

# I'm Waiting For The Man

[Vanessa Paradis](#)

I'm waiting for my man  
Twenty-six dollars in my hand  
Up to Lexington 1-2-5  
Feeling sick and dirty more dead than alive  
I'm waiting for my man Hey white boy, what you doin' uptown  
Hey white boy, you chasin' 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  
PR shoes and a 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 he's got no time to waste  
I'm waiting for my man

Songwriters

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