Dichotomy

Writing Backwards

Scattered Memories

Crazy Daisy

Straight Monkey Blues

Jessica and Me

Everything I've Learned

Middle of the River

Midwestern Blues

Twenty Seconds After Midnight

I Only Have Eyes For You

My World Gets Pretty Weird Without Beer

Pierre The Bear

Round and Round and Back Again

Stolen Poems

Sell Me Down the River

Is it Morning Yet

Writing Backwards

By John T. Wurzer

I feel like I'm writing backwards every time that I feel your smile

Every time that I feel you falling as you're putting me up on trial

While the judge of disappointment and the jury of despair

Decide to leave the judgement up to those who never care.

It's like I'm writing backwards, every time you ask for more

Like I'm writing backwards, like I've written these things before

Like I'm writing backwards, but I can never be sure.

I feel like I'm writing backwards every time that the morning slips

Into another crossword puzzle or an hour on hour hips

While a masterpiece of wisdom soaks a dollars worth of pride

In a cauldron of deception where the heroes go to hide

I feel like I'm writing backwards because the night is familiar and clear

The sex appeal drips from the ceiling and the music bursts open with fear

While the stars keep on telling a story that defies every lesson I've learned

I feel like I'm writing backwards paying back every dollar I've earned

Scattered Memories

By John T. Wurzer

Through all my life, I have wandered through this town

Picking the nickels and the pennies and the dimes up off the ground

Through all my dreams I imagined I'd meet you

In the middle of paradise with a bracelet on your shoe

And on your head you wore a wedding veil

And outward bound on an ocean we would sail

It came to pass, like the summer turns to fall

It never lasts, when you think you have it all

Your drying eyes, my dying heart just turned the page

It's no surprise, that it makes you feel your age

Through all my dreams, I imagined I'd meet you

But outward bound, has a double meaning too

And on the road, I discovered what I'd lost

The things I owed, hardly seemed worth half the cost

and through the years, with another glass of wine

I'll milk the tears, and then wish that you were mine

Through all my dreams, I imagined we would be

Outward bound, all alone just you and me

Crazy Daisy

By John T. Wurzer

The roses are red and the violets are blue

And my blood type still matches the wine

The candles stopped burning the song's almost through

Though the words and the meanings won't rhyme

The light in your eyes is awash with your tears

And although I could kiss them away

You'd never forgive me in a couple of years

When I walked out the door anyway

The frog went a courting, he rode for awhile

With miss mousey a long time ago

Though years of endearment and vagabond style

Through lightening storms, droughts, and light snow

The light in her eyes I remember quite well

It the same light I see through your tears

I could keep hanging on, but you know I'd be gone

Down the road in a couple of years

The roses are dried up; they're sealed in a jar

That's kept in the back of a drawer

Behind some old t-shirts like a drunk in a bar

Who won't leave till he orders one more

She's sprawled on the mattress, no light in her eyes

With her memories and thoughts in a blur

There is more to your life, than to end up my wife,

Cause I fear that you'd end up like her

Straight Monkey Blues

By John T. Wurzer

Stuck in an alley with a bottle of wine

Lady Godiva and a piece of your mind

Stuck in an alley with a bottle of gin

Praying that love will never find me again

Covering up with an old plastic bag

Wiping my nose with a wet kitchen rag

It's raining harder and it's starting to freeze

Something slimy starts to crawl up my knees

Kind of funky, Straight Monkey Blues.

