

The Middle

I am the working man's tobacco
You are the angel's evening gown
I am the suitcase from the attic
You are the last train out of town

You are the cushion, I am the claw
I am graffiti, you are the law
You are the wedding, I am the clown
I am deserted, you are the town
You are the shelter, I am the stray
I am the flashlight, You are the way
You are the surgeon, I am the scar
I am the popcorn, You are the star

I will cross this road little by little
That I may one day meet you in the middle

You kiss the flesh of the world when it hurts
I take the bad days and make them much worse
I am the tall tale that's been handed down
You are the legend it centres around
You are the courtroom, I am the bribe
I am the bison, you are the tribe
I am the pochine, potent and pure,
You are the planet's last hangover cure

I will cross this road little by little
That I may one day meet you in the middle
May the wars between us all be civil
And every truce we draw be down the middle

I am the killer, serving his time
You are the camera that caught every crime
I am the drifter whose last drink is gone
You are the park bench he's resting upon

You are the idol, I am the shrine
I am the writer, you are the wine
You are the song men have bled to compose
I am the lover, you are the rose

I will cross this road little by little
That I may come and meet you in the middle
May the wars between us all be civil
And every truce we draw be down the middle