Middle of the Road

The Meters

The middle of the road is trying to find me
I'm standing in the middle of life with my plans behind me
Well I got a smile for everyone I meet
As long as you don't try dragging my bay
Or dropping the bomb on my street

Now come on baby
Get in the road
Oh come on now
In the middle of the road, yeah

In the middle of the road you see the darnedest things
Like fat guys driving 'round in jeeps through the city
Wearing big diamond rings and silk suits
Past corrugated tin shacks full up with kids
Oh man I don't mean a Hampstead nursery
When you own a big chunk of the bloody third world
The babies just come with the scenery

Oh come on baby
Get in the road
Oh come on now
In the middle of the road, yeah

One...two...three...four...

The middle of the road is no private cul-de-sac
I can't get from the cab to the curb
Without some little jerk on my back
Don't harass me, can't you tell
I'm going home, I'm tired as hell
I'm not the cat I used to be
I got a kid, I'm thirty-three

Baby, get in the road
Come on now
In the middle of the road
Yeah

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