

Middle of the Road

Pretenders

(Ooh, ooh)

Middle of the road is trying to find me
I'm standing in the middle of life with my pains behind me

I got a smile for everyone I meet

As long as you don't try dragging my bay
Or dropping a bomb on my street Lets come on baby

Get in the road

Oh come on now

In the middle of the road, yeah(Ooh, ooh)

The middle of the road you see the darndest things
Like fat cats driving around in jeeps through the city

Wearing big diamond rings and silk suits

Past corrugated tin shacks holed up with kids

And man, I don't mean a Hampstead nursery

But when you own a big chunk of the bloody third world

The babies just come with the scenery

Lets come on baby

Mmm, get in the road

Oh come on now

In the middle of the road, yeahOne, two, three, four, five, six

(Ooh, ooh)(Ooh, ooh)

The middle of the road is my private cul-de-sac

(Ooh, ooh)

I can't get from the cab on to the curb

Without some little jerk on my back

Don't harass me, can't you tell I'm going home?

I'm tired as Hell

I'm not the cat I used to be

I got a kid at thirty three, baby

Get in the road

Come on now

In the middle of the road, yeah

Trrr

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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