

Lou Reed, Waiting For The Man

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 doing uptown
Hey white boy, you chasing 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 and big straw hat
He's never early, he's always late
First thing you learn is that 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
Then you gotta split
Because you've got no time to waste, ah
I'm waiting for my man

Baby, don't you holler
Darling don't you bawl and shout
I'm feeling so good
I'm gonna work it all 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