

Out Here In the Middle

Robert Earl Keen

They broke into your car last night
Took the stereo
Now you say you dont know why
You even live there anymoreThe garage man didnt see a thing
So you guess it was an inside jobYou made a reservation
Table for three
Said you had to wait
Somebody mustve bribed the maitre dThe boss got mad
And he blamed it all on you
The food was bad
And the deal fell throughOut 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 cheatsWish you were here, my love
Wish you were here, my loveWe got tractor pulls and Red Man chew
Corporate relo-refugees that need love too
And we ain't seen Elvis
In a year or twoWe got justification for wealth and greed
Amber waves of grain and bathtub speed
Now we even got Starbucks
What else you needOut here in the middle
Where the centers on the right
And the ghost of William Jennings Bryan
Preaches every nightTo save the lonely souls
In the dashboard lightWish you were here, my love
Wish you were here, my loveOut here in the middle
Where the buffalo roam
We're puttin' up towers
For your cell phonesAnd we screen all applicants
With a fine-tooth combWish you were here, my love
Wish you were here, my love
Wish you were here, my love

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