Judgment Day At The Devil’s Nightclub

All Songs Written By John T. Wurzer

C1994 Help Yourself Music

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Act One

By John T. Wurzer

An eerie tapestry hung on the wall. Dark reds, greens, and purples blended together in a mysterious howl of perplexing intoxication. I started to lose myself in its black charm. The museum was getting quiet and I thought I heard someone announce that it was closing in five minutes. I tried to leave but I could not move. My feet felt as if they were immersed in a drying section of concrete sidewalk. I stood there with my hands on my hips and was sucked into the woven threads...

I found myself walking slowly down a back street in the French Quarter on a hot August night. I could hear the revelry from a few streets over echoing through the alleys, but here it was quiet. I had my hands in my pockets and was kicking an empty beer can down the street. I glanced up at a third story window where a candle was burning and incense was wafting through the screen. Shadows were moving inside and other candles flickered from across the room. I heard a crash and the sound of bits of broken glass hitting a hardwood floor. I kicked the can again. A slight gust of wind blew over my head and the candles were no longer burning when I glanced back up at the window. The street seemed even quieter now. I took my hands out of my pockets and lit a cigarette.

I opened the back door of a room that was vibrating with the sensual sounds of subdued jazz. It was a dimly lit bar filled with cigarette and cigar smoke. I think that I was the only white person there. I ordered a shot of tequila, found a table in the corner, and started scribbling some notes on a napkin. It was getting pretty late, probably two or three in the morning, when I smelled the strong scent of exotic perfume. I looked up from my thirteenth napkin and saw a beautiful young dark-skinned woman sitting across the table from me. "He'll be here any minute!" She said, with a nervous shiver of anticipation.

"Who?" I asked, somewhat intrigued, but at the same time annoyed that she had interrupted my thoughts.

"You know. Him." She responded, almost breathless. "It's Saturday night and he almost always stops here on Saturday night!"

I was about to pursue this a bit further when, for the first time since I had walked in the door, the music stopped. The heavy man at the piano took his cigarette out of his mouth, poured a shot of whisky down his throat, and leaned over until his lips were touching the microphone. The entire club fell silent. You could have heard a cockroach crawling across a sponge, but even the cockroaches had become motionless. In a low raspy voice, the man at the piano muttered, "He's here."

A short skinny bearded man in a white robe came out of the men's room, grabbed a small acoustic guitar from behind the bar, and stepped up onto the stage. The tall thin sax player slid a small beat-up chair across the stage towards him. He sat down with the guitar planted in his lap. Still, there was not a sound. "Who is this guy?" I thought,

"And why isn't anyone applauding?"

The bar manager set a single microphone in the middle of the stage and the little man began to play. Slow jazz at first; so quiet and soft that I was amazed I could even hear it. Every note, every chord, was clear and magical. The music began to build and become more complex. It grew louder, and he started swaying in his chair. His head started to bob and I could see sweat flying from his hairy face. The band started to fill in the background, and when he started to sing, the entire bar leapt to its feet and began screaming and applauding. By the time the song finished, all hell was breaking loose and the woman across the table from me had tears streaming down her face. I made my way over to the bar and asked the bartender for another shot. He looked at me kind of funny and said, "The bar's closed man. The bar is closed! Quiet, he's gonna play another one."

As suddenly as the place had erupted into mayhem, it became silent again. The man on the stage played a slow ballad, and when he got to the refrain, the whole crowd started singing along. I looked at the bartender and screamed, "Everybody seems to know this one!"

He snapped back at me, "No, man, this is a new one. Shut up and sing."

The band kept playing. Everyone was singing. I had to find out who this guy was. I made my way up to the stage and found the chair empty. He had already left, but they were finishing the song anyway. By the time the song ended, people were kissing each other, hugging each other, crying on each other's shoulders. It was the strangest sight I'd ever seen. I was standing by the jukebox watching the club empty out when someone tapped me on the shoulder and said. "Hey man, it's closing time. We've got to clear the room."

I turned around and found myself looking straight into the chest of a seven-foot tall security guard. He said, "Come on man, the museum is closed. It's time to go home." He walked me to the front door and locked it as I left. On the steps of the museum there was a frail young Afro-American woman sat in tears holding her face in her hands. Pieces of broken glass were imbedded in her bleeding feet. I sat down next to her and offered her a cigarette. As she wiped the tears off of her face and stared at the moon, I noticed that she smelled incredibly familiar. She looked over at me and muttered, "Thanks."

I took her hand in mine and whispered, "Don't worry. He's coming. He'll be here. It's Saturday night. He almost always stops here on Saturday night."

