

# Middle Ground

[meg flather](#)

For years she's lived on her own  
In a corner of the city  
Twice a year she gets back home  
Playing catch-up with the family  
She tells her folks what they need to know  
Her mother says she's much too thin  
Her sisters ask about her beaus  
Her dad inquires how's business been  
She's 33 this time around  
She's always been real good at listening  
Her sense of humor never lets her down  
Except sometimes there's something missing  
Hey, middle ground  
A place between up and down  
She could be safe and sound  
Oh, to know middle ground  
For years she's been on her guard  
She's kind of tense around the shoulders  
She wonders why she works so hard  
She counts the days 'til they promote her  
She'll take a weekend now and then  
To stay in bed and watch the reruns  
She'll turn the phone off when guilt sets in  
But Sunday always kind of leaves her let down  
Hey, middle ground  
A place between up and down  
She could be safe and sound  
Oh, to know middle ground  
She gave her heart away one time  
And says that she hasn't seen it since  
Love's a puzzle in her mind  
The pieces match but don't quite fit, hey  
And these days run thick or thin  
It never rains or else it's pouring  
All her single friends are men  
She thinks married girls are so damn boring  
Hey, middle ground  
A place between up and down  
She could be safe and sound  
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