

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 waitinf for my man

Hey white boy,what you doin' uptown
Hey white boyy, you chasin' our women around
Oh pardon me sir, it's furthest from my mind
I'm just looking 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

Baby don't you holler, darlin' don't you ball 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 but that's just some other time
I'm waiting for my man.