Whisky and Gin Part 3

By John T. Wurzer

The LEFT SIDE keeps hanging around

And the RIGHT SIDE wants to leave town

Somewhere in the middle there’s a fiddle playing “Whiskey and Gin”

Oh I gotta gal who still remembers how love can begin

And when she kisses me goodnight

She hugs me and squeezes me tight

She leads me to the river where the still waters run slow

Oh I gotta a gal who still remembers how love grows

And when she turns out the light

There ain’t a cloud in sight

Yeah, I’m gonna love my baby ‘til I finally cash it in.

Oh I gotta gal who remembers “Whiskey and Gin”

I don’t care what the other folks say

I got whiskey and gin and a place to play

And I’m gonna love my baby in my own special way

Oh I gotta a gal who’s gonna die in my arms someday

REPEAT FIRST VERSE

I don’t care what the other folks say

I got whiskey and gin and a place to play

Yeah, I’m gonna love my baby ‘til I finally cash it in.

Oh I gotta gal who remembers “Whiskey and Gin”

Stinkbugs

By John T. Wurzer

I hear the green-freaks whine that it’s closing time

They say we’re out of time to save the earth.

Pay your climate debt and don’t forget

You paid less my friend, than it was worth.

And as I write that check, a tickle on my neck,

Makes me suspect, I’m not alone

It jumps off to my rug; another brown stinkbug

My shoulders shrug, I start to groan.

They are the cockroaches of the new millennium

And there are plenty of them to sing my song

And if we trash this place; destroy the human race

They will take our place. Life will go on.

In spite of what we’ve done

Blow off your mountain tops. Grow your mutant crops.

And if it never stops don’t be concerned

Frack for your oil and gas; drill offshore wells in mass.

The poison air will pass; once it all burns

I just saw one more behind my closet door

And I’m not really sure, how he got in

I give my wife a hug; I pull my bathtub plug,

And there’s one more stink-bug, I start to grin.

When man is gone from here and there’s no more ice cold beer

Well, never fear; things will evolve

A higher consciousness, anointed, chosen, blessed

Will fix this awful mess that we couldn’t solve

They are more persistent than, the above average man

And I believe they really can, reverse the flow

A cockroach died today. A stink-bug made him pay

I guess that’s just the way it’s gonna go

If You Must Leave

By John T. Wurzer

Highways are highways and byways are passing me by

Your way and my way they chose different highways to fly

My road was littered with cigarette ashes and wine

With my eyes moving fast but attached to a thin dotted line

And if we must start to both start out to start out again

That’s quite alright I will keep you in sight ‘till I mend

And if you and I say goodbye, and I cry, please be kind

And if you must leave dear, then leave but don’t leave me behind

Life in the city is shitty and makes me uptight

Day after day keeps on slipping away into night

Words have no meaning, when leaning on meaningless thoughts

They fall on the floor, all bloody and sore, and for naught

And if we must start to both start out to start out again

That’s quite alright I will keep you in sight ‘till I mend

And if you and I say goodbye, and I cry, please be kind

And if you must leave dear, then leave but don’t leave me behind

Healing

By John T. Wurzer

I can hear the voices of the rain a calling in the back roads swollen like a river in the spring

And they echo hollow like the tears that follow ever soft and mellow like a song I used to sing

Are you there my darling

In a peaceful sleep or are you softly weeping for the love we used to share

I got tired of healing so I started peeling layers off of the feeling

‘Til the feeling wasn’t there

I can hear the voices of the rain at midnight drowning out the moonlight like a thundercloud in June

And they echo broken as if love unspoken is still gagged and choking on the silence in this tomb

Are you there my darling

In a peaceful sleep or are you softly weeping for the love we used to share

I got tired of healing so I started peeling layers off of the feeling

‘Til the feeling wasn’t there

I can hear the voices of the rain that whisper like a long lost sister or a dreamer at the war

Gentle minds are restless or undone at best; it’s not a crime that I’ve confessed; it’s only truth and nothing more.

Are you there my darling

In a peaceful sleep or are you softly weeping for the love we used to share

I got tired of healing so I started peeling layers off of the feeling

‘Til the feeling wasn’t there

Blues Are On the Ceiling

By John T. Wurzer

Well I got money in my wallet; I got food upon my shelf

I can live with your bad habits, but I can’t live with myself

Oh no, the blues are on the ceiling mama, and the blues are on the floor

Now that I’ve run out of love songs, I guess I’ll play the blues some more.

Yeah, I got condoms in the nightstand, I got lubricating gel

I’m not speaking to my right hand, but the left one knows me well

The blues are on the ceiling mama, and they’re dripping on my head

Now that I’ve run out of love songs, I guess I’ll play the blues instead

No I can’t dream when I am sleeping, I have nightmares when I wake

Our love, it ran so deep, it’s on the bottom of a lake

Oh yeah, the blues are on the ceiling mama, clinging to a chandelier

Now that I’ve run out of love songs, I guess I’ll play the blues all year

Yeah, there’s a moral to this story, there’s a reason to this rhyme

Wealth, success, and glory gives you blues most all the time

Oh yeah, the blues are on the ceiling mama, and they just won’t go away

Now that I’ve run out of love songs, I guess I’ll play the blues all day

The Sky Is Falling

By John T. Wurzer

There’s no place like tomorrow to scare you from your trance

No telling what will follow once you’ve stumbled in by chance

The atmosphere is hollow as the echoes fade today

The well is getting shallow as the water leaks away

He sat there like a relic with his notebook and his pen

As if he lived to tell it and could live it all again

His swollen eyes were lovesick, much too tired to ever know

That his heart was made of plastic and the well was running low

And oh, oh, oh, when it’s finally time to die

Will we know, know, know, that the sky is really falling, and the well is running dry

There’s no place like tomorrow because it hasn’t been here yet

Like a kiss that never touched my lips, trembling and still wet

On a dewy August morning, hot and humid, moist and warm

Never knowing if the well could find fresh water in that the storm

Many years have come and gone; some went like they should

Since the first time that I saw him at that well out in the woods

He met there a young maiden; hands so fair; and face so clever

With water flowing from the well he thought would last forever

And oh, oh, oh, when it’s finally time to die

Will we know, know, know, that the sky is really falling, and the well is running dry

There’s no place like tomorrow; for the children who were slain

Their lungs will never breathe there, and they’ll never board that train.

