Waiting In The Weeds

Eagles

It's coming on the end of August.
Another summer's promise almost gone.
And thought I heard some wise men say that every dog will have his day,
He never mentioned that these dog days get so long.

I don't know when I realized the dream was over.
Well, there was no particular hour, no given day.
You know it didn't go down in flames,
There was no final scene, no frozen frame,
I just watched it slowly fade away.

And I've been waiting in the weeds,
Waiting for my time to come around again.
And hope is floating on the breeze,
Carrying my soul high up above the ground.
And I've been keeping to myself,
Knowing that the seasons are slowly changing.
Even know you're with somebody else,
He'll never love you like I do.

I've been biding time with the crows and sparrows,
While peacocks prance and strut up on the stage.
If finding love is just a dance, proximity and chance,
You will excuse me if I skip the masquerade.

And I've been waiting in the weeds,
Waiting for the dust to settle down.
Along the back roads, running through the fields,
Lying on the outskirts of this lonesome town.
And I imagine sunlight in your hair, you're at the county fair,
You're holding hands and laughing,
And now the Ferris Wheel has stopped,
You're swinging on the top, suspended there with him,
And he's the darling of the chic, playboy of the week,
The flavor of the week is melting down your pretty summer dress, baby what a mess you're making.

I've been stumbling though some dark places,
And I'm following the cloud.
I know I've fallen out of your good graces

It's all right now.

And I've been waiting in the weeds,
Waiting for the summer rain to fall.
Upon the wild birds, scattering the seeds,
Answering the calling of the
Tide's Eternal tune, the phases of the moon,
The chambers of the heart, the egg and dart.
A small gray spider spinning in the dark,
In spite of all the times the web is torn apart.

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