Cheap Spaghetti Western

All Songs Written By John T. Wurzer

C1996 Help Yourself Music

Cheap Spaghetti Western

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Cheap Spaghetti Western

By John T. Wurzer

It's a cheap Spaghetti Western and it hasn't rained for years

The dust bowl's overflowing and the soup bowl's chilling beers

A ceiling fan is squeaking from above in this saloon

The sunlight is escaping from this silent afternoon

A broken man is sweeping last night's feelings from the floor

While I'm working on a bottle; with one eye on the door

I've just about convinced myself that no one really cares

When a girl named Angelina comes walking down the stairs

Her body like an altar where a thousand men have bowed

Scented, light with poison, her eyes, alone, but proud

She sits herself beside me saying, "Are we having fun?"

I feel like I am staring down the barrel of a gun.

It's a cheap Spaghetti Western and we're standing in the church

Flowers don the altar; the Raven leaves his perch

I in my tuxedo, Angelina in her gown

The organist is weeping; the choir is sitting down

The preacher says, "The ring please" and I slide it into place

I never will forget the way the sunlight hits her face

As it filters through the stained glass in shades of red and green

I can't describe the feeling; it's somewhere in-between

A child on Christmas morning and a convict on death row

A ragman drawing circles and a blind man at a show

So many dreams to share with her, I'm sure that she's the one

But I feel like I am staring down the barrel of a gun

It's a cheap Spaghetti Western and I'm kneeling by the fire

Angelina in a nightgown preparing to retire

I sing another lullaby; our child is fast asleep

The snow outside is glistening; there's moonlight on her cheek

Angelina puts the lamp out and she nestles by my side

Her breath is warm and willing, she takes me for a ride

Through lilac scented gardens, of passion and desire

I milk her subtle kisses, and we never seem to tire

We fall asleep believing that life is now complete

Wrapped in woolen blankets and a light blue flannel sheet

But morning breaks, there're bills to pay, I'm laughed at by the sun

And I feel like I am staring down the barrel of a gun

It's a cheap Spaghetti Western I've had one too many beers

Me and Angelina haven't touched in several years

She's working for a publisher; I'm selling dirty books

She's hanging out with CPA's, I'm dating female cooks

Our love is like a bonsai tree, stunted growth from birth

I'm not sure why we did it; I'm not sure what it's worth

She calls me on the phone sometimes; we talk the whole damn night

I'll never understand why something so good isn't right

She promises to see me soon, I promise her to wait

She's still a country angel, but I tend to overstate

The guilt is overwhelming, and my conscience weighs a ton

And I still feel like I'm staring down the barrel of a gun

It's a cheap Spaghetti Western and the theatre is dark

The popcorn tastes like cardboard; buttered, salted, bland and stark.

The ushers and their flashlights walk like preachers down the aisle

It's obvious to everyone, that it's gonna take awhile

It's cold enough to freeze me and I'm falling out of space

On the screen they're shooting lawmen, in my heart I'm losing face

It's funny how a person isn't quite the way they seem

When you see them in the movies, or love them in a dream

I remember Angelina like the summers of my youth

Freedom and contentment, simple love, and words of truth

There's a knot inside my stomach that still needs to be undone

I still feel like I'm staring down the barrel of a gun.

Getting Under Your Skin

By John T. Wurzer

After the fall and before the disaster

When you were looking for faults in the palms of the master

Did it cross your mind? Did it wind down your trail?

That most of our lives, we breathe and we fail

Did it start to occur that the wheels were in spin?

Did it start to divide all the feelings within?

After the fall and before the disaster

Was I getting under your skin?

After the fire and before we recovered

When everyone spoke through the smoke as it hovered

Did you look through your drawer? Did you call up a thought?

That once answered a prayer that once meant a lot.

Did it drive you insane when I spoke with a grin?

Did it break you in two when we talked about sin?

After the fire and before we recovered

Was I getting under your skin?

