

## Cardiac Arrest

## 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.

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!

We'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.