

One in the Middle

Robert Cray

Sometimes at night
When I close my eyes
I see three women
All standing in a line

The one on the left
She took my heart
The one on the right
Said she wanted to be free

But the one in the middle
I still love her and I wonder
Does she ever think of me?

In my mind
I've been to a thousand places
When I walk down the street
I stare into a thousand faces

The flame of love
Once shined so brightly
Now it's just
A slow burning memory

But the one in the middle
I still love her, oh, and I wonder
Does she ever think of me?

Maybe, she wouldn't even care
No, that's okay
It's all in a dream
It's all in a dream, anyway

But the one in the middle
Oh, I still love her and I wonder
Does she ever think of me?

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