

# 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 little  
Miss 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 middle  
Rick 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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