Judgement Day

By John T. Wurzer

Last call in the devil's nightclub and you see Jesus taking a bow

You've been sleeping with the holy bible, waking up with the wheel and the plow

You order an empty shot glass to go with a half-full bottle of wine

He's singing a new song, God! Is it already closing time?

Where is the ankle that savior once gave

For the good of mankind that he thought he could save

Where is the palm that was holding the nail

He's up on the stage now, Jesus Christ! He's starting to wail.

And he says, "Do unto others, and reap what you sow,

He ain't heavy he's my brother, let's play a little bit of rock and roll

What is Caesar's give to Caesar, what's mine...you'll never take it way

It gets harder to feel ya, with each shot of tequila,

Because it's already judgement day.

He's doing an encore, although they've already shut down the bar

The man in the corner whisper's to me, "Hell, I could make him a tar!"

The girl in the red shorts throws her shirt at the sweat on his chest

While the drummer keeps pleading, "Oh God, won't you give me some rest!"

Where is that crown of thorns that he wore at the whipping post

Where is the Father, Is there a trace of the Holy Ghost

Is this the end of the line or the start of the trail?

He's up on the stage now, Jesus Christ! He's starting to wail.

And he says, "Do unto others, and reap what you sow,

He ain't heavy he's my brother, let's play a little bit of rock and roll

What is Caesar's give to Caesar, what's mine...you'll never take it way

It gets harder to feel ya, with each shot of tequila,

Because it's already judgement day.

What Kind of Love?

By John T. Wurzer

I was trying to tie up a loose end

I was trying to say, "That's a wrap."

I was trying to call it a night friend

I was thinking I needed a nap

She was looking at me for the first time

I was looking at her for the last

She said, "Can I ask you a few simple questions

Before I break out of this cast?"

And she said,

What kind of love do you want for your children?

What kind of life do you want for yourself?

What kind of hole would you drill in the ceiling

If your apartment was flooded with wealth?

What kind of car would you drive to my funeral?

What kind of tears would you shed on my grave?

What kind of hope do we have for the future

If we never learn how to be brave?

Oh, yeah, what kind of love?

She was writing some notes on a napkin

I was thinking up songs in my head

While the man at the bar was concerned with

Undigested red meat in the dead

The waitress was watching the hours

As they slowly dripped off of the clock

I was praying for rain. It was driving me sane.

When I asked her, she went into shock.

What kind of style do you have in the bedroom?

What kind of art do you hang on your wall?

What kind of house do you keep when you're weary?

What kind of food do you eat in the fall?

What kind of things do you say when you're jealous?

What kind of heart will you have when you're gray?

What kind of masterpiece hangs in your closet?

What kind of game is it we want to play?

Oh, yeah, what kind of love?

The Final Chapter

By John T. Wurzer

In the beginning it was a moment

Where the outside world dissolved

In the end it was a lifetime

Upon which everything revolved

What started out as research

Became a search inside my soul

What a strange but pure deception

Thinking you could make me whole

I was looking for love, you were looking for laughter

I was writing a tragic novel, and you were the final chapter

In the middle I was wandering

Like an ant on picnic feasts

Staring through the midnight sun

And howling at the beasts

Breaking down the windows

And building brand new walls

Seeking out the tender thoughts

That flush down bathroom stalls

I was looking for love, you were looking for laughter

I was writing a tragic novel, and you were the final chapter

Somewhere near the start of what

I thought was the last page

I started to get lonely

I was acting half my age

I saw you on the edge of

What otherwise was death

I killed myself, came back to life,

And caught another breath

I was looking for love, you were looking for laughter

I was writing a tragic novel, and you were the final chapter

DEATH AND TAXES

BY JOHN T. WURZER

In times of indecision and in times of grayish lines

When the surgeon's sharp incision makes you bleed imported wines

When the fountain at the shopping mall spits acid on your shoes

And every passing stranger is either stoned or has the blues

Just remember what they told you as they snapped that rubber glove

There are only three things you can count on: DEATH, TAXES, and MY LOVE.

Death, Is only just a couple nightmares away

Taxes, Are something only the very rich will never pay

My love, Is as constant as the pollen in the air

And when you've died and paid your taxes,

My love will still be there.

When your bank account is empty and the credit cards are maxed

When you've lost your latest plaything and your hungry thighs are waxed

When you find you've slept right through the only day of resurrection

And you're looking for a savior, or at least one night’s protection

Just remember how they chuckled as the black hawk ate the dove

Saying nothing is for certain but: DEATH, TAXES, and MY LOVE.

