Writing Songs Behind My Back

All Songs Written By John T. Wurzer

C1987 Help Yourself Music

Deep In The Night

Wound

Just Go

Goodbye

Middle Class Waltz

Hoping Tomorrow’s Sensations Don't Hurt Her

One Night Fall

Picking the Blues

A Thousand Reasons

Money Back Guarantee

Centerfold

You Shot It

Writing Songs Behind My Back

You Finally Broke My Heart

Deep In The Night

By John T. Wurzer

Deep in the night

Deep in my soul

Some other lover

Looking to control

Some other day

Some other time

Deep in the night

Commit another crime

Deep in the night

Deep in my soul

Deep in my heart

Deep in the place that I own

Deep in the ground

You ain’t ever coming back

Deep in my heart

I kind of feel like that

One lonely day

One lonely hour

Heard my voice

Heard my tower

I heard a crash

Into another room

One lonely day

Looking for some room

I took some chances

I took some dreams

Took some loving

I’m stuck in in-betweens

Formed a wall

Around my kitchen floor

Keep cooking meals

But I can’t find the door

Deep in the night

Keep looking for a dream

Hot in your eyes

Bursting through the seam

You question what?

I answer, where?

Deep in the night

Baby, who cares?

Let’s blow the roof off

Baby, get you hat

I don’t want no loving

I can’t deal with that

You’ll find another

Cause I ain’t got the time

Deep in the night

Love and pantomime

You took the ball and chain

And you threw it out to pasture

Then it started to rain

I started looking at the master

His eyes were cold

He said, “You ain’t following the rules.”

Deep in the night

On a taxi cab of fools

Window color frosted

Through the echoes of the womb

Your frozen stare

My life within a tomb

My eyes are dripping

She’s crying in the wind

Deep in the night

With nothing left to spend

I know she’s out there waiting

She’s looking for me slow

But I always move to fast

Cause I got no place to go

When my mind gets hammered throughout time

And my heart beats broken rhythms out of rhyme

With all I see

Deep in the night

You and me

And in your time

Why don’t you hold me once?

Without expectation

Maybe you’ll find some time

I won’t need a long vacation

When I play myself

To the limits of my skills

Deep in the night

I look to cheater’s fills.

Wound

By John T. Wurzer

Trying not to sleep there is a warm spot in my heart

Glimpses of your naked body moving toward my eyes

Peering through the softness of a candle in the night

I swear I feel your warm caress and hear your gentle sighs

Inside a world of imagery unharnessed and unbound

I get wound

In silence as your lips are coming closer to my mouth

I'm watching colors line your cheeks, your glowing eyes almost closed

In an eclipse of unknown situations a vacuum has evolved

And we have filled its empty boundaries with a dream that few supposed

Hidden from the living, sleeping far above the ground

I get wound

Your body, warm and with me now, and everything's on fire

Holding you is holding passion, locked inside my arms

You wash me like a waterfall of life born in the spring

Breathing like a velvet dragon, setting off alarms

The power of nature’s elements encased in what we've found

I get wound

Drifting into lover’s motions hails the second plane

A dream inside a dream that echoes visions without form

My senses on a pallet mix and spawn a hundred more

I cannot comprehend them and the dream becomes a storm

Searching through catastrophe for one familiar sound

I get wound.

Just Go

By John T. Wurzer

Now it's long and I'm lost in the distance

The heroes have taken control

They stutter just once when I enter

Then the doors lock behind a black hole

A tiny black hole in the reasons for being alone in the dark

A glowing red speck in the night, watch the sky as it speaks to the shark

Take the magic you've learned

To another man's room

Take the lovers that I'll never know

And just go

Burn your head out with cold dark resistance

Make my body a piece of your mind

And I know if I could run the distance

I'd take you away from this time

Away from this time of exhaustion and illness that lives day to day

If I'm not really dead, then why can't I find things to say?

All the heroes I know

Never run out of words

Like running saliva they flow

And just go

The sewer is dark and deserted

The maggots have all taken leave

The bastards with wealth have all burned out their health

And it's getting much harder to breathe

Much harder to breathe when the sunlight is moving in fast on the dark

Igniting a passion and will to be more than a spark

Are your pillows as soft

As my fantasy plain

Can your holiness soften the blow?

