Out Here In The Middle

Robert Earl Keen

Broke into you car last night
Took your 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
For a table for three
Said you had to waitSomebody must've bribed the maitre d
The boss got mad
And blamed it all on you
The food was bad
The deal fell through
Out here in the middleYou can park on the street
Step up to the counter
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 who need love too
And we ain't seen Elvis
In a year or two
We got justification and 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 is on the right
And the ghost of William Jennings Bryan preaches every night
Savin' 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 phone
And we screen all evidence
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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