

Tom Petty, Man In The Middle

Like an inventor
He is a symbol of a new age
He glides above the realms
Of you and me
He flows through your life
And makes you feel quite small
You may sit up in your chair
He doesn't care at all

He's the man in the middle
You can tell which way he lays
He's the man in the middle
And he realises
And he realises
And he realises
Beauty pays

His gowns come from paris
Occasionally from rome
He can go anywhere
Say back to his home
He flows through your life
And makes you feel quite small
Flashing to the white collars
Ha, he doesn't care at all

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Beauty pays
Please...

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