And just go

Seven windows were born and then shattered

When you staked out the night as your own

While the creatures you carelessly scattered

Refused to be tied to the phone

Tied to the phone when the doorbell was barking in pieces of change

And tempting your psyche to give in, collapse, rearrange

I'm doubting you now

Selfish borrowing done

So much work and so little to show

Awe, just go.

Goodbye

By John T. Wurzer

I'm getting tired of going down to the river

I'm getting tired of living through my liver

I'm getting tired of taking like a taker

Living the nightlife and shaking like a shaker

I've got tracks upon my forearms, charcoal in my nose

My central nervous system kind of panics when it snows

I've got scars in places that nobody knows

And that's the reason why, I said goodbye

When I was younger I was living by the minute

I could escape before I knew that I was in it

When pins and needles were advancing toward my bubble

My feet were fast and I could run away from trouble

There was a bong in every closet, a joint up every sleeve

And time for one more beer before anyone could leave

But when the years crawled in it got harder to breath

And that's the reason why, I said goodbye

Out in the stars where the razor couldn't reach me

I met a guru and I thought that he could teach me

We forged a conscience of security and danger

So full of love, that love became a stranger

My face became a banquet of disillusioned eyes

Living on the wonderment of twenty thousand whys

Just a life long quest to be one of the guys

And that's the reason why, I said goodbye

Down in the bars you met a loser and a liar

And it was there that you chose to light a fire

I guess our love was lost and getting lazy

While I was sitting home and going crazy

The banquet on the table is all covered up with dust

A fragile growing attitude shattered in disgust

If I can't trust you, who the hell can I trust?

And that's the reason why, I said goodbye.

Middle Class Waltz

By John T. Wurzer

I wrote a middle-class waltz

Rich men are fearlessly false

Poor men are in hopeless shape

A middle-class waltz was my only escape

I work, to do more than survive

I work for to furnish my middle-class hive

I budget myself and I cut off my wings

And spend my time reaching for middle-class rings

I support causes each day on the phone

I give them ten dollars, and they leave me alone

The starving and homeless, I treat them all good

As long as they stay out of my neighborhood

I vote on Election Day

I vote to protect my middle-class way

You can't change the world, the world moves to slow

So I vote to maintain a safe status quo.

I watch, the six o’clock news

I watch it because of its middle-class views

To envy the rich and to pity the poor

To hate foreign countries and glorify war.

Night falls in my middle-class town

My wife and my children are all bedded down

My doors and my windows are locked, barred, and wired

And my middle-class waltz plays on empty and tired.

Hoping Tomorrow’s Sensations Don't Hurt Her

By John T. Wurzer

With an old familiar stare, he's standing at the door

And he's holding the door always open

And in a miracle of death, he takes another breath

And she swears that she's never stopped hoping

And she swears that she's never stopped hoping

Stranger's eyes in the mirror made her face grow black

Stranger's clothes on the floor brought her sorrow

On her face she sees the lines growing longer all the time

And she's swears that she's leaving tomorrow

And she's swears that she's leaving tomorrow

With a six pack in her hand she's been hiking through the woods

In search of a wild celebration

In the river of her brain, she's been drowning all the pain

And she swears that she's lost all sensation

And she swears that she's lost all sensation

With an old familiar sigh, he is laying her in bed

And he whispers, "I'll never desert her"

Then he takes another flight into the stillness of the night

And he swears that he meant not to hurt her

And he swears that he meant not to hurt her

One Night Fall

By John T. Wurzer

She said, "Pardon me for asking, but is that your birthday suit?"

"It is." said I. And then she said, "It fits you kind of cute."

She straightened out my tie and put the crease back in my slacks

And said, "I am the type who often dies of heart attacks."

I said, "I'm sure that I'm imposing, but I really want to know,

Do those silly walls around you tend to shrink or tend to grow?"