Death, Is only just a couple nightmares away

Taxes, Are something only the very rich will never pay

My love, Is as constant as the pollen in the air

And when you've died and paid your taxes,

My love will still be there.

When the ladder that you're climbing starts to quiver at the top

And you fall into the briar patch, where you cannot find a cop

When you're heading for oblivion with ashes for a heart

Remember all the magic, and forget what fell apart

And they'll write it on my gravestone as if scripture from above

There are three things you can count on: DEATH, TAXES, and MY LOVE.

Death, Is only just a couple nightmares away

Taxes, Are something only the very rich will never pay

My love, Is as constant as the pollen in the air

And when you've died and paid your taxes,

My love will still be there.

Older

By John T. Wurzer

Perhaps I'm growing dimmer as I look on middle age

Like a song without a melody, or a book without a page

Like a light bulb burning out inside a candle lighted room

Like a used car on a January morning dies too soon

My body doesn't show it, you can see it in my face

The lines are growing longer at each checkpoint in this race

My paycheck has more digits, but the winter wind is colder

And I may not be much wiser, but I'm sure I'm getting older.

By the pool there lies a goddess draped in oil and strings today

She looks about the shape and size of those I used to play

But I'm weary of the hunt nowadays, no thirst to make the slaughter

And anyway, she wouldn't play, she's young enough to be my daughter

The children splash and yell the way I did when I was small

When the boogieman was close at hand, hiding down the hall

He disappeared a couple years before I knocked him off my shoulder

And I may not be much wiser, but I'm sure I'm getting older

The sky is like a lost love and the clouds are like the pain

They block the stolen memories and threaten wind and rain

The light touch of the April breeze cools the sweat upon my nose

The fountain trickles crystal clear water like a hose

That I played with in the driveway when I should have washed the car

I wonder why I'm writing, and I wonder where you are

Her suntan oil is at a boil, it's much too hot to hold her

And I may not be much wiser, but I'm sure I'm getting older

Tomorrow is an anchor that can tie you to the street

When others shed their suit and tie, I scratch and claw my feet

The winds of western logic and their factory of despair

Are situations locked inside a dream that isn't there

Behold the virgin angel as she perches on the roof

Alone and tired but partly wired, entranced, but still aloof

I find the things I kept inside were things I should've told her

And I may not be much wiser, but I'm sure I'm getting older

"Behold the boxed in boxes!" The apartment dwellers say

"I'll live inside a bigger box if I get rich someday"

"I'll make my room look just like something from that magazine

It may lack imagination, but it's costly, chic, and clean."

The masters of the landscape and their wealthy would-be pawns

Say, "Son this is the nineties, you don't need backyards and lawns!"

And I fought these scenes for years but now I've signed that leather folder

And I may not be much wiser, but I'm sure I'm getting older

I drive a dirty dented black and silver car around

I rarely go for walks, my feet don't ever touch the ground

I let myself lose sleep, to lay there counting cash

There's nothing on my mind sometimes, no awe inspiring flash

I find my lust on TV and I read the daily news

Hypnotized by talk shows, I've got other people's views

If rolling stones could gather moss, by brain would be a bolder

And I may not be much wiser, but I'm sure I'm getting older

The morning brings a new refrain, a day like none before

And if life is so brand new then why is it a chore

I've smoked ten thousand cigarettes and sucked a vat of beer

It's hard to breath, I can't believe that somehow I'm still here

There's no excuse for criminals like me who steal their health

I lost my true priorities and found sad sickly wealth

The costume jewels I sold to fools while my cufflinks grew much golder

Prove I may not be much wiser, but I'm sure I'm getting older

I go on dates with strange exotic women in their prime

They laugh at all my diatribes, but never spend a dime

They ask me for an answer to their adolescent gloom

They ask me in the kitchen to escort them to my room

It's then they try to take me down a trail I've used before

A teenage boy at midnight, when I lost it by the shore

They bump and grind until they find me bold and growing bolder

And I may not be much wiser, but I'm sure I'm getting older

"There's much in what you say", they tell me when I'm in the bars

You might be peddling comic books, but at least they're not used cars

And as another year gets added slowly to the rhyme

I find I value daylight more, and fear most...wasting time

It's still the same old story, what will be will always be

I may not be a child, but I'm only thirty-three

It's easy to be deep in thought, and hard to get much colder

And I may not be much wiser, but I'm sure I'm getting older

The Weather

By John T. Wurzer

Okay

You say you're looking for yourself and you'll never find her here with me.

I pray

When you finally find an answer that your heart will finally set me free.

