

I'm Waiting For The Man

The Weeks

I'm waiting for my man
Twenty-six dollars in my hand
Up to Lexington, 125
Feeling sick and dirty, more dead than alive
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 that you learn is you always gotta wait
I'm waiting for my man

Up to Brownstone, up three flights of stairs
Everybody's pinned you, nobody cares
He's got the works, gives you a sweet taste
And then you gotta split, no time to waste
I'm waiting for my man

Baby, don't you worry, don't you scream and shout
I'm feeling good, you know I'm gonna work it on out
I'm feeling good, I'm feeling, oh, so fine
Until tomorrow, 'cause that's just some other time
I'm waiting for my man

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