She whispered to me slyly that the walls are paper-thin

But getting out is easier, by far, than getting in

Then she shed her blouse of confidence, and her skirt of desperate pride

Inviting me to congregate alone on her inside

Her stockings of illusion and her underwear of scorn

Fell to the floor and nothing more was said until the morn

The morning was catastrophe to boundaries set in stone

Laying there beside her in a casket of my own

A penny for my thoughts," She said, "Is anybody there?'

While I was searching anxiously to find my underwear.

She inquired as to why my mind was leaking through the sheets

And why the victory is lost to the one who it defeats

She was strangling me with honesty and tortured innocence

And this is what I told her when I hopped her outer fence

Don't start asking me for answers to the questions in your mind

Don't start begging my forgiveness that you had to go unwind

The quest for love and laughter is a carnival pain

Don't start knocking on my door when you're caught out in the rain

Picking the Blues

By John T. Wurzer

Picking on the blues has always been my style

I guess that it's time to pick the blues for awhile

I said, mama, now that I'm all alone

Grab an old guitar and set it on my knee

And listen to the music as it's coming out of me

I said, mama, now that I'm all alone

I said, mama when you told me all about your man

I said that's alright with me

You can take him if you want to wave your magic hand

But you won't see me at a quarter to three

Saw two cats a playing in the street

I thought it was strange how two hearts could beat

I said, mama, now that I'm all alone

I saw two snakes a playing in the grass

Until the cats left the road to come and kick some ass

I said, mama, now that I'm all alone

I said, mama when I got around to finding you

And I found that you were gone

I decided I was better off singing the blues

Because it don't take long to find another song

Now I'm staring at the sky in a drunken haze

With my mind on fire and in another phase

I said, mama, now that I'm all alone

It's starting to rain; I'm getting soaked to the skin

The night keeps echoing the shape I'm in

I said, mama, now that I'm all alone

I said, mama when you told me all about your man

I said that's alright with me

You can take him if you want to wave your magic hand

But you won't see me at a quarter to three

A Thousand Reasons

By John T. Wurzer

It buries me in harmony and I am lost

Getting harder to imagine what it costs to change the world

Bet a dollar on the obvious; end up losing ten

Guess I'll never get the chance to say or do this all again

I climb a mountain because it's there

I build a wall to be alone

I cross the road because the other side is someone else’s home.

I burn the bridges that I've crossed

I turn the tide back to the sea

I guess I'll never see in others all the things I see in me

Must be a thousand cliched reasons for the man I've come to be.

I've witnessed the alternatives to racing rats

Seen the burned out and the holy cats, they both ignore their eyes

Is it true that what I see is not reality

Just another point of view that I can't banish, cure, or free.

And when the vacant night responds

To silent prayers to lesser gods

I find a song inside a sewer, kept alive against the odds

It brings new life to drying leaves

It tortures hopelessness with dreams

And it tells me hope is hoping hopelessly redundant to extremes

Must be a thousand silly reasons in this pool of altered genes

But tonight I reminisce and call on memories

To set myself apart from trees that grow without resolve

My purpose is an oriented paradox

Protecting men from timeless phrases locked inside their clocks

I haven't time to spend with pain

My feelings punctured once have closed

I am devoted to ignoring poison arrows masked in prose

In saying nothing I am free

In telling all I'm ridiculed

Living locked inside this prison cell of ignorance I'm cooled

Must be a thousand insane reasons for a man so loosely ruled.

Money Back Guarantee

By John T. Wurzer

I was sold on you six years ago, on a night when you had locked your eyes with mine

The summer sun on a window pane and your lips reflecting colors in the wine

The softness of your body and the sharpness of your mind brought ecstasy

And I spent a beggar’s fortune on your love without a money back guarantee.

