

Clifford T. Ward "Crisis"

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Crisis
Crisis
Crisis
Crisis.

Crowded room, cigarette smoke, fast talkers, sheep in
wolves clothing
Glasses chinking, spilling drink, drinking, filling,
wolves in sheep's clothing
Suddenly from out the mass that familiar face
emerges
First reaction, she looks nice, then realises it's his wife!

"Hey what you doing here? You had better explain"
He says "I left my engine running and I think I'll do the
same!"
She says "Come back here, explain yourself!"
He stops to think it out
And regaining all his confidence says "What about
yourself?"

It's a crisis
Crisis
Crisis
Crisis.

Music loud, people louder, sophisticated ugly sight

Discreet departure, lady friend, back to his place, three
wrongs don't make a right
Suddenly through the front door wife and boyfriend,
big surprise
Recurrence of the previous scene, you think these
people would get wise.

"Hey what you doing here? You had better explain"
He says "I left my engine running and I think I'll do the
same!"
She says "Come back here, explain yourself!"
He stops to think it out
And regaining all his confidence says "What about
yourself?"

It's a crisis
Crisis
Crisis
Crisis
(Repeat and fade).

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