Trapped in a bar with a half finished beer

Marie Antoinette and a scar on my ear

Dreaming of something that makes me feel good

She was doing all the things that you said that she could

Watching the clock as it spins on the wall

And asking for somebody to make some sense of it all

It's hard enough to get lost in a song

Without wishing that you'd know the words all along

Kind of funky, Straight Monkey Blues

Born in a mine field where dreams just explode

Somebody dialing, and somebody owed

Born in the middle of yesterdays smile

I held on forever, but it sure took awhile

Burning my name on the motionless wall

Asking if someone had someone to call

Turning my hands inside out and aloof

Just trying to meet you up there on the roof

It's kinda funky, Straight Monkey Blues

Stuck in an alley with a close friend of mine

Lady Godiva and a bottle of wine

Stuck in an alley with a bottle of gin

Sweating out blood and a feeling within

Hoping that love wouldn't find me alone

Half baked, half taken, shaken down to the bone

Wearing the edge of a cold drunken smile

Waiting for absence to go up on trial

Kinda funky, Straight Monkey Blues

The Lovely Jessica

By John T. Wurzer

There's something I've got to do tonight and I don't know what it is

Facing a red brick wall that might be standing

There's someone I've got to meet tonight and I'm not sure where she lives

When the wheels of might have been just made a landing

There's a light in her eyes that kneels and cries and buries all my fears

Like a setting sun on a drying dying desert

There's a light on the lake that makes me awake when I'm wearing a thousand

beers

And drinking all night with a lifeless light flirt

There's something I've got to do tonight and I don't know what it is

Before I get there I'll be digging through the sand

There's a price that I've got to pay before this corpse inside me lives

And sends another love song toward the band

Is there such a thing as Jessica and me

Jessica and I, before we say good-bye, before we say hello to tomorrow

I'm begging to buy steal or borrow...her heart

It's only a start. It splits us apart. It drives her away.

There's nothing to say. She's gotta be free.

and there's no such thing as where I want to be

And there's no such thing as Jessica.....Jessica and me.

Everything I've Learned

By John T. Wurzer

I'd like to teach you everything I've learned from you

But I know you won't be staying here that long

As the silence starts to build a wall that makes you blue

All the lessons hide themselves inside a song

That plays about as long as the fire between us burned

But never long enough to teach you everything I've learned

When the summer sun explodes without answered prayer

And the earth below won't cool, though midnight hums

I can turn the words and phrases into love songs in the air

But I’ll never wash these bloodstains from my thumbs

Or train myself to recognize just why my feelings turned

Or find the time to teach you everything I've learned

I can feel an icy wind outside the altar of my dreams

Eating holes inside the oven of my thoughts

A sequined stale bouquet of purple flowers drying out

That once were fresh and wild forget me nots

That grew as if to tell us they were something we had earned

But never grew enough to teach you everything I've learned

I'd like to teach you everything I've learned from you

And all the things you taught me to forget

But I'm running out of time within this childish silly rhyme

And it's not quite time to write the ending yet

The Middle of the River

By John T. Wurzer

Sunk down in the middle of the river in the middle of the afternoon

Sunk down in the middle of the river, honey got to get out soon

Gotta find me a cabin sitting' high and dry, with twenty million stars in the

midnight sky

Because I'm sunk down in the middle of the river in the middle of the afternoon

Fell down in the middle of the road and I was bleeding from my knees

Fell down in the middle of the road and I heard you begging, "please"

Staring at the wheels of a pick up truck, thinking I was drinking, running out

of luck

Laid down in the middle of the road, and bleeding from my knees

Struck down in the middle of a rainstorm, lightning in my shoes

Struck down in the corner of a bar, drifting into rhythm and blues

Gotta find me a melody deep and smooth, Gotta find me a lover, get down in the

groove

Struck down in the middle of a rainstorm, lightning in my shoes

Burned out in an alley of desire, and its way past midnight now

Burned out by the poison in the fire, and I’ll never know quite how

Gotta find me another chance to roll the dice, I felt it once and I've told you

twice

Burned out in an alley of desire, and its way past midnight now

Sunk down in the silence of a song, by the time I found the tune

Sunk down in the valley of a poem, as I shot the harvest moon

I gotta find me a woman who ain't got no plan, gotta find me a woman who needs a

man

Who’s sunk down in the middle of the river in the middle of the afternoon

It's All The Same to Me

By John T. Wurzer

Same old night, same old song,

Same old woman trying to drag me along

Chester Illinois, Midwestern blues

Same old story, same old poem,

Same old woman trying to take me home

Same old night, Midwestern blues

Same old hike, same old hill

Same old woman trying to give me a thrill

Same old feeling reeling in these brand new shoes

Same old lines, same old dance

Same old woman begging, give me a chance

Stuck in Chester Illinois with the Midwestern blues

Knotty trees, Knotty roads,

Naughty women wearing naughty clothes

While this knotty little brain dusts it's dying heart for clues

Finger prints, sweaty hands,

Poison thoughts, and one man bands

Stuck in Chester Illinois with the Midwestern blues

Same old night, same old voice

Same old story, I never had no choice

Just like Chester Illinois, I got those Midwestern blues

And when the night comes closing in you feel like crying

While the angel in the sundress finally remembers my name

Falling in and out of love is only natural and I wasn't lying

There's no denying that I keep trying, but everything just

ends up the same.

