

In The Middle

Rodney Atkins

Old gray fence, tar chipped road
Martin's creek, I'm almost home
Whitetail buck by a one lane bridge
'Round the bend, up on the ridge
There's Thompson's barn
Leanin' just a little
Miss Myra's store, smell the barbecue
Make you stop for gas when you don't need to
At least 20 miles to the nearest town
Hills and hollers all around
And that's me, yeah, that's me
Right there in the middle
In the middle of what matters most
Father's, Son's and the Holy Ghost
Open hearts and unlocked doors
Way of life worth fighting for
If you wonderin' where I'll be
Take out a map of Tennessee
And you'll find me
Right there in the middle, yeah
A wreck 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, man that's me
Right there
In the middle of what matters most
Father's, Son's and the Holy Ghost
Open hearts and unlocked doors
Way of life worth fighting for
If you wonderin' where I'll be
Take out a map of Tennessee
And you'll find me
Right there in the middle
In middle of nowhere
Nowhere I'd rather be
With the good Lord up above
And His earth beneath my feet, yeah
In the middle of what matters most

Father's, Son's and the Holy Ghost

Open hearts and unlocked doors

Way of life worth fighting for

If you wonderin' where I'll be

Take out a map of Tennessee

And you'll find me

Right there in the middle

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