

Stuck, stuck in the middle



Stuck, stuck in the middle
Stuck, stuck in the mud
Hard as I try
To admire the view
All I do
Is think of you.

Stuck, stuck in the middle
Just can't sleep
Not a peep
All there is for a lullaby
Is whizz, bang, thud.

Stuck, stuck in the middle
Stuck, stuck in the mire
Backwards and forwards
We shove and push
Waiting for
The whizz, bang, whoosh.

Stuck, stuck in the middle
What a game
Such a shame –
Home is trenches and bags of sand
And old, barbed wire.

Stuck, stuck in the middle
Stuck, stuck here in France
Helmet and shovel
And bayonet –
Mustn't grumble
Mustn't fret.

Stuck, stuck in the middle
Feel the beat
Lift those feet
Waltz our way off to Kingdom come...
The whizz-bang dance.

Words/music: Barry Gibson

