

Somewhere Between Ragged and Right

John Anderson

We're all polyester poets and pickers of a kind
With far too many questions for the answers in our minds
Stranded in the middle but all is black and white
Somewhere between ragged and right

Somewhere between ragged and right
Like a busload of taxi drivers learnin' how to fly
We're on automatic pilot driftin' through our lives
Somewhere between ragged and right

We're a gang of drug store cowboys with silver spurs and leather vests
Hillbilly Casanovas, fastest guitars in the West
We're trackin' down a system, spoilin' for a fight
Somewhere between ragged and right

Somewhere between ragged and right
Like a busload of taxi drivers learnin' how to fly
We're on automatic pilot, driftin' through our lives
Somewhere between ragged and right

Somewhere between ragged and right