

Middle Ground

Mark Wilkinson

ive been,
peering out a window,
trying to find an arrow,
to fire into the rain.well you were,
hidden by the shadows,
trying to find your way home,
and shelter from the rain.and i felt close to you,
as you came in to my view,hold on for one more year then maybe,
these skies will start to clear,
we can build our love on middle ground.
cause ive been,
walking up the wrong way,
stranded on a freeway,
trying to find a lane.well you were,
guarded by the main frame,
riding in a fast lane,
too involved to change.and I felt far from you,
as you slipped out from my view,hold on for one more year then maybe
these skies will start to clear,
we can build our love on middle ground,hold on for one more year then maybe
these paths will lead us here,
we can build our love on middle ground,
cause I dont want no one else,
but I have brought this on myself.
cause I dont want no one else,
but I have brought this on myself.myself.cause ive been,
peering out a window,
trying to find an arrow,and if we hold on for one more year then maybe,
these skies will start to clear,
we can build our love on middle ground,middle ground,
middle ground,
middle ground,
middle ground,middle ground,
middle ground,
middle ground,
middle ground...

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