

# 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