

Garrison Keillor

"Slow Day's Of Summer"

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Send this out to all the friends of my little home town
up north of here, up on the river:

Slow days of Summer, in this old town,
Sun goes across the sky, sometimes a car goes by,
There's one right now, looks like a Chevy, your Chevy's
blue,
This Chevy's white and brown. it isn't slowing down
guess it's not you,
You said you'd be here, Sunday or so,
Maybe by Saturday, if you could get away
You didn't know,

I love you darling, waiting alone,
Waiting for you to show, wishing you would call me
Though I don't have a phone,
Visions of love appear, lovely and true,
All of my life I see passing beautifully, waiting for you,

Waiting for love to come, always alive,
Birds sing with angel tongues, small stones like
diamonds,
All down the drive
Around the corner an old dog appears, sits in the
summer sun,
Waiting for love to come, wish you were here, wish you
were here,..

oooOoooooâ€¦

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