

Pretenders, The "Middle Of The Road"

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In the middle of the road, is trying to find me
I'm standing in the middle of life with my pains behind
me

But, I got a smile for everyone I meet
Long as you don't try dragging my bay
Or dropping a bomb on the street

Oh, come on, baby, get in the road.
Come on now, in the middle of the road, yeah

In the middle of the road, you see the darrest things
Like fat cats driving around in jeeps through the city
Wearing big diamond rings and silk suits
Past corrugated tin shacks holed up with kids
And man, I don't mean a Hampstead nursery.
But when you own a big chunk of the bloody third world
The babies just come with the scenery

Now come on, baby, get in the road
Oh, come on now, in the middle of the road, yeah

One, two, three, four, five, six

In the middle of the road is my private cul de sac
I can't get from the cab to the curb
Without some little jerk on my back
Don't harass me kid
Can't you tell I'm going home, I'm tired as hell
I'm not the cat I used to be
I've got a kid, I'm thirty-three

Baby, get in the road
Come on now, in the middle of the road

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