

# Rodney Atkins, Monkey In The Middle

I get up like a rocket in a hurricane  
Then it's off to work like a runaway train  
Drivin' them nails, draggin' my tail  
It don't take much to follow my trail, follow my trail  
Back and forth in a game of pickle  
I ain't nothing but the monkey in the middle

Walking that sideshow tight rope making ends meet  
That organ grinder be in a bind without me  
In that circus they work us like a bunch of borrowed mules  
But everytime that music plays I know what to do

Every Friday night at the honky tonk  
Me and my baby make that dive jump  
When our buckles bump, I tell you what  
That girl is packing some powerful stuff, powerful stuff  
And when we get home she plays me like a fiddle  
Makin' sweet music with the monkey in the middle

Walking that sideshow tightrope, makin' ends meet  
That organ grinder be in a bind without me  
In that circus they work us like a bunch of borrowed mules  
But everytime that music plays sugar I know what to do

And then.

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Then it's off to work like a runaway train  
Drivin' them nails, draggin' my tail  
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Back and forth in a game of pickle  
I ain't nothing but the monkey in the middle