Twenty Seconds After Midnight

By John T. Wurzer

It's twenty seconds after midnight, the day is barely born

The canvass of the morning sits awaiting The colors of a world that love is torn

It's twenty seconds after midnight, and yesterday is gone

The fire has burned to ashes and melted towards the dawn

It's twenty seconds after midnight, The earth is not at peace

We're headed toward tomorrow, and no one signed a lease

It's twenty seconds after midnight and no one can decide

If the trip is worth the plane fare, or the journey's worth the ride

It's twenty seconds after midnight and the passion wants to drip

From the corners of my eyeballs and the edge of someone’s lip

It's twenty seconds after midnight, not sure where this is heading

Halfway into paradise, or back to Armageddon

It's twenty seconds after midnight, too late to change the past

Some dreams go on forever, and some things never last

It's twenty seconds after midnight, too late to change the clock

Hickory, dickory, dickory dock.

It's twenty seconds after midnight, the night can barely breath

You there up on the altar, crying on my sleeve

It's twenty seconds after midnight, not much that I want to do

Couldn't live all alone, but I couldn't live with you

It's twenty seconds after midnight and the day is barely born

The canvass of the night keeps exploding in a world where love is torn.

If I Only Had Eyes

By John T. Wurzer

If I only had eyes for you my dear

And you only had eyes for me

Then I'd only have eyes for you my dear

If I'd only your eyes to see

On the way back to where I once was born

You will find ancient history

When I only had eyes for you my dear

And you only had eyes for me

In the hot southern chill of frozen night

On the banks of a childish sea

I only had eyes for you my dear

And you only had eyes for me

When the windows are closed and the air gets thick

And your tongue starts to touch my knee

I only have eyes for you my dear

And you only have eyes for me

Till my eyes close

And the rain flows

Through a place where it was never meant to be

Where the dry land

And the warm sand

Had their own brand of lifeless misery

If I asked you dance just one more dance

On a stage that no critic ever sees

Then I'd only have eyes for you my dear

And you only have eyes for me

You can live one more life in your silent head

Go to bed with exotic herbal tea

And I'd only have eyes for you my dear

And you'd only have eyes for me

If I only had eyes for you my dear

And you only had eyes for me

Then I'd only have eyes for you my dear

If I'd only your eyes to see

The World Gets Pretty Weird Without Beer

By John T. Wurzer

I remember getting home last Tuesday evening

To find someone had stolen all my things

My computer and my stereo were missing

They'd taken all my jewelry and my rings

I panicked when I couldn't find my microwave

I stumbled toward the icebox full of fear

They'd run off with the steaks and all my orange juice

But left me with a half a case of beer

I was hard at work again on Wednesday morning

I couldn't find my password on the screen

My filing cabinets were locked and chained up tightly

No paper in my dusty fax machine

A messenger arrived just after lunch hour

With and envelope that somehow missed the mail

A pink slip and a guide to unemployment

But a coupon for a half a pint of ale

I got trapped inside a damp and dreary basement

With a scientist hell bent on stealing thoughts

In an iron chair with seventeen electrodes

Taped to twenty four forget-me-nots

The madman threw the switch at half past midnight

My mind went blank, I couldn't even think

I headed for a light through all the darkness

found a bar and bought another drink.

I could do without your precious love forever

I could live without the way you lick my ear

I could put up with the lack of sex and TV

But the world gets pretty weird without beer.

Pierre The Bear

By John T. Wurzer

half the time you're thinking, and drinking, and sinking,

into another place where there's nothing there

I stood in line for hours, of showers, and flowers, while the

powers that be said we just don't care.

I bought another six pack, a tic tac, a nick nack

Another loaf of bread and some underwear

I dressed in subtle phases, it amazes the crazes that no one

understand but Pierre the bear

He’s sitting on his pillow like a wise and weeping willow

Gazing into space with a vacant stare

He knows what you've been wondering, the thundering and

lighting are another piece of something that he just won't

share.

He perches there a grooming, while crooning, a tune in, his

ornamental voice. Pierre the bear.

The first time that I met him, I let him, upset him self to

the point where he had no flair

I've been out on the road some, the lonesome, and wholesome,

said "Baby Come and Follow Me Down" and stare

But no one tried to do it like the way he tried to woo it

when he caught you hanging out in the dead man's chair

Bringing home the bacon, and shaking, the aching, a half an

inch away from Pierre the bear.