Your arms

are like a thimble to a thumb, a blanket to a child at birth

Alarms

keep on ringing in my head like the lightening calls the dead to earth

And now

When I've written what I write, and it's time to say good-night...Amen

Somehow

We can't talk about the weather, cause we'll never fall in love again.

One love

Is enough to make to make me shatter, no it really doesn't matter now.

How tough

Is a heart that cannot feel, when a lover comes to kneel and bow.

I still remember when

You held me at the door and said don't leave me anymore,

you're the one I'm looking for and I'll never fall in love again.

Tonight

As I'm staring at a letter that would probably make a better song

Take flight

We don't need any reasons why the seasons change from right to wrong

The flame

Is more than we can handle, so let's leave it with the candle please

Take aim

And shoot it where it lies before it dies of some strange disease

Okay

The parking lot is wet and I probably won't forget where we've been

But hey

We can't talk about the weather, because we'll never fall in love again.

Not Lost

By John T. Wurzer

So why are we walking this same set of streets once again

The poet is beaten, he's cheating, he can't find his pen

And I feel like a little league shortstop afraid of his glove

Awe, but what does it matter, I'm no longer lost in your love

So why are you waiting at night for my call on the phone

Are we back at the shack with a snack or just chewing a bone

Seems my dreams are just scenes without means that we can't rise up above

Awe, but what does it matter, I'm no longer lost in your love

Hey, what does it matter, my brain starts to splatter, and life is a riddle of rhyme

Hey, what are you thinking when the ship is still sinking and all that you wish is a crime

Hey, where you been driving, the dawn is arriving, and there's nothing more worth thinking of.

And I don't give a damn, I'll just be who I am, and I'm no longer lost in your love.

So tell me why are you crying, I'm not used to those tears on your face

There's something too strange in the way you arrange the room and this miracle pace

Imported perfume, and a candle-lit room, if you can't fall then I'll give you a shove

Awe, but what does it matter, I'm no longer lost in your love

So tell me why am I homesick, every time that we end up apart

Why am I stringing, guitars that aren't singing, songs of the knife and the heart

The night is too quiet, I try to deny it, but nothing is never enough

Awe, what does it matter, I'm no longer lost in your love

Where's Flo?

By John T. Wurzer

It's been a wild and wicked windy wasted kind of day

The kind I used to dream about before love had gone away

The sun came out without a doubt and the river froze

The goddess became modest and stuck and infant's pose

Chalices were raised up toward and alter in the sky

Patients and their doctors asked the lawyers for a high

While I sat in oblivion, with no place else to go

Asking every passer by

"Where the hell is Flo?"

I said where the hell is that Kelly Girl

A temporary cure for pain

Beam me up before I go insane

Come on Scottie won't you energize

I've had enough of this world

And the tears are starting to show

"Where the hell is Flo?"

It's been like a sundae without cherries or the ketchup without fries

You can tell that something's missing you can see it in my eyes

It's been a blood-soaked blanket of an evening without a prayer

The kind you want to leave behind when it's impossible to care

The mountains block the setting sun from falling on my face

I drift back into yesterdays when beauty had a place

And all the while with life on trial and paradise in snow

I ask each passing stranger

"Where the hell is Flo?"

I said where the hell is that Kelly Girl

A temporary cure for pain

Beam me up before I go insane

Come on Scottie won't you energize

I've had enough of this world

And the tears are starting to show

"Where the hell is Flo?"

Glib and Sarcastic

By John T. Wurzer

There is no sign upon your window that I can read

Is it the bump and grind of the bimbo that makes you bleed?

It ain't the world that comes arriving at my door

That makes me think that you and I should have much more

It isn't teardrops on my shoes that make me cold.

The sidewalk drips of southern blues that curl and fold

It's only love that lights the inside of that piece of what I traded.

Is it any wonder, after all this thunder that I'm still....

Glib, Sarcastic, and Jaded.

There is no match inside this wishing well for you

It is the end result of everything we say and do

There is no broken bit of solitude tonight

That turns the moisture in your limbs to black and white

It doesn't make me want to find myself alone

There is no place to hide from the wire and the telephone

It's only love and nothing more that was belated.

Cut me down to size, I don't need your eyes, I'm still....

Glib, Sarcastic, and Jaded.

You've got your attitude, honey, I've got mine

You've got the will, to get still, in the chill of a nickel and dime.

I've got the western winds that blow in every thought that you told me had faded.

They prove to warn, from the day I was born, that I was....

Glib, sarcastic, and jaded.

