

# Sloan, Left Of Center

I remember Uncle Owen  
Because his story's aimed at me  
That was 1977  
I was in grade three  
Since then I've got to thinkin'  
I really can't remember  
The last time I was the center  
Of the target of pop culture  
You see, I'm slightly left of centre  
Of the bull's eye you created  
It's sad to know that if you hit me  
It's because you were not careful  
Yeah, I got the middle child blues  
I couldn't wear your platform shoes  
But now it's safe to go back in the water  
But I prefer Neptune's daughter  
My older brother's pushin' forty  
My kid sister's only nine  
Everything he knows is retro  
The only word she knows is mine  
You see, I'm just outside of nowhere  
But pretty soon you'll be in my care  
And there are just so many of you  
But not enough like me to love you