

# Robert Earl Keen, Out Here In The Middle

They broke into you car last night  
Took the 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  
Table for three  
Said you had to wait  
Somebody must've bribed the maitre d  
The boss got mad  
And he blamed it all on you  
The food was bad  
And the deal fell through

Out 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 cheats  
Wish you were here, my love  
Wish you were here, my love

We got tractor pulls and Red Man chew  
Corporate relo-refugees that need love too  
And we ain't seen Elvis  
In a year or two

We got justification for 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 centers on the right  
And the ghost of William Jennings Bryan preaches every night  
To save the lonely souls  
In the dashboard light  
Wish you were here, my love  
Wish you were here, my love

Out here in the middle  
Where the buffalo roam  
We're puttin' up towers  
For your cell phones  
And we screen all applicants  
With a fine-tooth comb  
Wish you were here, my love  
Wish you were here, my love  
Wish you were here, my love