

Nico, I'm Waiting For The Man

(Lou Reed)

I'm waiting for my man
Twenty-six dollars in my hand
Up to Lexington 125
Feeling 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
High-heeled shoes and a big straw hat
He's never early, he's always late
First thing you learn is that you've always got to wait
I'm waiting for my man

Two brownstones, up three flights of stairs
Looks like nobody's pinned you, but nobody cares
He's got the works, gives you sweet taste
Ah, then you've got to split because you've got no time to waste
I'm waiting for my man

Baby, don't you holler, darling don't you bawl and shout
I'm feeling good, and I'm gonna work it all out
I'm feeling good, I'm feeling so fine
Until tomorrow, that's just some other time
I'm waiting for my man