

# One More Problem

## Atlanta Rhythm Section

Checkered lines  
Down a cobbled piece of pavement  
Tragic prose  
Stained with tears  
And still I'm crying

Then I jumped down from heaven  
To salvation  
One more problem  
No more yours  
No more mine

Flags are flying low today  
Across our nation  
In the name of love  
Another fool has died

Yet they walk away  
Without an explanation  
No more problem  
No more yours  
Than it is mine

Oh I'm living in a time of desperation  
And the answer seems impossible to find  
But nobody understands  
My situation  
One more problem  
They got theirs  
I got mine