No money back guarantee

Everything's gone and spent

Can't get nothing back

Except painful memories

Well the days have passed to months and years, and the years to several lifetimes in my mind

Counting on you was a way of life, counting on you just to ease me through the grind

And all the while your ears were drinking barroom talk and subplots on TV

Stories about the women who live life sold without a money back guarantee

No money back guarantee

Everything's gone and spent

Can't get nothing back

Except painful memories

And just the other day you let me know that you had held a summer sale

A pitcher of beer and a lended ear, they sprang you from this prison, free on bail

And at my heart's expense you mocked and ridiculed my state of poverty

So I'm sitting here broke and broken now, and wishing I had a money back guarantee

A money back guarantee

Everything’s gone and spent

Can't get nothing back

Except painful memories

Centerfold

By John T. Wurzer

Tina was a whirlwind child in a stagnant place

You know she could not breathe

And so she headed out for the city

Though she was barely seventeen

She started working as a checkout girl at a dying store

Selling plastic jewels

And she lived in a low rent district

But she had herself a dream

And she had time

Tina spent her nights curled up with a magazine

And she would mimic the moves of the

Over exploited models

Selling perfume, booze, and jeans

And the store closed down because the owner was thrown in jail

Selling crack to children

And Tina got lost and desperate

Searching want-ads, catching hell

From the landlord

Then she ran into a number

Says you young and looking fine?

If you are we've got a place for you

Complete with wardrobe and vacation time

So if you haven't got a dime

Give us a call

And Tina became a worldwide centerfold

On her eighteenth birthday

Spreading her legs for the lonely

And raising her breasts to the world

She was a princess for a month then they let her go

Just a little cocaine

And a couple of thousand dollars

Guess the time it lets you know

When it's gone

And she's on the phone again. Asking is there someone

Wants me to take off my clothes. Maybe just for a night.

You see I just can't sleep. Gotta keep my mind up. Way past twilight

A soul to keep. A place to remain. A heart to bandage. No umbrellas

When it rains this hard. Come and help me.

You Shot It

By John T. Wurzer

Baby, come and reach me

Baby, come and teach me

Baby, come and make my face grow warm

You can play the liar

I'll keep getting higher

The town has lost a crier in this raging storm

Honey, are you only

Tired of being lonely

Or honey, are you really tired of me?

I'm burning up with magic

I'm thinking that it's tragic

That I can't find a gadget that can make you see.

That I was building a crystal castle of love

A place that I could call my own

After years of hiding my heart in a glove

It was out on my sleeve

Helplessly prone

And you shot it

Mama as the years pass

Straight into the beer glass

Time becomes another day gone by

And if you're still expecting

To do the resurrecting

You'd better start rejecting that look in your eye

Baby, come and heal it

It hurts and I can feel it

Baby, come and please erase the past

Excuse my indecision

I was stuck inside a vision

The spell that I was under, only you could cast

I was building a crystal castle of love

A place that I could call my own

After years of hiding my heart in a glove

It was out on my sleeve

Helplessly prone

And you shot it

Writing Songs Behind My Back

By John T. Wurzer

My life is an echo of stranded horizons and glimpses of change

The top of the hill is as far as I go, then I come back again

And while I'm away, as they say, you will play on the track

I guess I'm inviting, you writing, those frightening, songs behind my back

At the base of an aging skull

Engraved on the brain

These words breathe in violent rhyme

And they call out my name

The world is a bargain for holiday shoppers with pockets of change

You say your two cents and it gives you smile, and then you start acting strange

After watching the dollars for hours in collars of black

You find that the world was hurled into writing songs behind your back

At the base of an aging skull

Engraved on the brain

These words breathe in violent rhyme

And they call out my name

My thoughts are a burgundy wine in a glass full of imported beer

I'm constantly wondering while flowing along, why the hell am I here?

And deep in my mind where the corpses of dreams start to stack

The satyr and nymph are exploiting a pimp and writing songs behind my back

At the base of an aging skull

Engraved on the brain

These words breathe in violent rhyme

And they call out my name

Rise out of the order

Escape from line

Then sit on the border

And split up your mind

You Finally Broke My Heart

By John T. Wurzer

You finally broke my heart

You finally found the tears

After years searching hard

And far too many beers

You caught me way off guard

You finally broke my heart

Nights are empty full of pain

As I'm lying in your bed

A bed that once was mine

It belongs to you instead

All the bloodstains look like wine

You finally broke my heart

All the apples that I gave

All kneeling I ignored

It's all garbage in the snow

Like a ceiling that's been floored

Where I'm living I don't know

You finally broke my heart