

Clifford Ward**"Crisis"**

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Crisis

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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

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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

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(Repeat and fade).

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