

Waiting For The Man

Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark

Reed

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, whatyou doing uptown

Hey, white boy, you chasing our women around?

Oh pardon me sir, it's the furthest of my mind

L'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,

Beat up shoes and a big straw hat

He's never early, he's always late

First thing you learn is thatyou always got to wait

I'm waiting for my man

Up to brownstone, up three flights of stairs

Everybody' s pinnedyou but nobody cares

He's got the works, gives you sweet taste

Oh, then you gotta split

Because he's got no time to waste, ah

I'm waiting for my man

Baby don'tyou holler

Darling don 'tyou bawl and shout

I'm feeling good, I'm gonna work it on out

I'm feeling good, I'm feeling oh so fine

Until tomorrow, but that's just another time

I'm waiting for my man

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