

Robert Cray, The One In The Middle

Sometimes at night
When I close my eyes
I see three women
All standing in a line
The one on the left
She took my heart
The one on the right
Said she wanted to be free

But the one in the middle
I still love her
And I wonder
Does she ever think of me?

In my mind
I've been to a thousand places
When I walk down the street
I stare into a thousand faces
The flame of love
Once shined so brightly
Now it's just
A slow-burning memory

But the one in the middle
I still love her
Oh, and I wonder
Does she ever think of me?

Maybe, she wouldn't even care
No, that's ok
It's all in a dream
It's all in a dream, anyway

But the one in the middle
Oh, I still love her
And I wonder, does she ever think of me?

SOLO

Ohhhhh, I still love her
And I wonder, does she ever think of me?