



*Lady in
Waiting*

CONSTANCE TAYLOR

1. Penelope's Song (Win Me Away)

Swains I'm not willing to spurn.
It's easier to be coy,
Waiting for fate to return
My wandering boy,
Bending in their sight,
Unraveling by night.
So love, if you're thinking
My suitors don't suit me,
And if you still wish me to woo,
Here's what I want you to do:

Win me away from my suitors, my love,
Sending them all on the run!
You see they dazzle me like little stars.
True, but then you are the sun,
Making them fade away,
Changing my night to day.
And here comes another one.

Living the life of the fool,
I've molded it to an art,
Guarding a place dark and cool,
There hiding my heart.
Speak well of the night,
Then fill it with the light!
Come shine through the forest
Of thick, twisted brambles
That shelter me far from your view.
Here's what I want you to do:

Win me away from my suitors, my love.
Scatter them far and wide!

Tear down my fences and enter my door,
Leaving me no place to hide
But here in your arms to stay,
Changing my night to day.
And here comes another one.

Day after day I abide,
And pray that I soon will see,
Eagerly riding the tide,
You coming for me.
Stand tall on the bow!
I'm ready for you now.
So if you still harbor
A heart that is open
And willing to meet me anew,
Here's what I want you to do:

Win me away from my suitors, my love.
Carry me home to your bed.
I am so weary of bidding my time;
Give me your loving instead!
Burn all my fears away,
Changing my night to day.

Oh, win me away from my suitors, my love,
Sending them all on the run!
You see they dazzle me like little stars.
True, but then you are the sun,
Making them fade away,
Changing my night to day.

And you are my Chosen One.

All songs written by Constance Taylor

1. Penelope's Song (Win Me Away): Produced by Dan Guaraldi.
Constance Taylor: Guitar,Vocal; Dan Guaraldi: Keyboard.
2. Reality: Produced by Dan Guaraldi. Constance Taylor: Guitar,Vocal; Dan Guaraldi: Keyboard.
3. Dinosaur Blues: Produced and arranged by Alan Hall. Constance Taylor: Vocal; Alan Hall: Piano; Jack Minger: trumpet; John Howard: Alto sax; Brian Campbell: Tenor sax; Pete Allen: Bass; Hugh O'Donnell: Drums.
4. The Boys Can't Take It: Produced by Dan Guaraldi. Constance Taylor: Vocals; Dan Guaraldi: Keyboard; Bill Ring: Background vocal arrangement.
5. When a Man's Got the Blues (and They're Serious): Produced by Dan Guaraldi. Constance Taylor: Vocal; Dan Guaraldi: Keyboard.
6. Marijuana Madness: Produced by Dan Guaraldi. Constance Taylor: Vocals; Marc Clearwater: Piano, Keyboard bass; Dan Guaraldi: Keyboard percussion.
7. Empty Without the Love: Produced by Rick Barse. Constance Taylor: Vocal; Rick Barse: Keyboard; Bob Sims: Drums.
8. Ladies in Waiting: Produced by Bill Ring. Constance Taylor: Vocal; Bill Ring: Midi arrangement.
9. Waiting: Produced by Bill Ring. Constance Taylor: Vocal; Bill Ring: Guitar, Midi.
10. The Most of All: Produced by Bill Ring. Constance Taylor: Vocal; Bill Ring: Guitar

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This album is dedicated to Rick Barse (1948-2001).

Visit Constance Taylor's Artist Page at www.folksmith.com

9. Waiting

The world's unfair,
You're in despair.
Will you ever have your share?
Stuck deep in shame,
Anger and blame,
Waiting for an end to this game.

CHORUS:
So close, your salvation looms.
There are angels in the rooms,
Waiting, waiting.
Just beyond your darkest night,
The air is clear and bright.
Up above, there is light.
Come, come! Doors are open wide
To welcome you inside,
Waiting.

Forgotten fears,
Suspended tears,
So many wasted years!
Reclaim your fate --
It's not too late!
Reach out to the ones who will wait.

CHORUS

Take your place among the free
In holy company,
Waiting.

10. The Most of All

I love the slow unfolding of spring,
I love the snow that purifies everything,
I love the green of summer and the fire of fall,
But I love you the most of all.

When I am old, my life nearly done,
My stories told of love I have lost and won,
Out of those million memories I will recall,
I'll still love you the most of all.

I love my art! it blesses my days,
Lifting my heart in so many wondrous ways.
I thrill to hear my music as it fills each hall!
But I love you the most of all.

I thrill to hear my music as it fills this hall!
But I love you the most of all.
Yes, I love you the most of all.



