

# Back To The Middle

The Pink Spiders

Young and wasted look at me now  
I'm the king of California  
Straight out of Tennessee

C'mon baby crash on my couch  
You've got that hollywood nosebleed  
You've got the pedigree

But when the seasons change  
That's when I'll check that plane and go

Back to the middle, I'm gonna be high  
Back to the middle, when I've had enough I will fly  
Back to the middle, passengers please stand by  
Back to the middle it's a miracle I've escaped alive

In the thick, thick electric air  
There's a cloud of smoke ascending  
Blocking the city lights

Fast and Faded, dead in Times Square  
I'm not looking for a heartache  
I gotta catch a flight

Because the weather's cold  
This scene is getting old

in teh freeze I'm dreaming of the palm trees  
On the beat I scheme about the city  
Why should I go back?