In The Middle

Rodney Atkins

Old gray fence, tar chip road
Martin's creek, almost home
Whitetail buck by a one lane bridge
Around the bend up on the ridge
There's Thompson's barn leaning just a littleMiss Myra's store, smell the barbecue?
Make you stop for gas when you don't need to
At least twenty miles to the nearest town
Hills and hollers all around
And that's me right there in the middle[Chorus]
In the middle of what matters most
Fathers, sons, and the Holy Ghost
Open hearts and unlocked doors
A way of life worth dying (fighting) for
If you wonderin' where I'll be
Take out a map of Tennessee
And you'll find me then, right there in the middleRick of wood stacked by the porch
Black lab pup scratching at the door
Two little boys sayin' 'daddy's back'
Next thing I know it's a wrestling match
And that's me, yeah, that's me[Chorus]In middle of no where, no where I'd rather be
The good lord up above and his earth beneath my feet
Surrounded by folks who love me

Songwriters
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