

Back To The Middle

The Pink Spiders

Young and wasted look at me now
I'm the king of California
Straight out of Tennessee

C'mon baby crash on my couch
You've got that hollywood nosebleed
You've got the pedigree

But when the seasons change
That's when I'll check that plane and go

Back to the middle, I'm gonna be high
Back to the middle, when I've had enough I will fly
Back to the middle, passengers please stand by
Back to the middle it's a miracle I've escaped alive

In the thick, thick electric air
There's a cloud of smoke ascending
Blocking the city lights

Fast and Faded, dead in Times Square
I'm not looking for a heartache
I gotta catch a flight

Because the weather's cold
This scene is getting old

in teh freeze I'm dreaming of the palm trees
On the beat I scheme about the city
Why should I go back?