

## 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