Getting Not Quite So Profound

All Songs Written By John T. Wurzer

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This Railroad Line

Written by John T. Wurzer

Hey, won't you stop that freight train,

I'm fixing to get on that railroad line.

With nothing' on my back but this old guitar and a bottle of wine.

You see I'm tired of hunting bigger game,

I got to find myself and forget my name,

And start to unravel this ball of twine.

Getting on that railroad line.

Hey, won't you stop that greyhound,

I'm gonna ride that dog out through the misty night.

You can tell all my girlfriends and my buddies that I'll be sure to write.

You see I've got to make this rendezvous,

With a three-eyed man whose been split in two,

And his four-foot friend with the hat and the perfect bite.

Riding out through the misty night.

Now I ain't no preacher man,

But I guess that I could tell you what he knows.

That the lord ain't saving stocks and bonds or commodities, no sir

He’s saving souls.

And this soul of mine ain't never held a gun,

Never clenched a fist, never killed no one,

Never changed into another suit of birthday clothes.

Guess I could tell you what he knows.

So won't you stop that freight train?

I'm fixing to get on that railroad line.

With nothing on my back but this old guitar and a bottle of wine.

You see I'm tired of hunting bigger game,

I got to find myself and forget my name,

And start to unravel this ball of twine.

Getting on that railroad line.

Harder All the Time

Written by John T. Wurzer

They say you've got to be what you want to be

You can't choose wrong, they'll make you scale a tree

Well I drink my straight tequila with a little salt and lime.

It's getting harder all the time.

Now I just can't seem to look at you

Without seeing me in everything you do

Watching phrases pass in silence through this coral reef of mine.

It's getting harder all the time.

It's getting harder to be brazen in these military days,

Turning slowly into statues with their military gaze.

It's getting harder to evacuate this rat-infested maze.

It's getting harder now these days.

Are you allowed to dream in a peaceful stream?

Without crossing paths with a laser beam

Is there a tapestry of poems beneath this cortex full of rhyme?

It's getting harder all the time.

If you held a war without keeping score

Of the young men slain on a foreign shore

Would it seem like senseless killing or a sickly heinous crime?

It's getting harder all the time.

It's getting harder to be brazen in these military days

Turning slowly into statues with their military gaze

It's getting harder to evacuate this rat-infested maze.

It's getting harder now these days.

So watch the night descend into rules that bend

On the side of God to justify the end

Quoting passages from ancient books once discovered beneath the slime.

It's getting harder all the time.

Now I just can't seem to look at you

Without seeing me in everything you do

Well I drink my straight tequila with a little salt and lime.

It's getting harder all the time.

Korean Shopping Mall Travesty

Written by John T. Wurzer

Well I was bustling through a shopping mall and disregarding most of what I saw.

When I bumped into a dangerous man who asked if I was headed for a fall.

I inquired as to grounds for his outrageous inquisition and he said,

"I am not a simple crazy man I'm just looking for a way to make my bed."

I was utterly dumbfounded for this little man had twisted up my brain.

"To make your bed," said I "Is always easier than running from the rain."

"I see you understand me." Squeaked this smallish little misfit from his shoes.

"I'm not sure," said I "Perhaps we ought to get some other secondary views."

So we ventured up the mountain; in the distance I could hear the howling beast.

All the while there climbed beside me this strange tramp who just kept pointing to the east.

The sun was slowly setting as we found a mystic cave upon the hill.

A lighted holy aperture that smelled of burning incense in a chill.

A bearded old musician stood enthroned against the wall with his guitar.

He was smoking on a hash pipe and meditating on a mayonnaise jar.

He explained that from now on there would be no time for amusement or romance.

And then he passed me a brown package and I changed into another set of pants.

Ever since that day I've been conversing with the aura in the air.

And speaking in the strangest sounds with dialogue unheard of at the fair.

My final words today at first may seem a silly gesture or a joke.

But later they'll come back to you and you will understand the common folk.

Today I won't be here again; tomorrow I'll have vanished into dust.

And everywhere I look the bars are melting and they're covered up with rust.

So don't climb your corporate ladders while the world is living vastly underfed.

Just spend your time in shopping malls, looking for a way to make your...

