

# 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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