**T-TATO (Pronounced “Tah-Tay-Toe”)**

Life, such as it is can sometimes be described as a tumbling rolling thunderstorm of frustrations; a fruit basket of amazement; a sea of tranquility; a cascade of phases; a dance of days; a dramatic fantastic spastic fit of insanity controlled and tamed only by an overwhelming urge to move on towards something else.

I once said that, in the end, the only thing really worth doing in this life is to spend your time, energy, and resources helping other people get through it. I still believe that. Now I need to figure out how to “live that phrase”.

This, That, and the Other

***Advice to Nieces and Nephews***

12/17/2011

* This song kind of sums it up. Life is never perfect. Life is never fair. Life is a competition where the things that we do to survive compete for your time with the things that we do to stay sane. I was lucky enough to survive a rather large portion of my life during which I ignored the former and focused only on the latter. Thus, I actually have no regrets. I’m merely bewildered like everyone else.

The Blues All of the Time

***Abraham Lincoln’s Geico Auto Insurance Blues***

07/28/2011

* Diane used to crack up during the Geico commercial where Mary Todd asks Honest Abe Lincoln whether the dress she has on makes her look fat. Abe, being the honest man that he was couldn’t really say anything at all. (Rock. Hard Place. Abe.) I spent several weeks trying to fit that scene into a song and finally wrote this song while sitting on the deck playing guitar last July. Amazing what lengths I will go to just to fit one line into a song. The line shows up in the second to last verse. (“And pretty soon it won’t matter if you look fat or if I said anything.”)

Dragons and Fairies

***My Professional Life***

01/04/2012

* I actually came up with this song while in a bathroom stall at work. Fellow employees escape to the bathroom to read comic books and occasionally leave them there. I looked at the pamphlet sitting on top of the toilet paper dispenser, noticing the dragon, the woman with all the cleavage, the fairies, the zombies, etc. and couldn’t help but form the basis to this song in my mind. It sat there for several weeks before I decide it was time to write it. I’m still not sure whether it was a good idea to actually record it.

This and That

***Ellicott City at Sunset***

8/21/2011

* Written at sunset on the deck outside our back door. I was kind of wishing Diane was sitting there with me.

Is She Leaving Town?

***How Does She Steal The Moisture From The Evening?***

04/24/2011

* This is one of many songs that I wrote in airplanes and airports on my way back from Panama City Beach, Florida last April. Many thanks to my sister Theresa for suggesting I kick off my fiftieth year of life by making that trip. During the trip, the golf was sadly mediocre; however seeing my younger brother and sister with their respective families was great. I volunteered to be bumped off my return flight for a hefty travel voucher and afforded myself approximately 16 hours to write poetry. It was the perfect end to a superb extended weekend escape. I’m still not sure what this song is about, but sometimes they just write themselves. It must have something to do with my wife, mustn’t it?

Hiking through the Forest

***Encounters with the Oracle***

4/24/2011

* Another song from 4/24/11. I remember I was trying to write some kind of fairy-tale story. It really didn’t work out that way. It ended up more like the recollection of a road not taken.

Taking My Time

***Miscellaneous Thoughts at the Panama City Beach Airport***

04/24/2011

* My plane back to Baltimore was not scheduled to leave until late morning or early afternoon, I can’t remember. Everyone else’s flights left early in the morning so I got to the Panama City Beach airport very early. I was so early that I was there prior to the time when you are legally allowed to check your luggage. I sat down on a bench with my guitar case, golf clubs, luggage, laptop, etc. watching the coffee shop across the airport from me. This was the first song I wrote that day. I was incredibly long, but I had all the time in the world so I didn’t really care. It was originally going to be one LONG RUN ON SENTENCE, however I soon discovered I couldn’t write a sentence that long and decided I would try to start as many sentences as I could with the same word that ended the previous sentence. I did manage to end each verse with the phrase that started it. I killed a good hour and a half writing this.

