

Eagles, Waiting In The Weeds

It's comin' on the end of August
Another summer's promise almost gone
And though I heard some wise man 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 flame
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 keepin' to myself
Knowin' that the seasons are slowly changing
Even though 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 upon 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 sheik
The flavor of the week is melting
Down your pretty summer dress
Baby, what a mess you're making

I've been stumbling through some dark places
Now I'm following the plow
I know I've fallen out of your good graces
It's alright 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 ebb and dart of small gray
Spiders spinning in the dark
In spite of all the times the web is torn apart

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