

# I'm Waiting for the Man

## Velvet Underground

I'm waiting for my man  
Twenty-six dollars in my hand  
Up to Lexington, one, two, five  
Feel 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 the 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  
Beat up 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, ah work it now Up to a brownstone, up three flights of stairs  
Everybody body's pinned you, but nobody cares  
He's got the works, gives you sweet taste  
Ah then you gotta split because you got no time to waste  
I'm waiting for my man

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