Sloan, Median Strip

I can't tell you what I want to
I can't tell you I can smell you a mile away
Measured arms you've flexed before
Next to a battleship
You made me mad, I made you sad
But now I'm glad you're gone

Take me on
Take me on

Count to ten, I'll be there
Tone it down, I'll be in the barrel
Point came for you to be Glenn Close to me
Can't you see I can't be
P-P-I-M-I-S-S
I assess the situation differently

You should hit the median strip
You should hit the median strip
Take me on
Take me on

Three day benders set you straight
Two flights were both on time
To fight was on your mind
Tonight I don't feel fine

Feel free to dwell on what you feel
Free to say I don't feel free
You've made me mad, and now I've had
To say that I was wrong

You should hit the median strip
You should hit the median strip
Take me on
Take me on