Inch of My Love

By John T. Wurzer

Blackjack laying on the table spitting up blood

I'd help you out if I was able to dry up this mud

You've got hot scented oil, I've got water and wine

Take this shirt off my back, cause I'm not sure it's mine

Take another inch of my love, and let's call it a night

Cocktail glass hits the fireplace, shatters and rings

Come on back to my place, the nightingale sings

She's got fire in her throat and a sting on her lips

I can see through the smoke, she's got dew on her hips

Take another inch of my love, and let's call it a night

Hey where's she been hiding that magical glance

Is there love in the air, or is it all in my pants

Where's she been dreaming, the couch or the bed

Is there reason to live? Are we already dead?

Take another inch of my love and let's call it a night

I was holding the queen of hearts she was holding the ace

I asked her, "Is this where it starts?" She said, "Look at my face!"

With her silk laced eyes and her magic tongue

She realized she was much to young

I said, "Take another inch of my love, and let's call it a night."

Candles flickered in colors of red, white, and green

I asked myself if the others had felt this obscene

She was perfumed cloth, I was sweat and dirt

My spine revolved as she took off my shirt

I said, "Take another inch of my love, and let's call it a night."

Hey where's she been hiding that magical touch

Is this love that I feel, or a sick silly crutch.

Where's she been dreaming, the couch or the bed

Is there reason to live? Are we already dead?

Take another inch of my love and let's call it a night

The morning sun like a freight train rose in the east

Expecting the worst from the best and the most from the least

We found her socks on the dresser top

There's no need to start, we decided to stop

Take another inch of my love and let's call it a night

all the way home I was thinking that life was a joke

She touched me once or twice before her mouth spoke

She had barbed wire wrapped from her toes to her lips

As she said that she'd never felt quite like this

I said, "Take another inch of my love and let's call it a night."

Hey, where's she been hiding that magical charm

Is she lost in the woods or right here on my arm

What does she say in her sleep when she sighs

Is she full of hellos or just full of good-byes

Oh just take another inch of my love and let's call it a night

Light's

By John T. Wurzer

Your light's on, but no one there is breathing

It was the right song, but the audience is leaving

They were the wrong words, to tell you how I'm feeling

It's a strong curse that keeps on dripping from the ceiling

The light's on honey, but nobody's heart is home.

Down in the basement, it's filled with blood and water

I was an accident, she was young enough to be your daughter

In a fireplace, of romance and compassion

There's a tired face, with little love to ration

Yeah the light's on honey, but nobody's heart is home

Yeah the light's on, but the room is getting dimmer

It won't be long before we finally name a winner

This love song, has turned into a novel

It goes on and on and on until I grovel

At your feet, on your doorstep, where the light is on but nobody's home.

Your black lace, gets tangled in my nightmares

Your blank face, keeps giving me those white stares

Is it lost love, or have you lost your glasses

What are you thinking of? You know that magic always passes

Yeah the light's on honey, but nobody's heart is home

So get your back straight, and kiss a little concrete

I can't wait, until the trolley comes to my street

It's right now, I've got my self a ticket

Don't kneel and bow, because I'll tell you where to stick it

You see the light's on honey, but nobody's heart is home

Your bedroom, is a pit without a ladder

A dead tomb, you see it really doesn't matter

It took a long time, before I realized the danger

You are a nursery rhyme that keeps on getting stranger

Because the light's on honey, but nobody's heart is home

Is this the last dance, or are you looking for a lover

Is it circumstance, or are we longing for each other

It's a wild stab, but I think I'm gonna try it

A cheap grab, but still I can't deny it

When the light's on honey, but nobody's heart is home.

Good Friday

By John T. Wurzer

The party wasn't rolling like a deathtrap down a hill

The pages of the novel were like cactus to the quill

A pint of blood and body where the bread and wine still cried

The party wasn't rolling on the night that Jesus died

The mob had been like anthills on the road to Calvary

The savior fell and walked again, quite a sight to see

As blood dripped from a thorny crown, the Christians hid inside

Guarding all their assets on the night that Jesus died

The hammer like a drumbeat as they nailed him to the cross

What Caesar took as victory was mankind's greatest loss

They talk about it now just like a song that they denied

But nobody was singing on the night that Jesus died

Bleeding from his palms and ankles, hanging in the air

The wind blew cold and evil in a whisper of despair

Another crime of fear, greed, lust, and petty human pride

But no one was convicted on the night that Jesus died

With a gaze up to the heavens, like a flower to the sun

His cracked exhausted lips soon muttered, "Father, it is done."

Naked on the timbers now, with nothing left to hide

The cricket's made no noises on the night that Jesus died

The party wasn't rolling like it was on Christmas Eve

They couldn't find a single mind with the courage to believe

I heard a naked woman scream, "The prophets must've lied!"

For truth was in a coma on the night that Jesus died.