

# 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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>