Transient

***Things Don’t Come Back Tomorrow and Feel Like Yesterday***

4/24/2011

* This was the second song I wrote in the airport on that day in April. This killed another hour and a half and I have no idea what it is about. I was bearing down on my fiftieth birthday and trying to get the mid-life crisis stuff out of my system. When I pulled these lyrics out months later to make a song out of them I was amazed at how dark the entire thing was. There was another song that was even darker than this called “flying so low” that I wrote while one of my planes was landing, but I decided to kill that one. This gets the point across. You can’t go back. You have to go forward. Don’t look for what used to make you happy. Look for what will make you happy tomorrow and the year after that. Thanks to Diane for solving one of the verses and giving me the word “vile”. She probably regrets that now.

I Can’t See You Tonight

***Not Quite Blind Drunk***

04/21/2011

* Sometimes I think of a line that I think absolutely needs to be in a country song. In this case it was, “I’m not quite blind drunk, but I must be, because I just can’t see you tonight.” I couldn’t form a song around this for the entire experiment that was the CD “THIS”, so I gave it one more shot on my way to Panama City Beach. I originally wrote this as a duet where the male and female sang alternate verses but had to change it due to lack of a vocal collaborationist.

Treat Me Nice

***Cities That Rhyme With Dirty Words***

11/23/2011

* Sometimes I get carried away with the word play. Such is the case here. I just wanted to see how many dirty words I could put in the listener’s head without actually saying any of them. Still, I love playing this. I find it infinitely amusing.

Ice Cold Fusion

***Anticipation and Nostalgia Striking a Common Chord***

4/24/2011

* When I sit in an airport and watch other people interact I can’t help but pretend that I know exactly what they’re thinking. In this instance a 20 year old woman and a 60 year old man sat next to each other and actually started to talk to one another. I totally made up the rest of it.

Ribbons of Moonlight

***Adventures In Quest Of Artistic Fulfillment***

02/04/2012

* Every once in a while, but less often now that I’m older, the music writes the song. I started strumming this song and had the chords figured out in about 10 minutes. The lyrics took another half hour to write because the music just seemed to be speaking them to me. I know that sounds like something that a singer-songwriter says when introducing a song at a coffee shop, but that’s really how it happened with this one. Almost effortless. Recording it, on the other hand was a cumbersome experience because it didn’t quite fit with any of my many vocal abominations. In the end, it “is what it is”.

Children and Their Playthings

***America’s Stage is Going Dark***

4/24/2011

* Here’s another one from an airport. If you take yourself out of the picture and watch everyone with their smart phones, I-pods, I-pads, Droids, Kindle’s, etc. sitting there “connecting” with the world while ignoring each other; and then glance back at the first section of the newspaper; it could make you write a song like this. Somehow it appears that “reality” is actually more of a contrivance than it is anything that actually exists. At least that is what we as a society would like to believe.

Waiting for a Train Part 2

***This Railroad Track Goes On Forever***

Unknown Origination Date

* I’m not exactly sure when I started or finished writing this. I thought it was such a great song that I ran upstairs and played it for Diane. She liked the part where I said I wasn’t looking for a brand new wife. About 25 years ago I wrote a song called Waiting for a Train. That song was about the death of Roy Orbison. This song is my favorite on the whole album. It is about how the railroad track goes on forever, but absolutely no trains come back to carry us away. Please listen to it twice.

Water Instead of Beer

***Airline Drink Service Mishap***

04/24/2011

* On the last leg of my long journey back from Panama City Beach, I ordered a beer from the Southwest Airlines flight attendant. When they finally started delivering the drinks, she gave me a glass of water instead of the beer I had ordered. Never one to cause a fuss, I looked up and thanked her. She served drinks to those across the aisle and those sitting behind me before she turned around and said, “You asked for a beer, didn’t you?” I acknowledged that she was right and she promised to bring me a beer after she got done serving the others. I wrote these verses in between the moment that she screwed up my order by bringing me a glass of water and the time that she brought me my beer. (Which I was never charged for.) I wrote these verses. I thought that it would have been a cool story that someone would have told their kids one day; if a husband had met his wife in just this same circumstance. (With her screwing up his order on an airplane.) I don’t even remember what the flight attendant looked like, or what her name was, but I thought it was pretty cool that I didn’t have to pay for the beer.

