

I'm Waiting for the Man

Slaughter and the Dogs

Im waiting for my man
Twenty-six dollars in my hand
Up to lexington, 125
Feel sick and dirty, more dead than alive
Im waiting for my man

Hey, white boy, what you doin uptown?
Hey, white boy, you chasin our women around?
Oh pardon me sir, its the furthest from my mind
Im just lookin for a dear, dear friend of mine
Im waiting for my man

Here he comes, hes all dressed in black
Pr shoes and a big straw hat
Hes never early, hes always late
First thing you learn is you always gotta wait
Im waiting for my man

Up to a brownstone, up three flights of stairs
Everybodys pinned you, but nobody cares
Hes got the works, gives you sweet taste
Ah then you gotta split because you got no time to waste
Im waiting for my man

Baby dont you holler, darlin dont you bawl and shout
Im feeling good, you know Im gonna work it on out
Im feeling good, Im feeling oh so fine
Until tomorrow, but thats just some other time
Im waiting for my man