

Dead Middle

Goodnight, Texas

We were thirty-two miles from something
When the carburetor gave out
And it left us with a little bit of time to hope
And it left us time to doubt

That we'd ever get back to zero
That the fightin' would tire out
But if I'm gonna catch hell for speakin' my mind
Then I might as well make it count

The dead middle of the road ain't the place for talkin'
With half a mind to get walkin'
And half a mind to stay
So let's get outta the way
Or our outline they'll be chalkin'
Baby, we're halfway

Well the battle is almost over
And there's no sign of a truce
We can fuss around in a stuck old engine (stuck old engine)
Maybe knock something loose

But even then how do we fix it
It's an intricate machine
We could leave the car and give up and walk
Maybe someday reconvene

The dead middle of the road ain't the place for talkin'
With half a mind to get walkin'
And half a mind to stay
So let's get outta the way
Or our outline they'll be chalkin'
Baby, we're halfway

But if we walk in two directions
To the day before we met
I'll tell you the truest words that I've got
I ain't got one ounce of regret
Not one ounce of regret

The dead middle of the road ain't the place for talkin'
With half a mind to get walkin'
And half a mind to stay
So let's get outta the way
Or our outline they'll be chalkin'
Baby, we're halfway