Upside Down

***The Ultimate Facebook Invitation***

4/24/2011

* I wrote this in a bar halfway home. I think it was Nashville. I’m not really sure. The whole thing was kind of a blur. I was just trying to kill time. The subtitle came later when I realized that it sounded more like I was surfing Facebook than writing a song. This is my second favorite song on this album.

And so ends my fiftieth year. I hope everyone enjoyed THIS, and THIS, THAT, AND THE OTHER. We will just have to see where the music leads me next.

This, That, and the Other

Advice to Nieces and Nephews

12/17/2011

By John T. Wurzer

This, that and the other. An email home to mother.

The ghost of inspiration right outside

This, that and the other. A bed of flowers. One true lover.

That’s a fantasy and it can take you for a ride.

Here, there, and unpleasant. Everything is redundant.

It’s hard to keep your eyes upon the prize.

Here, there, and unpleasant. The rich man and the peasant

One lives in grace, and the other gets it when he dies.

In, out, and about it. Finding reasons to doubt it.

You can’t tell the advertisements from the truth.

In, out, and about it. Too weary to go out and shout it.

Underdog’s gone, he couldn’t find a telephone booth.

Left, right, all around us. Seems we got on the wrong bus.

And now we’re lost in the mountains of Peru

Left, right, all around us. Everyone makes such a big fuss

Out of finding the creatures that are hiding inside of this zoo.

Back, forth, stationary. Life gets kind of scary.

Sitting here, slapping our thighs while we’re watching the news.

Back, forth, stationary. No time here to tarry.

You’d better run for your life or prepare to surrender your views.

Big, small, in the middle. Hot cakes on the griddle.

Sunrise sits just above the edges of dawn

Big, small, in the middle. Six strings and a fiddle.

You gotta move your ass. You gotta keep on keeping on.

Far off and behind you. Someone is looking to find you.

Open your eyes and look out at the rest of the crowd.

Far off and behind you. Only ideas can bind you.

The song is too subtle and the music is much too loud.

Black, white, and fantastic. Most of this life is drastic.

Born from the fear that we might find out who we are.

Black, white, and fantastic. Flesh and blood, and then plastic

We arrive so alive and burn out like a shooting star.

Start, stop and keep going. Upstream we’ll keep rowing

The water keeps rushing on by, but we’re stubborn and stern

Start, stop and keep going. The winter winds still blowing.

Try to pay attention, cause there’s always something to learn.

The Blues All of the Time

Abraham Lincoln’s Geico Auto Insurance Blues

07/28/2011

By John T. Wurzer

I’m gonna drink until I’ve had my fill

People will think I’ve got some time to kill

But they’ll be wrong. My watch is long since dead

And all that’s left of the good times are the memories swimming in my head

I’m getting tired of all the ins and outs

My mind expired, long overdue with doubts

A shady place I used to call my soul

Is now disgraced and only half of the place that it was when it was whole

I wanna run, yes run away from this

The morning sun keeps whispering “take a risk”

The evening moon laughs when I start to sing

And pretty soon it won’t matter if you look fat or if I said anything

I’ve got a dream but I can’t sleep at night

Sometimes it seems like much too big a fight

It’s getting dark and damp, the crickets squeal and whine

I lost the spark and now I’ve got the blues all of the time.

Dragons and Fairies

My Professional Life

01/04/2012

By John T. Wurzer

Dragons and fairies and big busty women

In this last market comic book crime

Pirates and princes and prostitute sailors

Who drift through the ruins of time

The last man on Earth and the first man on Venus,

The pen stabs the sword with a knife

Dragons and fairies and big busty women,

Defining my professional life

Martians and Earthlings, and all kinds of strange things

On pages of pandering panes

Stray cats and mutants and toxic pollutants,

The spoils of all ill-gotten gains

The message is clearer from inside the mirror

Where art merely imitates death

Zombies and demons, and somebody’s screaming

That sanity has already left.

