

# Sloan, 400 Metres

Can't you see the black strap  
It holds me up, for the last lap  
I know I said I had a good time  
But now I'm sprawled across the finish line

I'm pickin' up the straws  
And now I'm wonderin' how I did because  
The situation's heavy  
And the competition's thin  
Now I've got to wake up  
So I can get back on my feet again

Could you spare some common sense  
It's a brave gamble, so just give it up  
Now you know about those people in the sky  
Well they're the same folks that held me up

I'm sortin' out my flaws  
Because I'm runnin' last place  
And the look on my face says  
This record's disappearing  
And my system's on the mend  
But I'll never know who wins  
Until I make it to the end

Take care of what you preach, right  
'Cause no one cares about your mike fright  
But when the pen is to paper, I never stop to think  
That I should stop thinkin' about you that way

The signing of this mock simulation  
Plots a course towards some clarification  
It's a keenly realized fabrication  
Comin' from your radio station

But I'll be running 400 metres again