

Lou Reed, Hangin' Round

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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