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