

Joshua James

"In The Middle"

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Cup of cold black coffee
On the right side of the bed
I picture you sleeping there next to him
With your toes all painted red
In the misty, grey-skied morning
Heaven's over your head
Will you meet me in the middle
Like you said?

I see the rain start falling
As your leaving out the door
He's got his hand in your pocket
And you don't think of me anymore
Is it too selfish to suppose, love?
That you'll think of me when you fight
So will you meet me in the middle
Of the night?

In the shade, I'll bring you home

You know, you know, in the waves
I'll meet your boat,
You know, you know, and in the grave
I will see your soul,
You know, you know,
So will you meet me in the middle
Of the road?

I can tell, you've been crying,
Driving down 5th and Main
You tried to so hard to forget me
You burnt the letters I made
Though my memory has been dying
I hope the feeling still remains
Will you meet me in the middle,
Will you meet me in the middle,
Will you meet me in the middle,

Someday?