2. Reality

I was lonely, and so I used to dream
That there was someone always waiting for me.
And when the time was right,
He would take me some night
To a world that could be
Only in a fantasy.

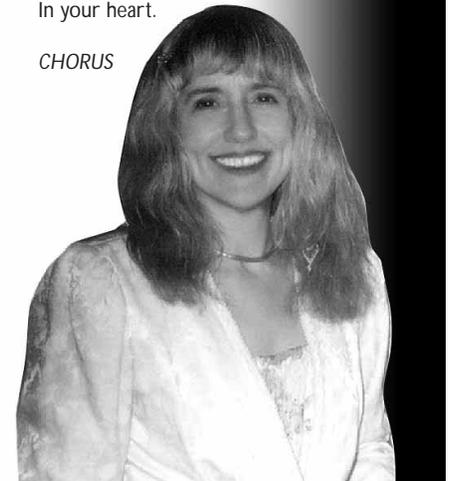
I tried to see this mystery lover's face,
But there was something always blocking my view.
I did not realize
Till I opened my eyes,
And then I knew:
It was you.

CHORUS:
I've been living my whole life in fantasy,
I've been waiting all my life to love you.
Now I am seeing, in the light of reality,
My biggest dream is coming true!
I've been living my whole life in fantasy,
I've been waiting all my life to love you.
And now I know why you are so very real to me:
Reality is loving, loving you.
Reality is loving you.

I lived inside the prison of my mind,
And if anyone would dare set me free,
I would run and hide
In my fear and my pride
So they could not see
Anything inside of me.

I never really played the game of love.
I didn't even know where to start.
But you taught me how,
And I'm ready right now
To play my part
In your heart.

CHORUS



3. Dinosaur Blues

It's a cold blue night.
The dinosaurs are asleep,
Innocently unaware that they're in deep.
In the dark,
They'll never know what hit them,
Crashing down in that Mesozoic night.

They have grown to be
A most magnificent size,
Until something bigger takes them
by surprise.
Till that day
They spend their precious moments
Hypnotized in that cold blue dinosaur light.

Time after time,
Their tiny brains deceive them,
Squeezed by their swelling pride.
Though they've been warned,
Refusing to believe, they hide, dreaming

Of a brand-new day,
A warm and wonderful world
Where no giant rocks from outer space
are hurled.

Unprepared,
They'll never know what hit them,
Crashing down in that Mesozoic night,
Dreaming,
Cyberspaced in that cold blue dinosaur light.

4. The Boys Can't Take It

You know you've given him a lot,
You've done the best you can.
Then you discover you have got
Another Peter Pan.
Although it may seem trendy
To give him plenty of slack,
You're tired of playing Wendy.
You're not his mother,
You want a lover!

*The boy can't take it,
The boy can't take it.
The boy can't take it,
So now you're lookin' for a man,
A man who can.*

They are forever in your face
Or taking frequent flight
Or leaning heavy on your case.
They think they're always right!
They are the judge and jury
Of everything that you do,
But that's because they worry
Their balls are skimpy,
Afraid they're wimpy.

*The boys can't take it..
But somewhere you're gonna
find a man,
A man who can.*

You followed close behind me
Into the Promised Land.
You chose your every step, and yet
You knew it was all planned.
And when you spoke to the multitudes,
They did not understand.
You raised the manna to your mouth
And swallowed sand.

You met me in my tower
And in my dungeon cold. My gown
Was fleshly warm; I begged you to reach deep
Beneath its fold.
But no, my love, you would touch me not;
You could not be so bold.
Instead, the street snatched out at me
And clutched me in its hold!

CHORUS



These streets of heat repelled me;
Back to the fields I ran.
But you had gained your foothold:
The footlights and the fan.
And when I came to see you again,
It had been too long a span.
Enchanted by those princesses,
You forgot you were a man.

The world was too much with you
And you left it none too soon.
Your tongue was split in two;
Your ears were closed to love's
sweet tune.
Your marrow turned to poison
And pierced your hard cocoon!
All in a flood, you drowned in blood
Beneath a cancer moon.

CHORUS

*Rapunzel is still weeping
For her lover to open his eyes,
Like a baby,
For her lover to open his eyes.*

Now that things have gone your way,
It's time to tell your story.
What is there for you to say,
Trapped inside your glory?
You see that push has come to shove.
And you know there is no doubt
This is not what it's about,
And you cannot live without
Love, love, love.

But you played the game.
Now they know your name
And you've found your fame,
But it's empty without the love.

And you'll never fade
'Cause you've got it made,
But you feel betrayed
'Cause it's empty without the love.

