

Waiting for the Man

Eater

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

Songwriters

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