I wish that I could change this, or make it go away.

I keep wishing for a wishing well, where I can wish for yesterday.

Some tears flow out like honey on a warm and willing day

Some tears flow like molasses ninety-six days before May

Some tears flow from happiness, from anger, and from pain

Some tears end up in wishing wells with pennies on their brains

And oh, oh, oh, when it’s finally time to die

Will we know, know, know, that the sky is really falling, and the well is running dry

There’s no place like tomorrow; of that you can be sure

The present isn’t pleasant and the past is not the cure

The guns don’t do the killing; it’s true; the killer was a man.

But why the hell were we so willing to put that gun into his hand.

And oh, oh, oh, when it’s finally time to die

Will we know, know, know, that the sky is really falling, and the well is running dry

The Last Guy Got Shot Here

By John T. Wurzer

My insides were worn out before my outsides got worn in.

The first time, this last time, was the last chance for me to win

My love is a museum piece, disintegrating fast

It wouldn’t even still exist if it weren’t encased in glass

And I don’t know how I got here, and I don’t know where I am

I hear the last guy got shot here, thank God that I’m not him.

No I’m not him.

The left side went flat broke until the right side sold their homes

With no one left to choke the right was left there all alone

Stranded on an island full of freedom, lust, and greed

Like a vulture in a desert that can’t find a place to feed

And they don’t know how they got there, and they don’t know where they are

The last guy got shot there, for wishing on a star

Maybe they went too far

The dance that I used to know now ties my feet in knots

I’ve got no more oats to sow, expensive thrills, that’s all I’ve got

My peace of mind at war with rings of terror, steals my breath

The glowing distant shore at sunset scares me half to death

And I don’t know how I got here or why I’ve stayed here so long

The last guy got shot here while living on a song.

Something’s wrong.

Yeah, something’s wrong.

The Top of the Hill

By John T. Wurzer

There was a time and a place when we would ramble

There was a woman whose face made me sit still

I’ve lost the cause and the reason for to gamble

Now that I’m sitting at the top of the hill

And that hill is a great big pile of money

Ain’t it funny how we struggle to ascend?

Kicking back now in silence with my honey

We’d piss it all away to spend some time with our old friends

When I was young, impulsive, strange and aimless

And minstrels knocked upon my door at will

They’d sing me songs of outrageous deeds so shameless

And all illegal at the top of the hill

And that hill is a great big pile of money

Ain’t it funny how we struggle to ascend?

Kicking back now in silence with my honey

We’d piss it all away to spend some time with our old friends

We started growing old; and the bruises lingered longer

And broken hearts piled up on our window sills

And what once did not kill us made us stronger

As we were crawling to the top of the hill

And that hill is a great big pile of money

Ain’t it funny how we struggle to ascend?

Kicking back now in silence with my honey

We’d piss it all away to spend some time with our old friends

There is no special time or place when you should ramble

It’s not success if it stifles your free will

So find your cause, don’t be afraid to gamble

Because it’s lonely at the top of the hill

Sticky Piece of Tape

By John T. Wurzer

I’ve been clinging to my youth just like a sticky piece of tape

Hoping if I seal it, there’s no way it will escape.

I’ve been running from the future but I never reach the past

The good times and the perfect rhymes, they never seem to last.

Sometimes when I’m living in the moment

The moment is enough for me to breathe.

And I don’t need last night or tomorrow

And fate flashes a smile before she leaves

I’ve been dreading finally dying like it was a Monday morn

I see old age approaching like an eerie winter storm

I’ve been stocking up on firewood, canned goods, beer and kerosene

But the storm on the horizon is like none I’ve ever seen

Sometimes when I’m living in the moment

The moment is enough for me to breathe.

And I don’t need last night or tomorrow

And fate flashes a smile before she leaves

I’ve been clinging to my youth like fingertips upon a cliff

Hoping I don’t slip into that frozen white abyss

I’ve been climbing up this mountain and refusing to look down

Trying to find the safety line, before I hit the ground.

Stuff

By John T. Wurzer

Every day of your life you hit the hammer with a stone

Working your fingers and toes to the bone

You break your back to make a lousy buck

Try to land in the black so you can buy some stuff

Stuff,

That’s what you gotta get

Stuff,

It makes your insides sweat

Stuff,

Fly high without a net. It’s hazy.

Stuff,

You’ve got to go in style

Stuff,

A two week free trial

Stuff,

It makes a life worthwhile. Go crazy!

I saw an ad; on late night TV;

The guy was raving mad; and he was screaming at me

He said, “That’s not all! One is never enough!”

“You get a second one free, and we throw in some stuff!”

When you step outside to finally breathe a little air

Soak up a little sun, shake off another care

Ain’t no need to feel low. Ain’t no need to feel blue

You probably stepped in it and it’s stuck to your shoe!