

# 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