

# Hangin' 'Round (Acoustic)

Lou Reed

Harry was a rich young man  
Who would become a priest  
He dug up his dear father  
Who was recently deceased He did it with tarot cards  
And a mystically attuned mind  
And shortly there  
And after he did find Jeanie was a spoiled young brat  
She thought she knew it all  
She smoked mentholated cigarettes  
And she had sex in the hall But she was not my kind  
Or even of my sigh  
The kind of animal  
That I would be about Woh-woh-woh, you keep hangin' round me  
And I'm not so glad you found me  
You're still doing things that I gave up years ago  
Oh-woh-woh-woh, you keep hangin' round me  
And I'm not so glad you found me  
You're still doing things that I gave up years ago  
All right now  
Ah-huh-huh Kathy was a bit surreal  
She painted all her toes  
And on her face she wore dentures  
Clamped tightly to her nose And when she finally spoke  
Her twang her glasses broke  
And no one else could smoke  
While she was in the room Hark the herald angels sang  
And reached out for a phone  
And plucking it with a knife in hand  
Dialed long distance home But it was all too much  
Sprinkling angel dust  
To AT&T  
Who didn't wish you well Oh, but you keep hangin' round me  
And I'm not so glad you found me  
You're still doing things that I gave up years ago  
Ho-ho-ho-ho, you keep hangin' round me  
And I'm not so glad you found me  
You're still doing things that I gave up years ago Hangin' round  
Hangin' round, that's all you're doing baby  
Hangin' round

Hangin' round, ooohhh

Hangin' round

Hangin' round

Hangin' round

Hangin' round

Songwriters

LEWIS ALLEN REED, LOU REEDPublished by

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