

# Next in Line

## A Telemetry

so taken for granted  
dangerous grease has been poured  
to cement that slippery road  
walk with fleet of feet  
walk with mind in trance  
look to overcome  
no balance the rule of thumb

the thicker the logic  
the second doubt  
lack of motivation  
is prevalent an opportunity  
trickles on and on

don't look know  
passing it by - letting it slide  
the next in line has won

make opinion before it stales  
heed the warnings foretold  
circumstance will bind the glue  
talk with need in voice  
talk to make a choice  
we must all conform  
lost reason defers all that's done

the wider the turn  
the spin out  
grilled to the bone  
is evident and seething  
frustration goes on and on

how could this happen - had such a plan  
then it went to rye  
now that I gave up - table has turned  
such bad fortune - was good for another

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Lyrics submitted by m.

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