

# The Georgia Satellites, I'm Waiting For The Man

I'm waiting for my man  
Twenty-six 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 the 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  
PR shoes and a big straw hat  
He's never early, he's always late  
First thing you learn is you 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, gives you sweet taste  
Ah then you gotta split because you got no time to waste  
I'm waiting for my man

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