

Middle of the Road

The Pretenders

In the middle of the road,
Is trying to find me.
I'm standing in the middle of life with my pains behind me.
But, I got a smile
For everyone I meet.
Long as you don't try dragging my bay,
Or dropping a bomb on the street.

Come on baby,
Get in the road.
Come on now,
In the middle of the road, yeah.

In the middle of the road,
You see the darnedest things.
Like fat cats driving around in jeeps through the city,
Wearing big diamond rings and silk suits.
Past corrugated tin shacks holed up with kids and
Man I don't mean a Hampstead nursery.
But when you own a big chunk of the bloody third world,
The babies just come with the scenery.

Come on baby,
Get in the road.
Come on now,
In the middle of the road, yeah.

One. Two. Three. Four. Five. Six.

In the middle of the road,
Is my 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 kid,
Can't you tell I'm going home, I'm tired as hell,
I'm not the cat I used to be,
I've got a kid, I'm thirty-three baby.
Get in the road.
Come on now,
In the middle of the road.