

Robert Earl Keen, Jr., 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