After the flood and before all the sunshine

Jesus had run out of loaves, fishes, and red wine

Did it sneak into nightmares? Did it slide down your throat?

Did it make you re-read all the letters I wrote?

Did it make you drink whiskey instead of dry gin?

Did it make us stop starting before we begin?

After the flood and before all the sunshine

Was I getting under your skin?

Vancouver Island

By John T. Wurzer

It's already becoming hard to remember

The light in your eyes on the first of September

The smile on your face when you found I was there

The moments we spent without pressure or care

The silk in the barroom the sweat on your warm back

The fire on your tongue when you'd start your attack

Your magical spell that you cast like a net

It's hard to remember, and it's hard to forget

It's already becoming a faint recollection

The night that we spent when I made the connection

The way that it felt as you slept in my arms

The morning I came home to witness your charms

The dress that you wore as your sang to the crowd

We were walking on fire, and the music was loud

Now the silence returns and my pillow is wet

It's hard to remember, and it's hard to forget

Couldn't stay, you're still young and you've so much to do

Girl I pray, that you'll find your destiny too

So the next time you're staring at Vancouver Island

Remember, I'm thinking of you

Attitude

By John T. Wurzer

Fusion, Illusion

And I’ve got an attitude

Can you spill another heartache on my shirt?

Can you pencil my name and phone number on another bathroom wall?

Can you drag my reputation through the dirt?

Abrasion, Contusion

And I’m walking around half nude

Can you send me grandpa’s bathrobe in the mail?

Can you take these silent teardrops from my ankles and my sleeves?

Can you sell me something cheap that’s not on sale?

It don’t matter what you say

I’m leaving anyway

Because I’ve got an attitude

It don’t matter what I write

I’m still kissing you goodnight

It must be some kind of platitude

Fusion, Illusion

Abrasion, Contusion,

Creation, Elation,

Sedation, Vacation,

Attention, Prevention, Dissention, Intention

And I’ve got an attitude.

Creation, Elation

And I’ve got a saxophone

Can you teach me to wail the forties blues

Can you chain me up to Saturday’s memories?

Can you lace me up a brand new pair of shoes?

Sedation, Vacation

And nobody else has grown

Can you bury all the questions for awhile?

Can you sing another love song that the world has never known?

Can you leave a touch of moisture on my smile?

Attention, Prevention

And I’ve got a safety net

Can you chase these dusty cobwebs from my heart?

Can you multiply the noises by the silence on the streets?

Can you tear these charcoaled funeral walls apart?

Dissention, Intention

And I haven’t found heaven yet

Can you weave me into quilts where sorrow breathes?

Can you steal another thought and place a wager on my thigh

Can you help me touch that ceiling with these knees?

Not With You

By John T. Wurzer

I was never born to live the life that you and I were sculpting out of stone

I was never born to look into your eyes and feel like I was still alone

I was never born to do the things that I was never born to do

I was never born to settle for contentment

And I wasn’t born to be with you.

I was never meant to travel down a highway just to hide from misery

I was never meant to check into the first hotel that shouted, “Vacancy!”

I was never meant to do the things that I was never meant to do

I was never meant to say, “This is good enough! OK!”

And I wasn’t meant to be with you

I was never very clever wearing leather

Or whenever cloudy weather tarred and feathered what I do

When the voices and their noises, making choices, drive Rolls Royces

Through this sentimental nightmare at zoo

When the dealer starts his dealing and my eyes roll towards the ceiling

I can’t feel what I’m not feeling to be true

I was never meant to wake up with a love I had to make up

And I wasn’t meant to be with you

I was never destine to be checking up on someone else’s daughter on the wrong side of the road

I was never destine to be begging for respect when the load shark called and told me what I owed

I was never destine to be selling out my soul for the lack of something better I could do

I was never destine to be close enough to paradise

And I wasn’t destine to be with you.

