

## In The Middle

Joshua James

Cup of cold black coffee  
On the right side of the bed  
I picture you sleeping there next to him  
With your toes all painted red  
In the misty, grey-skied morning  
Heaven's over your head  
Will you meet me in the middle  
Like you said

I see the rain start falling  
As your leaving out the door  
He's got his hand in your pocket  
And you don't think of me anymore  
Is it too selfish to suppose, love  
That you'll think of me when you fight  
So will you meet me in the middle  
Of the night

In the shade, I'll bring you home

You know, you know, in the waves  
I'll meet your boat  
You know, you know, and in the grave  
I will see your soul  
You know, you know  
So will you meet me in the middle  
Of the road

I can tell, you've been crying  
Driving down 5th and Main  
You tried to so hard to forget me  
You burnt the letters I made  
Though my memory has been dying  
I hope the feeling still remains  
Will you meet me in the middle  
Will you meet me in the middle  
Will you meet me in the middle  
Someday