

## Eagles, The

### "Waiting in the weeds"

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Artist: Wagles

Title: Waiting in the weeds

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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 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 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 backroads 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

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  
But now I'm following the cloud  
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 egg and dart  
A small grey spider spinning in the dark  
In spite of all the times the web is torn apart

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