

# SOMEWHERE IN THE MIDDLE

8 shorts songs from  
**WES WEDDELL**



## LYRICS

**All songs written by Wes Weddell**  
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### Somewhere in the Middle

*For Jim & Zoe Cooley*

North of Juliaetta, where the road starts winding  
Crest a little summit where there's one lone pine tree  
Look for the mailbox by the rusty wheel

Up at the top, there're miles of wheat fields  
Down at the bottom lies Little Bear Creek  
Somewhere in the middle is a home-cooked meal

Well, the first Thanksgiving that I remember  
Had an old wood stove and lousy weather  
That stove is still burning, the pies are still good

But I got older and the work got harder  
Digging fencepost holes with my chicken arms  
Tying that log chain, splitting that wood  
Driving that tractor when they said I could

They say when summer finally comes it takes 24 hours  
For ankle-deep mud to reach a fine dust powder  
Take it all in, breathe it all out

Storms in the winter might snow you in,  
But you grab another log and fill the kettle to the brim  
Drink it in deeply, let it settle down

North of Juliaetta, where the clouds run sideways  
Chase 'em all day on a two-lane highway  
Wait for the sunset, it's her show to steal

Up at the top, you can still see worry  
Down at the bottom gets a little bit blurry  
Somewhere in the middle is a home-cooked meal  
Somewhere in the middle...

### We Had Reasons

Faceless roads in fading light  
No claws, no fangs, no sound, no fear  
Dream all night of new excuses  
Keep 'em all as souvenirs

*I remember, we had reasons  
Shame it isn't any use  
Towns like this will cheapen people  
Most of what you hear is true*

Heart was decent, spirit dampened  
Morals someplace in between  
All your heroes end up battered  
Only way that you'll get clean

Squalls and squawks and growls and mutters  
Candles from a kitchen drawer  
Wipe your feet and drop a button  
Pick your battles, skip the war

Dark outside, but we knew better  
Low stone wall, the blind was open  
Rang the bell and slipped the safety  
Put that anger into motion

### Go

*Inspired by Cheryl Strayed's Wild*

I'm the need you did not pack,  
You're gonna miss me down the track,  
But you hit the trail and won't look back  
I'm the need you did not pack

I'm the path you did not take,  
My boom or bust you did forsake

You won't know and it's too late  
I'm the path you did not take

*High on a mountain, valley below  
You put one foot in front of the other  
And you go, you just go*

I'm the beast you did not meet,  
Feel my eyes and fear my teeth  
Who can say just what I've seen?  
I'm the beast you did not meet

I'm the dad you never had,  
Open arms, your biggest fan  
I can't say what's good or bad  
I'm the dad you never had

### Miles to Row

*Inspired by Daniel James Brown's The Boys in the Boat*

Evening winds begin to hit the lowlands  
Keep your focus sharp and hunker down  
Darkness dropping closer every moment  
Not a lot of time to mess around

*Dig in hard, dig in deep  
We have miles to row before we sleep  
Take a turn, take an oar  
But know we can't go back there anymore*

Morning news spreads quickly through the country  
Could have seen this coming if I'd wanted to  
Darkness holding steady on the side streets  
Not a lot of time to think it through

What do you do when you can't do it on your own?  
You have to choose to keep on rowing  
And hope that she will keep on rowing  
And then the next seat keeps on rowing  
And if we all just keep on rowing...

Dig in hard, dig in fast  
We have miles to row while the moments pass  
Take a turn, take an oar  
But know we can't go back there anymore  
No, we can't go back there anymore...

## February Face

Inspired by William Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing*

Let me sing you all a story  
'Bout a man that I know well  
He took a chance out in the open  
Brought his heart to show-and-tell

She was not like any other,  
But then who among us is?  
She was not a Sunday picnic,  
And maybe not the one for him

*She's got a hot August temper,  
Cold November eyes  
January blood running through her veins  
She comes in like a lion, goes out like one too  
I know I should stay away,  
But I can't resist that February face*

Have you ever had the feeling  
That your mind is not your own?  
Lead me not into temptation  
Gentle Patience, where have you gone?

Have you ever talked to someone  
Who could see right through your soul?  
Out of reach, but still before you  
Sun will rise, tide will roll

## We March

Inspired by Quenton Baker's poems "[breach]," "[finally at],"  
& "[and then what?]"

Teacher told me I could be anything I choose  
And I tried so hard to keep my options open  
Many before me suffered with that same good news,  
But I was wrong when I assumed that it was everyone

Now my head knows I ain't nothing special,  
But my heart still wants to believe

*And we march with our heads held high  
We march when we feel we're right  
We march toward a day we hope is better  
As we march toward nothing but ourselves*

Now you show me all the pieces that I missed  
But no one needs to hear me make up time out loud  
So our story sails on farther from that cliff  
And I wonder if we end up where we started

We reach for reason and order  
Just to push it all away

We float in the dark like a buoy  
But we sink in the light like a lie

## These Truths

Inspired by Howard Zinn's *A People's History of the United States*

When in the course of human events  
You find yourself at a crossroads  
Two roads diverge in a yellow wood,  
And sometimes you get lost in the process

*We hold these truths to be self-evident,  
We hold them deep in our chests  
But is what makes us great all the things that we've  
done,  
Or the thing that we might do next?*

We the People of a more-perfect union,  
We who continue to grow  
We who will reach for that better tomorrow  
Be we tired or huddled or poor

When in the course of human events  
You seem to lose track of the footsteps  
Two roads diverge in a wood, and I  
Still hope to make all of the difference

## What Makes the Old Songs Old?

Inspired by David Lasky's and Frank M. Young's *The Carter Family: Don't Forget This Song*

What makes the old songs old?  
Why do they settle in our bones?  
Is there something in the source,  
Something in the sound?  
Just how far back do you think they go?

What makes the long road long?  
Why do we push on through the fog?  
Is it something in our nature,  
Something in our will?  
Is it more about the going or the gone?

What makes the good times good?  
Some memories shine brighter than the others ever  
could  
Is it something 'bout the people  
Something 'bout the work?  
Is it knowing that we made it through the woods?

What makes a true love true?  
How do you know when it's found you?  
Is it something in the feeling,  
Something in the stars?  
Is it something that just anyone can do?

What makes the old songs old?  
Some melodies never grow cold  
Can we reach back through the years,  
Reach across the miles?  
Do we sing because we have no other choice?



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