Round and Round and Back

By John T. Wurzer

My house is now a mess again

I can't believe I cleaned it up for you

I'm not hip to playing chess again

Every time you make a move it makes me blue

It's a stalemate of emotion, on a quick uneasy ocean

There's no potion of devotion you can brew

On a moist deserted island, I'm still looking for the highland

As your knight devours the queen that he once knew

My thoughts were once a paradise of questions that weren't answered twice

Though vagabonds kept knocking at the door

They rang and shouted "trick or treat", I told them that they had to meet

A girl that I'd known twice and twice before

They ran away like April streams to follow someone else’s dreams

And left me lying half drunk on the floor

Sailing up the river on a boat I called my liver

With a sliver in my heart, I can't ignore

My house is still a mess, I guess. It gets that way when you undress.

For paupers who keep reaching for your light

Asking for a midnight prayer, until they find there's nothing there

To settle their confusion or their plight

I broke a sacred solemn vow, I told you why, I told you how

I said I had the urge to make things right

You ran into a shattered mirror, I guess the future isn't clear

I'll shed another tear and say goodnight

It's round and round and back again,

Staring at an eight by ten

And wishing we had been where we began

With another pint of "I love you's"

A vinyl heart and worn out shoes

And blues that send a shiver through the band

Don't pick another helpless flower and say he loves me not this hour

Don't build me eighty castles in the sand

They'd never pass for what we had, when life was good and you were bad

And round and round was only what we'd planned

Stolen Poems

By John T. Wurzer

Now that the evening has been littered with deception and you've stolen all the poetry from my mind.

Now that the tourist has no sense of his direction and the clocks inside his heart no longer wind.

Is there anything else that sends a knife into my being like the way you touch the wrong sides of my soul?

Well, it's looking to me like the sights that I've been seeing have made me half the man I was when I was whole.

As the morning burns the fog off of my brain, diseased and swollen

I find that the stories aren't worth telling, and the poetry's been stolen.

Don't ask me, "What did you write last night?"

Because the poetry's been stolen

It's a long long way into yesterday,

When the angels started bowling

Was it true romance or a circumstance?

When the neon dice were rolling

It's a terrible crime the way the words don't rhyme

When the poetry's been stolen

When the whisper of the windy western webs of recollection Start blowing through the forest without sound

When the holiness that helped to hurry one more resurrection Falls like snow upon the tired October ground

Is there any love that takes away the questions of the past and answers all the Monday morning prayers?

I've bet it all and won it back and hoped that it would last and then found out that no one really cares

While the evening sends a shiver through my spine and eats a hole in

All the stories I'm not telling, because the poetry's been stolen.

Long Enough (Sell Me Down The River)

By John T. Wurzer

You can sell me down the river, I'll bring a hefty price

You can barter with the traitor, Say, "I only used him twice"

You can put me up for auction, watch the bidding getting tough

You can sell me down the river, cause I've been here long enough

You can call the federal marshals and claim that steep reward

They've been trying to track my movements, I've been speaking to the lord

On the side of Satan’s highway with a Jews harp and some stuff

You can call the federal marshals, cause I've been here long enough

You can write that poison letter to your friends and former boys

Let them hunt me down and beat me, I won't make any noise

In the long run, I can see it, the way every life is rough

You can write that poison letter, cause I've been here long enough

You can ask your magic mirror whose the fairest of them all

It'll answer with a question and some footsteps down the hall

The truth is hard to swallow and it's time to call my bluff

So ask that magic mirror, cause I've been here long enough

Now there's nothing left to talk about and nothing left to say

When there's nothing left to do I always do it my own way

You can ad lib till you're out of breath, I say nothing off the cuff

You can sell me down the river, cause I've been here long enough

Is It Morning Yet

By John T. Wurzer

In the silence of yesterday’s fury

When the blue skies were hazy and gray

Was I in far too much of a hurry

Did I say what I wanted to say

When the smoke hit the edge of your eyelash

And the tears hit the edge of your cheek

Did it seem like a love was escaping

Did you pray that we both were asleep

Is it morning yet?

Was it all a bad dream?

Is anything the way that it started out?

Christmas nights, summer lights, and whipped cream

Is it morning yet?

Was it all in our minds?

I’d like to pretend that this isn’t the end

But I’m afraid to get out of bed and open the blinds.

When the force of expanding tomorrows

Sold the solitude and made you unsure

Did you wilt in the grasp of it’s sorrow

Did you question the strength of its cure

When the sun hit the hazy horizon

And borrowed the light from your eyes

Did it mention when it would be rising

Did it whisper it’s final good-byes?

Can you tell that these emotions come awkward?

When the walls in my heart start to fall

I still bleed from the wounds I’ve been nursing

I can’t walk because I’m learning to crawl

If there’s a light at the end of this mineshaft

And peace at the end of this war

I’m sure that we’d arrive there together

But I’m passed out alone on the floor