

# Cardiac Arrest

## lescore 13

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 clear We all voiced our inner fears  
We left it up to you  
There's nothing we can do

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