

Nanci Griffith, Waiting For Love

(Nanci Griffith)

Life is full of finer things
They're lost and found in the dark
It's the dog by the highway
Who said, "Goin' my way?"
Now, he lives in your own backyard
He was waiting for love
You came along and fit the part

It's the whistle from the man
With the kindest hands
And a Norwegian name you can't say
You meet him in the street
Tripping over your own feet
He claims you still anyway
Waiting for love
God forgives your lack of grace

Chorus
Everyone I know
From my dust bowl to the city
Is waiting for love (love)
To start another day
They may be shy of heart
Oh, their pockets may be empty
Yet they are waiting for love (love)
And that's enough to fill our days

It's the heartworn jokes of your dear father
And the laughter in your own mother's heart
It's that plane blowin' in
With your love one within
Who you've ached for in your time apart
When you're waiting for love
Life's a thread of paths to cross

Chorus

Whiter shade of pale is my best kept secret
It's the song that'll sail me back home
It's a picture in my hand
Of my own farm land
And the crops that I planted last spring
When you're waiting for love
You've got the finest life can bring

Chorus

When you're waiting for love (love)
You've got enough to fill your days