

I tied your shoes while you sat and watched the rain  
Hands folded across your lap, and the dull work of paints across  
your face  
Mom down the hall Bible pressed to her chest  
When she swore the Devil hides in everything, and her room was  
the only safe haven left  
She watched you scrub through our new paints

Something in the middle  
Something in the middle  
Something in the middle  
Something's in the way  
You had held my hand while the wind whistled our dreams ending  
time

Something in the middle  
Something in the middle  
Something in the middle  
Something's in the way  
Never knew what it meant to be whole and free

Something in the middle  
Something in the middle  
Something in the middle  
Something's in the way  
Neither one of them moths stray from these different paths only  
they can see  
But sink or swim is all they say

Your hand rode the wind out the window of the train  
We slept in our seats with our knees curled beneath our dirty  
clothes  
And I gripped the bags like they might fly away  
And the scenery beyond the glass was liquid, we sat and soaked  
it in  
I felt your breath along the way

I'd hold your hand when the sky fell apart  
And you'd hold my hand if you felt us slipping back into the  
dark  
Can't tell from the ground if the sky will fall  
Can't tell from the sky if there's anybody down there at all

It's empty...