sick and dirty more dead than alive
I'm waiting for my man

Hey white boy, what you doin' uptown
Hey white boy, you chasin' our women around?
Oh pardon me, sir, it's furthest from my mind
I'm just lookin' for a dear, dear friend of mine
I'm waiting for my man

Here he comes, he's all dressed in black
P.R. shoes, and a big straw hat
He's never early, he's always late
First thing that you learn is that you've always gotta wait
I'm waiting for my man

Up to a Brownstone, up three flights of stairs
Everybody's pinned you, but nobody cares
He's got the works, he gives you sweet taste
Then you gotta split because you got no time to waste
I'm waiting for my man

Baby dont you holler, darlin' don't you scream and shout
I'm feeling so good, I'm gonna work it on out
I'm feeling good, I'm feelin' oh so fine
Until tomorrow but that's just some other time
I'm waiting for my man