

Cardiac Arrest (2) - 11

Madness

Papers in the morning
Bowler hat on head
Walking to the bus stop
He's longing for his bed,
Waiting with his neighbours
In the rush hour queue
Got to get the first bus
So much for him to do.
He's got to hurry
Got to get his seat
Can't miss his place
Got to rest his feet. Ten more minutes till he gets there
The crossword's nearly done.
It's been so hard these days
Not nearly so much fun.
His mind wanders to the office
His telephone, desk and chair
He's been happy with the company
They've treated him real fair.
Think 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 late
Oh dear what will the boss say?
Pull yourself together now
Don't get in a state Don't you worry
There's no hurry
It's a lovely day
Could all be going your way
Take the doc's advice
Let up enjoy your life
Listen to what they say
It's not a game they play. He'll never get there at this rate
He's caught up in a jam.
There's a meeting this morning
It's just his luck oh damn!

His hand dives in his pocket
For his handkerchief.
Pearls of sweat on his collar
His pulse-beat seems so brief.
Eyes fall on his wristwatch
The seconds pass real slow
Gasping for the hot air
But the chest pain it won't go.
Tried to ask for help
But can't seem to speak a word,
Words are whispered frantically
But don't seem to be heard.
What about the wife and kids?
They all depend on me!

Songwriters

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