Cowboys and Indians, Commies and Fascists,

Girlfriends and boyfriends of boys

Alien creatures, trite one shot features,

And geeks making far too much noise

Talking to Jesus won’t ever please us,

Jesus wore rose colored shades

Life is a bust and vigilante justice

Is the only way paybacks get paid

This and That

Ellicott City at Sunset

8/21/2011

By John T. Wurzer

I, I think about this and that

And I, I wish I had a brand new hat

And I don’t ever wear a frown

When I, sit and think about

How you and I used to watch the evening sun go down

And it has taken such a long old time

To teach me what I always knew

Living life out like a pantomime

Is something I can’t do

I, I think about this and that

And I, I wish I had a brand new hat

And I don’t ever wear a frown

When I, sit and think about

How you and I used to watch the evening sun go down

Life is a riddle ain’t no answer plain

Oxymoronic wiser men

Told me the lunatic could wash my brain

And bring me back to you again

I, I think about this and that

And I, I wish I had a brand new hat

And I don’t ever wear a frown

When I, sit and think about

How you and I used to watch the evening sun go down

Down and down and down and down and down and down and down and

Down and down and down and down and down and down and down and

Oh I remember when the days were slow

And you and I had so far to go

Each day was just another row to hoe

Each song was just another sound

Somehow the rain came and the fire went out

Destiny, once certain became stained with doubt

Somehow we never really figured out

How to keep what we had found

Now I, I think about this and that.

Is She Leaving Town?

How Does She Steal The Moisture From The Evening?

04/24/2011

By John T. Wurzer

How does she steal the moisture from the evening?

While her vibrant eyes still whisper “something’s there”.

How does she wash the sandy ocean breezes?

From the wind that’s blowing through her radiant hair?

I’m driving towards a vision of tomorrow

Ain’t no sorrow strong enough to hold me down

How does she steal the moisture from the evening?

Is she leaving for awhile or leaving town?

How does she steal the moisture from the evening?

I’m pretty sure she knows exactly how

How does she wipe the tear stains from the grieving?

Tortured souls who whisper, “Take me, I will bow”?

I’m driving towards a vision of tomorrow

Ain’t no sorrow strong enough to hold me down

How does she steal the moisture from the evening?

Is she leaving for awhile or leaving town?

How does she steal the moisture from the evening?

When it seems it has already drown my dreams

How does she find the means to heal the hoping?

While she’s coping with a flood of raging streams?

I’m driving towards a vision of tomorrow

Ain’t no sorrow strong enough to hold me down

How does she steal the moisture from the evening?

Is she leaving for awhile or leaving town?

Hiking through the Forest

Encounters with the Oracle

4/24/2011

By John T. Wurzer

I had been hiking through this forest for a long old time

I’d never found my special place or special rhyme

When I finally lost my compass, I found where I was heading

The odds were stacked against me, the summer sun was setting

Paddling upstream so long with arms so limp and lame

Falling in and out of love and falling in again

Making lots of money I won’t need when I am dead

I ran into an oracle and this is what she said

If you don’t know where you’re going then it’s best that you don’t go

If you haven’t asked the question, then it’s best that you don’t know

If you cannot feel the rhythm then it’s best that we don’t dance

If you can’t afford to gamble, then we shouldn’t take a chance

She asked why I was running through that fractured space in time

I said, “I’d like to keep things vague, but I’d like to make you mine.”

I was trying to get somewhere I didn’t want to go

She said, “You’re trying to meet someone you don’t really want to know.”

