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The Eagles "Waiting In The Weeds"

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It's coming 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 keeping to myself Knowing 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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