

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

Lyrics submitted by m.

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