

Pink Spiders

"Back to the Middle"

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Young and wasted
Look at me now
I'm the King of California
Straight out of Tennessee

Come on baby
Crash on my couch
You've got that Hollywood nosebleed
You've got the pedigree

But when the seasons change
That's when I'll check that plane and go

Back, back, back, back, back to the middle
I'm gonna be high
Back, back, back, back to the middle
When I've had enough, I will fly

Back, back, back, back to the middle
Passengers please stand by
Back, back, back, back to the middle
It's a miracle, I've escaped alive

In the thick, thick
Electric air
There's a cloud of smoke ascending
Blocking the city lights

Fast and faded
Dead in Times Square
I'm not looking for a heartache
I gotta catch a flight

Because the weather's cold
This scene is getting old

And it's back, back, back, back, back to the middle
I'm gonna be high
Back, back, back, back to the middle
When I've had enough, I will fly

Back, back, back, back to the middle

Passengers please stand by
Back, back, back, back to the middle
It's a miracle, I've escaped alive

In the freeze
I'm dreaming of the palm trees
On the beat I scheme about the city
Why should I go

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