400 Metres

Sloan

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 lineI'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 againCould 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 upI'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 endTake 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 wayThe signing of this mock simulation
Plots a course towards some clarification
It's a keenly realized fabrication
Comin' from your radio stationBut I'll be running 400 metres again

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/