

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 c
hins
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 da
rk
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...