I can’t remember when but yes I’d seen her here before

She’d disappear forever, and then show up at my door

Sometimes I hear her raspy voice deep inside my ears

I can’t sing any love songs, haven’t written one in years

Yes I’ve been hiking through this forest for a long old time

I’ve never found my special place or special rhyme

I have to lose my compass just to find out where I’m heading

The odds are stacked against me, the summer sun is setting

Taking My Time

Miscellaneous Thoughts at the Panama City Beach Airport

04/24/2011

John T. Wurzer

Taking my time, moving quite slow, going somewhere, where there’s no place to go, thinking my thoughts, free of design, spinning a yarn, knitting a rhyme.

Creeping along, barely a pace, gasping for dreams, or maybe a taste, a taste of desire, a spark in the breeze, paying my dues, collecting my fees.

Living on scraps, left at the door, after the dance, asking for more, watching the sky, harboring stars, caressing the moon, the distance is far.

The journey is long, the road is untamed, the lovers gone wrong, can’t even be named, they left me alone, at the scene of the crime, stopped like a watch after taking my time.

Running its course, this ice in my veins, equaled in force by the fire in my brain, starts like a match, hot white and wild, moves like a cat, runs away from a child.

Darts here and there, over and back, without a care, nothing to lack, feelings are numb, frozen and bright, melting just some, as the day turns to night.

Weeks turn to months, ice turns to wine, douses the fire in my terrified mind, ain’t no more flames, glaciers are gone, nothing but rain, and words to this song.

Oceans are black, sunrise is bright, sunset on pause, lasts the whole night, the meadow at dusk, a maiden, a horse, galloping past, just running its course.

I’m on a roll, everything clicks, satisfied soul, perfectly mixed, mixed up and fresh, clean and unbound, no one to catch, my feet on the ground

Grounded in principled verses of thought, exploring the hidden fold, what isn’t is not, not what it seems, not what it was, naked and clean, a tingle a buzz

Raises the hairs, attached to my arms, cities and towns are living on farms, farms full of crops, farms full of ants, before this all stops, let’s give love a chance

Chances are good, I’ll meet you at eight, we’ll order a meal, it’ll come on a plate, I’ll pour us some wine, you’ll swallow it whole, you eat the salad baby, I’m on a roll

Now I’m all tapped out, like a dried up beer keg, defective foot at the end of my leg, wise and aloof, in a dark corner, or up on a roof like a lingering mourner

Mourning the loss of mornings and days, unchained from the ball, with both eyes ablaze, blazing a trail, through a jungle of lies, with my hand on your breast and your nails in my thighs

In the heat of the dance, with both of our hearts, taking a chance, in the moment love starts, starting to share, breaking down walls, finding what’s there, when destiny calls

Calling it fate, spending hours on the phone, can’t help but hate, that I feel so alone, when I finally wake up I haven’t a doubt that I ain’t got no secrets because I’m all tapped out.