Long Tall Skinny Woman

By John T. Wurzer

Long tall skinny woman in a bonfire of desire

Dance with me this evening and I’ll meet you on the wire

We’ll balance for an hour up above the sweaty crowd

Life is like a circus with several clowns that shout out loud

Elephants and horses walk in circles for awhile

Lion tamers laugh at those who never put themselves on trial

Cotton candy, peanuts, popcorn, cokes and one more town

Let’s meet above the mayhem; you can wear that wedding gown.

Long tall skinny woman touching thoughts I tried to kill

Dance with me this evening and I’ll meet you on the hill

We’ll sit and watch the sunset and we’ll sip on sweetened wine

The galaxy is exploding; I’ll breathe and make you mine

We’re far from any city; the sky is sparkled black

Your hand is on my hipbone and you’re lying on your back

Crickets, dewdrops, kisses, perfume, lingerie and you

Let’s meet up on that hilltop honey, and we’ll do the things we do

Long tall skinny woman wearing less than simple lace

Dance with me this evening, I’ll meet you at my place

With incense and a candle, scented oils, and forties swing

My fingertips will tremble when I hear that doorbell ring

You’ll say, “My name is Tammy.” And I’ll say, “My name is John.”

We’ll touch the stolen evening like the world has come and gone

I’ll wrap you in embraces, bring you safety and a dream

Long tall skinny woman, are you at all the way you seem.

Never Again

By John T. Wurzer

Never again with a woman like you

With an ache on my thigh and too much to do

Never again with my head in the sand

An apple a day and a tip for the band

Never again with a broken down song

With a purple refrain and a right that was wrong

Never again with the wind on my arm

A flame in my mirror and glimpse of your charm

Never again with a fire that won't die

A tear on your cheek and a spark in your eye

But I can't tell you why and I can't tell you when

All I can tell you is never again

Someone Else’s Pen

By John T. Wurzer

I didn't mean to make you feel uncomfortable

As you sat across the table with those eyes

My whole world disappears when we're together

The memories and the heartaches and the lies

And although I know it's just a couple stolen hours

And tomorrow life goes on and on again

It's better to examine all these feelings

Than to write them off with someone else’s pen

I didn't mean to make you feel uncomfortable

But I had to let you know the flame was there

Your anxious looks, my lack of apprehension

The scented walls of lacey underwear

The way you brush your hair back from your eyelids

And the bond that I feel growing from within

The moisture on your lips when you were speaking

Lines that dribbled off of someone else’s pen

I didn't mean to make you feel uncomfortable

But I'm pretty sure it wasn't all my fault

As many times as we've been on this highway

And you always brought the traffic to a halt

As many times as I have tried to breathe you

While you whispered that we might have might have beens

That’s when it hurts the most to see you writing

Silent heartfelt poems with someone else’s pen.

Reggae Boogie

By John T. Wurzer

This is just an instrumental boogie song to fall asleep to.

Sensory Deprivation

By John T. Wurzer

In the middle of a nightmare

You run into a dream

As you’re crawling through the desert

You happen on a stream

Flying through the air without your limbs leaving the ground

Sensory deprivation, assaulted by the sound

There’s nothing like the feeling when you’re feeling out of touch

Nothing like the feeling when you’re feeling way too much

Nothing like the feeling when you’re feeling far away

Nothing like the feeling that I’m feeling here today

Freezing in a hot tub and sunburned by the moon

Running seven hours behind and getting there too soon

Drowning in a wading pool and walking through a wall

Sensory deprivation and the dwarf feels ten feet tall

Praying in a topless bar and laughing at a funeral

Questioning an answer and humming out of tune you’ll

Find yourself still missing and stare at nothing new

Sensory deprivation while they turn another screw

Falling from an oil well and rising from the sky

Wondering, “Why wonder?” and answering with, “Why?”

Tomorrow asked for yesterday but yesterday was gone

Life changes every minute but it can’t go on for long