

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 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

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