

# 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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