

# Meet You In The Middle

Chuck Ragan

Well I found myself on a lonesome highway.  
So I cut my teeth rebelling my way.  
I told myself I would not fail,  
I would not fall and I would prevail  
But it just takes one hit to put you in your place.

Well tell me what you want, I'm all ears.  
I'll give you all I got, blood, sweat and tears.  
Yea tell me what you need and I'll do my job  
And meet you in the middle like it's going out of style.

A one-way ticket is a recipe for sorrow  
If you're counting down miles in the eave of a long haul.  
We're running on empty on numbers borrowed  
With heavy eyes tripping between the lines and the dashboard.

Bless your heart, bless your soul  
I'm proud to buckle up with you to grow old.  
It just takes one hit to put you in your place.  
Well tell me what you want, I'm all ears.  
I'll give you all I got, blood, sweat and tears.  
Yea tell me what you need and I'll do my job  
And meet you in the middle like it's going out of style.  
On a 50/50 deal, vowed to keep it real  
While the world keeps spinning and tripping up our heels.  
Get steady, ready and roll.  
Holding fast down the road.

To meet you in the middle like it's going out of style.  
If you haven't heard my voice in a while,  
I'll meet you in the middle like it's going out of style.

Well I found myself on a lonesome highway  
While you found yourself on a lonesome byway.

Well tell me what you want, I'm all ears.  
I'll give you all I got, blood, sweat and tears.  
Yea tell me what you need and I'll do my job  
And meet you in the middle like it's going out of style.  
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