

In the Middle

Rodney Atkins

Old gray fence, tarchip road
Martin's creek, almost home
Whitetail buck by a one lane bridge
Around the bend up on the ridge
There's Thompson's barn leaning 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 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
A way of life worth dying (fighting) for
If you wonderin' where I'll be
Take out a map of Tennessee
And you'll find me than right there in the middle

Rick 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 that's me

In middle of nowhere, no where I'd rather be
The good lord up above and his earth beneath my feet
Surrounded by folks who love me