

The Letters Organize "There's Room For One More"

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Don't tell me that I'm fine. Always on top and leading
the line.
Calling the shots to stay ahead. Count me in I'm almost
out.
And in due time. And in clear mind. It ends up fine.
This time I'll dig my own grave.
And am I fine? The dollar line. This precious fight.
This time I'll dig my own grave.
Don't wave because it means you will remember.

Don't tell me that I'm fine. Always on top and leading
the line.
Calling the shots to stay ahead. Count me in I'm almost
out.
Call, but don't count on me, please! I can't, I'll try.
Call, but don't count on me, please!

And in due time. And in clear mind. It ends up fine.
This time I'll dig my own grave.
And am I fine? The dollar line. This precious fight.
This time please save me from myself. I'm trying, I'm
lying.
Leave me while I'm standing, standing. I'm trying, I'm
fine.
Leave me while I'm standing, standing.

Don't wave because it means you will remember.
It's a shame. Me versus myself. They say, no!
Can I be saved? They say, no!
Let me dig my grave? My grave. No!
I'll sit down.

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