

Mary Chapin Carpenter, Middle Ground

(Mary Chapin Carpenter)

For years she's lived on her own
In a corner of the city
Twice a year she gets back home
Playing catch-up with the family

She tells her folks what they need to know
Her mother says she's much too thin
Her sisters ask about her beau
Her dad inquires, how's business been

She's thirty-three this time around
She's always been real good at listening
Her sense of humor never lets her down
Except sometimes there's something missing

Hey, middle ground
A place between up and down
She could be safe and sound
Oh, to know middle ground

For years she's been on her guard
She's kind of tense around the shoulders
She wonders why she works so hard
She counts the days 'til they promote her

She'll take a weekend now and then
To stay in bed and watch the reruns
She'll turn the phone off when guilt sets in
But Sunday always kinda leaves her let down

Hey, middle ground; a place between up and down
She could be safe and sound; oh, to know middle ground

She gave her heart away one time, and says that she hasn't seen it since
Love's a puzzle in her mind; the pieces match, but don't quite fit; hey...
And these days run thick or thin
It never rains, or else it's pouring
All her single friends are men
She thinks married girls are so damn boring

Hey, middle ground; a place between up and down
She could be safe and sound; oh, to know middle ground
Hey, middle ground; a place between up and down
She could be safe and sound; oh, to know middle ground
Oh, to know middle ground; oh, to know middle ground