

Hangin' 'round

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 sign
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 doin' 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 doin' things that I gave up years ago
Alright 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 doin' 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 doin' things that I gave up years ago
Hangin' round, hangin' round, that's all you're doin' baby
Hangin' round, hangin' round, ooh
Hangin' round, hangin' round, hangin' round, hangin' round

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