Transient

Things Don’t Come Back Tomorrow and Feel Like Yesterday

4/24/2011

By John T. Wurzer

Temporary, transient, dissolving, evaporating and blowing away

Things don’t come back tomorrow and feel like yesterday

With the gulf winds that blow across the palm trees and the sand

And those who once held me close who can’t keep me close at hand

Temporary, transient, dissolving, evaporating and blowing away

Absolute, unwavering, entrenched, immobile and probably here to stay

Things don’t come back tomorrow and feel like yesterday

Like the pyramids, my love for you, or this aching trembling awe

You never know what spring will bring until you start to thaw

Temporary, transient, dissolving, evaporating and blowing away

Schizophrenic waffling, unsure where time will lead or what I’ll say

Things don’t come back tomorrow and feel like yesterday

Like a flash flood or a an earthquake or a vile nightmarish fit

You won’t recognize love at first sight the second time you see it

Temporary, transient, dissolving, evaporating and blowing away

Persistence, stubbornness, singularity of purpose, they’ll make you pay

Things don’t come back tomorrow and feel like yesterday

There’s nothing you can do or say, you and I are fate

Come with me I’ll compromise, I swear it’s not too late

Temporary, transient, dissolving, evaporating and blowing away

Driving around in circles like a jockey on a track

Ain’t it obvious above it all I’ve got to get you back back

Back to you and all your sultry charms, those inviting games you play

Things don’t come back tomorrow and feel like yesterday

Temporary, transient, dissolving, evaporating and blowing away

Everything is gone from here, I’m naked ‘neath the sun, I start to pray

Things don’t come back tomorrow and feel like yesterday

People are staring at me as I’m standing on this hill

I’m all used up and I can’t find my way towards any kind of thrill

Temporary, transient, dissolving, evaporating and blowing away

I Can’t See You Tonight

Not Quite Blind Drunk

04/21/2011

By John T. Wurzer

You called me up to say you missed me

And it’s been nearly twenty years

Since the last time that you kissed me

And chased away my childish fears

You said we ought to get together

Said you were getting on a flight

And you were wondering if whether

I might see you tonight.

Yes I have tried to love another

I fooled myself, I fooled her too

Thought she was happy as my lover

Thought I was finally over you

But this old heart is dark and dusty

And I’ve been drinking wrong or right

Not quite blind drunk, oh but I must be

Cause I just can’t see you tonight

Our romance was much too chilly

And this old town still looks the same

I guess I probably look silly

Stoned drunk and calling out your name

But this old voice is growing weaker

It used to squeal, it used to growl

I loved her once but I couldn’t keep her

Your memory chased her off somehow

This old house is too damn quiet

This old room is damp and bare

I speak your name and then deny it

Convince myself that I don’t care

This old brain is growing brittle

This old soul is in overdrive

I guess I miss you just a little

That’s why this love song’s still alive

Treat Me Nice

Cities That Rhyme With Dirty Words

11/23/2011

By John T. Wurzer

I got a job it ain’t going nowhere

I gotta head full of ice cold grey hair

I gotta house in the middle of paradise

All that I’m asking is honey won’t you treat me nice.

I know squeeze in Little Rock,

She’s quite a tease and she grabs my clock

And she shows me it’s time for her to give me some advice

I gotta breath, oh honey won’t you treat me nice

I know a dancer in New York City

A sweet romancer who exposes her witty

Sense of humor when she whispers, “I’m with Vice”.

I’m caught in a trance here, honey won’t you treat me nice

A sweetheart centered in South Carolina

Wants me to enter her in a line of

Women with whom I might dodge wedding rice

Come into my room, honey won’t you treat me nice

Desiree Pike from East Nantucket

Said she saw what she liked and wanted to truck it

Up to Alaska so she could drive it across some ice

I gotta ask ya, honey won’t you treat me nice

If you ever go to Niagara Falls

Sweet Katie Snow will grab your calls

When you don’t want to answer the phone but she charges a hefty price

Don’t leave me alone, oh honey won’t you treat me nice

In the Dallas/Fort Worth metro-plex

It’s just teaming with women who want to have Texas

Be its own country, but that’s something that it can’t try twice

Come to me one time, oh honey won’t you treat me nice.

