

Cardiac Arrest

Phoebe Snow

Papers in the morning
Bowler hat on head
Walking to the bus stop
He's longing for his bedWaiting with his neighbors
In the rush hour queue
Got to get the first busSo much for him to do
He's got to hurry, got to get his seat
Can't miss his place, got to rest his feetTen more minutes till he gets there
The crossword's nearly done
It's getting so hard these days
Not nearly so much funHis mind wanders to the office
His telephone, desk and chair
He's been happy with the company
They've treated him real fairThink of seven letters
Begin and end in 'C'
Like a big American car
But misspelt with a 'D'I wish this bus'd get a move on
Driver's taking his time
I just don't know I'll be lateOh dear, what will the boss say?
Pull yourself together now
Don't get in a stateDon't you worry, there's no hurry
It's a lovely day
Could all be going your wayTake the doc's advice
Let up, enjoy your life
Listen to what they say
It's not a game they playNever get there at this rate
He's caught up in a jam
There's a meeting this morning
It's just his luck, oh damnHis hand dives in his pocket
For his handkerchief
Pearls of sweat on his bowler
His pulse-beat seems so briefEyes fall on his wrist watch
The seconds pass real slow
Gasping for the hot air
But the chest pain, it won't goTried to ask for help
But can't seem to speak a word
Words are whispered frantically
But don't seem to be heardWhat about the wife and kids?
They all depend on meWe're so sorry, we told you not to hurry

Now it's just too late
You've got a certain date
We thought we made it clearWe all voiced our inner fears
We left it up to you
There's nothing we can do

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