Man In The Middle

Black Country Communion, Joe Bonamassa, Derek Sher

Did you see that man in the limousine?
With the pretty doll, he is fifty and the girl's only seventeen
But she doesn't care, and she never will
If he's ninety-five she don't give a damn
Just as long as he pays the billDid you see that man with a fat cigar?
He just left his lovers with a belly full of lobster and caviar
He can choose the wine from a vintage year
He will drink champagne in his limousine
Where the rest of the street can peer'Cause he's the man in the middle, never second fiddle
Just like a spider in a cobweb
Hard as a hammer, not the kind of boss, you double-cross
'Cause he's the man in the middle, knows the way to diddle
He's never bothered by his conscience, deals with the Devil
'Cause he wants to be man in the middle, the middle, the middle
In the middle
(In the middle, in the middle)But you see that man made a big mistake
Even though he's got all his servants and a mansion beside a lake
And the money too, all that he can spend
He can buy the most, nearly anything
But he can't buy the lot, his friend'Cause he's the man in the middle, never second fiddle
Just like a spider in a cobweb
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'Cause he's the man in the middle, knows the way to diddle
He's never bothered by his conscience, deals with the Devil
'Cause he wants to be, man in the middle, the middle, the middle
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