

## **Pretenders**

### **"Middle of The Road V. 2"**

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Middle of the road

Version two

The middle of the road is trying to find me  
I'm standing in the middle of life with my plans behind  
me  
Well I got a smile for everyone I meet  
As long as you don't try dragging my bay  
Or dropping the bomb on my street  
Now come on baby  
Get in the road  
Oh come on now  
In the middle of the road, yeah  
In the middle of the road you see the darndest things  
Like fakirs driving 'round in jeeps through the city  
Wearing big diamond rings and silk suits  
Past corrugated tin shacks full up with kids  
Oh man I don't mean a hampstead nursery  
When you own a big chunk of the bloody third world  
The babies just come with the scenery  
Oh come on baby  
Get in the road  
Oh come on now  
In the middle of the road, yeah  
One...two...three...four...  
The middle of the road is no 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, can't you tell  
I'm going home, I'm tired as hell  
I'm not the cat I used to be  
I got a kid, I'm thirty-three  
Baby, get in the road  
Come on now  
In the middle of the road  
Yeah

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