

Sloan "400 Metres"

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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(S) 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 is 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 noone cares about your Mic-fright
But when the pen is to paper, I never stop to think,
that I should stop thinkin' about you that way.
Whooo.
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 runnin' 400 metres,
again...

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