

Keen Robert Earl

"Out Here In The Middle"

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Broke into you car last night
Took your stereo
Now you say you don't know why
You live there anymore
The garage man didn't see a thing
So I guess it was an inside job
You made a reservation
For a table for three
Said you had to wait
Someone must've bribed the maitre d
The boss got mad
And blamed it on you
The food was bad
The deal fell through
Out here in the middle
You can park on the street
Step up to the counter
Nearly always get a seat
Nobody steals
Nobody cheats
Wish you were here my love
Wish you were here my love

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