Yeah, you're getting paid,
But it's empty without the love.



8. Ladies in Waiting

(For Nevele Adams)

When I was chasing dragons
And you, the blue-tail fly
Across the golden cornfields,
We were so very shy.
And when I thought you had abandoned me,
You caught me in the rye.
Oh, were we born to save each other,
You and I?

I left you for the towers
That rose against the grain.
My climbing heart was restless;
I could not have the plain.
Though I had thought my dragons gone,
I met them there again.
Upon my death, their fiery breath
Awoke me in my pain!

CHORUS:

*You knew your falling star,
But will you catch her as she rises?
And will we know each other
In our ever-new disguises?
The ladies are in waiting
For their promised big surprises:
Cinderella is still sweeping,
Sleeping Beauty is still sleeping,
Rapunzel is still weeping
For her lover to open his eyes.*

5. When a Man's Got the Blues (and They're Serious)

When a man's got the blues and they're serious,
And he's all but forgotten 'bout fun,
When a man's got the blues and they're serious,
When he's marked and he's kneeling to run,

When his mind has been thwarted by ignorance
And his heart has been broken by time,
When you tell him in vain that it's obvious
He's in his prime,

Well, there's nothing you can do but soothe him,
Remind him who he is, and then
Give him all your love to lean on
Until he gets his bearings again.

When a man's got the blues and they're killing him,
And his dreams have dissolved into smoke,
When a man's gonna lose and it's killing him,
And he sees it's no longer a joke,

When he's lost in the haze of his apathy
Or he's trapped in the cage of his fear,
When you give him a shot of self-confidence
He doesn't hear,

Well, there's nothing you can do but soothe him,
Remind him who he is, and then
Give him all your love to lean on
Until he gets his bearings again.

They try to play the macho guy
While underneath they cower.
And when we see that it's a lie,
They're threatened by our power.
Their fantasy is sinking
In reality's sea,
And all the time they're thinking
They're way above us,
They're scared to love us!

*The boys can't take it...
But somewhere there's gotta
be a man,
A man who can.*

You give an awful lot of love,
You do the best you can.
But when it never is enough,
You've got a Peter Pan.
Although it may be trendy
To give them plenty of slack,
We're tired of playing Wendy.
We're not their mothers,
We want real lovers!

*The boys can't take it,
They can't even fake it!
The boys can't take it,
But somewhere there's gotta
be a man,
A man who can,
A man who can!*

When a man's got the blues and they're serious,
And you know he must find his own way,
When a man's got the blues and they're serious --
All those pipers he still has to pay --

Well, you've just got to trust that he'll handle them
In his own special, magical style,
And he'll come back to you a much better man
After awhile.



6. Marijuana Madness

Come bust me, you bastards, I'm dying!
I'm sick and I'm wasting away.
You bullies can't see I'm just trying
To get through another bad day.

I'm nauseous from all of the chemo,
My appetite's left me for good.
My doctor can't give me my primo,
So I have to score in the 'hood.

The folks in this state have compassion.
They care about people like me.
But empathy isn't in fashion
With Bush and his thugs from D.C.!

Tough talk against legalization
Runs rampant on Capitol Hill:
"It sends the wrong message to children."
But how many kids does it kill?

While alcohol burns out your liver,
Leaves you belly-up under the table,
And Tylenol does it more slowly --
Just read the fine print on the label.

Both booze and tobacco are legal,
But pot, you say, never can be.
You think you're protecting the youngsters.
Do drug dealers ask for I.D.?

You're pissed that the public's not buying
The crap you're still trying to sell,
That reefer's a gateway to madness.
You've made it a gateway to hell!

You're packing us into your prisons,
Dissolving our sweet liberty,
Perverting our forefathers' visions.
You call this the land of the free?

Come bust me, you bastards, I'm dying!
I'm sick and I'm wasting away.
You bullies can't see I'm just trying
To get through another bad day.

I've tried all your pills and your chemo,
And none of it works anymore.
My one last resort is my primo.
A curse on your cruel drug war!



7. Empty Without the Love

You were gazing from afar,
Trying hard to see one,
Reaching for the brightest star.
Then you had to be one!
All obstacles you rose above.
You knew that you were hot
And you gave it your best shot.
There's just one thing you forgot:
Love, love, love.

You were living in a room
With poets and musicians.
Then you crawled into a tomb
Filled with politicians.
What was it you were dreaming of?
Now you're starting to reflect
And beginning to suspect
That you've got it all except
Love, love, love.

And you'll never fade
'Cause you've got it made
And you're getting laid,
But it's empty without the love.