Ice Cold Fusion

Anticipation and Nostalgia Striking a Common Chord

4/24/2011

By John T. Wurzer

Taken by surprise and by the look in his small eyes

She couldn’t comprehend this strange new feeling

Trembling as he contemplated utter paradise

His heart climbed up his throat and hit the ceiling

She sensed a flush move through her hollow cheeks

A tingle and a thrill so slow and soothing

Tried to wriggle twice upon her sticky leather seat

Then noticed both her feet had started moving

She caught him quite off guard with her fiery focused gaze

Stunned now and confused, quite disillusioned

His fragile ego bolstered by her light hypnotic ways

Another moment set on fire by ice cold fusion

Another moment set on fire by ice cold fusion

Drowning in the sunset of his wise productive years

He never thought that love would come a calling

She was the full embodiment of all his wildest fears

And he couldn’t help but stop himself from stalling

Escaping for a moment, she closed her vibrant eyes

To ignore all of the things inside her thirsting

Still feeling a light tingle on the inside of her thighs

A trembling and a sense of something bursting

She caught him quite off guard with her fiery focused gaze

Stunned now and confused, quite disillusioned

His fragile ego bolstered by her light hypnotic ways

Another moment set on fire by ice cold fusion

Another moment set on fire by ice cold fusion

Ribbons of Moonlight

Adventures In Quest Of Artistic Fulfillment

02/04/2012

By John T. Wurzer

I chased you through ribbons of moonlight

I chased you through valleys of snow

I chased you through caverns and coal mines

I chased you ‘till I had to go

We borrowed our sorrow from love songs

And paid back through desperate sins

I chased you through ribbons of moonlight

Because that’s where all heartache begins

A hundred and twenty-five hobos

Built a bonfire from junk mail and bills

A hundred and twenty-five hobos

All homeless in a home on a hill

They borrowed their sorrow from bottles

Of whiskey, cheap wine, and warm beer

I chased you through ribbons of moonlight

The hobos said, “No, she’s not here.”

Seventeen lawyers from Austin

In a downtown Dallas hotel

Seventeen lawyers from Austin

Pretending they’re doing so well

Their wives and their overwrought children

Plotting revenge, getting high

I chased you through ribbons of moonlight

While the lawyers stood watching love die

In a cabin just north of Lake Placid

A blind man plays fiddle and dines

A knock at the door starts to move him

Is it a goddess or just Frankenstein?

It’s cold and it’s dark in the mountains

I had to chop wood through the frost

I chased you through ribbons of moonlight

Because the fiddler said that’s what it costs

I chased you through smoky dark pool halls

I chased you through alleys of dust

I chased you through nightmares and daydreams

Deserts and fountains of lust

I found myself endlessly shopping

In a flea market without a list

I chased you through ribbons of moonlight

As if you were someone I missed

Summer days over my shoulder

Autumn still stuck to my shoes

Christmas lights glowing at sunset

Burning with rhythm and blues

I’m really not fond of nostalgia

The winter wind bites at my eyes

I chased you through ribbons of moonlight

For a chance to stop saying good-bye

Children and Their Playthings

America’s Stage is Going Dark

4/24/2011

By John T. Wurzer

The stage is going dark on all the children and their playthings

Their gluttonous sated ways have made them lazy and aloof

Standing in the spotlight of their deeds and aspirations

I try to warn my neighbors, they keep asking me for proof

Time rolls on relentless through their cities and their towns

Bridges, dams, and highways falling apart

Common sense like an alien life force rarely seen

The time is now for changing, but the changes never start.

Spiritualism is alive or so they tell me when I ask

But only at a profit, it seems to be

You can’t read the holy Bible, the Torah, or Koran

Without some smart-ass marketing genius getting a fee

I remember growing up and hearing prophets of love and peace

Telling me to leave my worldly ways behind

Now it seems those prophets are preaching another creed

That material goods, and self-indulgence, bring you peace of mind

Temptation, jealousy, fear, deceit and paranoid superstition

Have led us down this hopeless concrete road

Parting men from empathy, support, and sacred visions

Had I known where this was going, I would have never grown this old

The night once dark is lighter now, the mutual funds have died

The good witch now anoints the baby’s head

Those once subjugated stand on rooftops in the light

It’s as if I’ve started living or perhaps I’m finally dead

The stage is going dark on all the children and their playthings

Their gluttonous sated ways have made them lazy and aloof

Standing in the spotlight of their deeds and aspirations

I try to warn my neighbors, they keep asking me for proof

Waiting for a Train Part 2

This Railroad Track Goes On Forever

Unknown Origination Date

By John T. Wurzer

This railroad track seems to go on forever

And no trains come back to carry us away

As each night turns black I’m wondering if whether

You and I should pack up and leave here today

When I think of all the years

That we spent just killing time

Never knowing we had oh so far to go

It makes it seem like such a crime…that

This railroad track seems to go on forever…etc.

