

Out Here in the Middle

James McMurtry

They broke into your car last night, took the stereo
Now you say you don't know why
You even live there anymore
The garage man didn't see a thing
So you guess it was an inside job You made a reservation, a table for three
They said you'd have to wait
Somebody must have bribed the maitre'd
The boss got mad and he blamed it all on you
Food was bad and the deal fell through Well, out here in the middle, you can park it on the street
You step up to the counter, you nearly always get a seat
Nobody steals, nobody cheats
Wish you were here my love, wish you here my love We got tractor pulls and Red Man chew
Corporate relo refugees that need love too
We ain't seen Elvis in a year or two We got justification for wealth and greed
Amber waves of grain and bathtub speed
Now, we even got Starbucks what else you need? Out here in the middle where the center's on the right
And the ghost of William Jennings Bryan preaches every night
To save the lonely souls in the dashboard lights
Wish you were here my love, wish you were here my love Out here in the middle where the buffalo roam
We're putting up towers for your cell phones
And we screen all applicants with a fine tooth comb
Wish you were here my love, wish you were here my love
Wish you were here my love

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