

Rodney Atkins "In The Middle"

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Old gray fence, tar chipped road
Martin's creek, I'm almost home
Whitetail buck by a one lane bridge
'Round the bend, up on the ridge

There's Thompson's barn
Leanin' just a little

Miss Myra's store, smell the barbecue
Make you stop for gas when you don't need to
At least 20 miles to the nearest town
Hills and hollers all around

And that's me, yeah, that's me
Right there in the middle

In the middle of what matters most
Father's, Son's and the Holy Ghost
Open hearts and unlocked doors
Way of life worth fighting for

If you wonderin' where I'll be
Take out a map of Tennessee
And you'll find me
Right there in the middle, yeah

A wreck of wood stacked by the porch
Black lab pup scratching at the door
Two little boys sayin', 'Daddy's back'
Next thing I know it's a wrestling match

And that's me, yeah, man that's me
Right there

In the middle of what matters most
Father's, Son's and the Holy Ghost
Open hearts and unlocked doors
Way of life worth fighting for

If you wonderin' where I'll be
Take out a map of Tennessee
And you'll find me

Right there in the middle

In middle of nowhere
Nowhere I'd rather be
With the good Lord up above
And His earth beneath my feet, yeah

In the middle of what matters most
Father's, Son's and the Holy Ghost
Open hearts and unlocked doors
Way of life worth fighting for

If you wonderin' where I'll be
Take out a map of Tennessee
And you'll find me
Right there in the middle

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