This ice cold world is full of wealth and sorrow

But when you’re my girl that don’t matter anymore

Our fate gets curled around each vision of tomorrow

And this railroad track seems to whisper nevermore

When I think of all the dreams

That fade away with age

I wish I’d known that we had just one night to dream

Before the truth rang through the rage…that

This railroad track seems to go on forever…etc.

There was one lost soul just a drownin’ in a river

And a one lost soul just floatin’ in the sky

Now they’re two lost souls and they’re stuck here together

Getting swallowed whole and it makes me wonder why

When I think about your eyes

I go drifting into space

Intergalacticly disposed to keep on

Searching for a vision or a trace, while

This railroad track seems to go on forever…etc.

In this wandering life I keep looking for an answer

Not a brand new wife just some peace in my mind

But this railroad track seems to go on forever

And it takes me back to a place I’ll never find.

Water Instead of Beer

Airline Drink Service Mishap

04/24/2011

By John T. Wurzer

I’ve lost my peace of mind, if you find it please be kind

It’s not used to all this violence lust and greed

I’ve lost my inner self; someone stashed him on a shelf

In a store room where the rabid creatures feed

I found another train, to carry me to Spain,

Across the mountains that they call the Pyrenees

I stumbled into town holding someone’s wedding gown

Then tripped and fell down useless on my knees

She pulled me to my feet and asked me to compete

For status power influence and cash

Every sympathetic strain in my tired pathetic brain

Saw a vision of a train about to crash

What is special, what is not, what is lukewarm what is hot

What is cold is sold at auction for a song

What is good and what is just is just something you can’t trust

And its smiles are just illusions of the dawn

With a magic sampled bliss we were talking just like this

And she opened up her walls so strong and thin

I never should have left because it seems that now she’s deaf

And though I knock till out of breath I can’t get in

If you see her tell her this, I remember every kiss

Every sultry little hiss she let me hear

From the edges of her mouth flying north from somewhere south

The night she brought me a glass of water instead of beer

Upside Down

The Ultimate Facebook Invitation

4/24/2011

By John T. Wurzer

Guns are firing, in the hills. Echo like two clapping hands

Lovers lying very still, staring at a wedding band

Ugly Princess and the Royal staff, breaking bonds of trust

Someone ought to make them laugh, before their cracked lips start to rust

Upside down and inside out, right side up and outside in

I haven’t got an axe to grind; I only want to be your friend

Frogs are dancing on the moon, the crickets rub their eyes

Hoot owl sings Bob Dylan tunes, while the Tomcats harmonize

Wealthy banker robbed the bank, while the farmers begged for food

Piece of driftwood finally sank, with a Tom Waits attitude

Upside down and inside out, right side up and outside in

I haven’t got an axe to grind; I only want to be your friend

The Prince was tearing off his crown, beggar selling stocks and bonds

Straight man had to turn around, to watch the wise man hunting blondes

Where’s the story? What’s the plot? Where’s the moral to this rhyme

I can’t tell you, I forgot. Stolen moments are such a crime

Upside down and inside out, right side up and outside in

I haven’t got an axe to grind; I only want to be your friend

Wish I had a tale to tell. Wish I had a yarn to spin

Wish I hadn’t wished you well. Wish my heart weren’t paper thin

Sober wino, wisest fool, darkest light, softest rock

Calmest panic, loosest rule, I seen ‘em all went into shock

Upside down and inside out, right side up and outside in

I haven’t got an axe to grind; I only want to be your friend

Running around this old dog track, running a race that I can’t win

Found my way to where I am. Turns out it’s where I’ve been

Where’s the frenzy? Why the maze? Can’t you see I’ve lost my sight?

Morning came; I finally found my gaze, I woke up and said good-night

The world is spinning backwards now; the rain falls up and makes no sound

I think of you and wonder how everything turned upside down