Spend your time in shopping malls, looking for a way to make your...

Spend your time in shopping malls, looking for a way to make your bed.

Ess and Em Blues

Written by John T. Wurzer

Well come on everybody get your whips and chains

We gonna drink some beer we gonna cause some pain

Drag them women all over the floor

If they got tears in their eyes, you know they're crying for more.

They got the ess and em blues

They got the ess and em blues

Split open my head

Drill holes in my shoes

They got the ess and em blues

Now some drink Budweiser and some drink Stroh’s

Some get dressed and some take off their clothes

Some get drunk and some get fried

But ninety percent get gagged and tied

They got the ess and em blues

They got the ess and em blues

Split open my head

Drill holes in my shoes

They got the ess and em blues.

Now our wrists got slashed and our backs got whipped

Our eyes gouged out and our toenails chipped

We got some scotch tape and some Elmer's glue

And now we'll do it all night until we're black and blue

We got the ess and em blues

We got the ess and em blues

Split open my head

Drill holes in my shoes

We got the ess and em blues.

Remembering Cassandra

Written by John T. Wurzer

Waiting for the leaves to change seems strange in mid-November.

Light spring jackets and open windows make it so hard to remember.

The changing of the guards inside this wild majestic shack

Has made it quite impossible to ever wander back.

Without proper supervision I just slip into decay.

Cassandra babe why did you walk away?

Was there anything I said that made it hard to understand me?

Was I a fool to get inspired and ignore how you had banned me?

The eyes I thought were burning were just fireflies and stars.

And now I sit in poverty and frequent many bars.

The ecstasy and the passion that I tried so to repay.

Cassandra babe why did you walk away?

It's the curse of secret lovers to be thoughtful with discretion.

To hold back tears of jealousy when you witness this procession.

To be proper and polite when your hands begin to sweat,

And to act as if the one you love is one you never met.

At night my muffled weeping covers up the need to say.

Cassandra babe why did you walk away?

Waiting for the snow to fall is useless here in Texas.

The barometer is sinking fast, but all that it detects is

A memory that just fades away like faces in the crowd.

The cigarettes and ashtrays with the music blaring loud.

And the tears you wept for all but me on that fateful summer day.

Cassandra babe why did you walk away?

Feel Like Crying

Written by John T. Wurzer

Why does it feel like January?

When it's barely mid-September,

Winter cold hits and it feels so scary,

I love the lady but I can't defend her.

I love the warmth she brings to mind,

And I love the way she moves her eyes,

Somehow she loves me back but it ain't no use denying.

Oh, I feel like crying

And it tears me up so to see her suffer,

Now that the nights are growing longer,

And I have so little left to offer,

And the will to leave her keeps getting stronger.

Watching the bourbon fill her brain,

Tearing up the back roads as it goes.

Life is on sale but she's not interested in buying.

Oh, I feel like crying

Waiting for the spring is in my bloodline,

And shoveling snow is part of living,

So I'll ask her once more will you be mine,

Now that we're past the point of giving.

But the freezer is broken and it won't defrost,

And poetry wilts away with time,

And she tells me it's not her fault and that she never gave up trying.

Oh, I feel like crying

Life is on sale but she's not interested in buying.

Oh, I feel like crying

The Whites Are Coming

Written by John T. Wurzer

Whoa Ho, Look out people the whites are coming.

Whoa Ho, They're gonna make the world all theirs again.

They're gonna clean up the streets with their satin sheets

And rob you with a gold Cross pen.

You'd better start running 'cause the whites are coming again.

Down in Harlem you see that big iron ball a swinging.

Darn them, they're gonna build everything bright and new.

To save the money they spent, they're gonna raise the rent

Until you can't afford hot stew.

You'd better start running 'cause the whites are coming for you.

And downtown, they're tearing down bars and building new churches.

Torn down, to make a holy place to drink their wine.

Theaters closing evangelists nosing into things I thought were mine.

You'd better start running cause the whites are drawing the line.

And this time, they won't be stopping at separate bathrooms.

This time, they're gonna make everyone different pay.

They're gonna stop the free lunch and the welfare bunch

And put a tax on feeling O.K.

You'd better start running cause the whites are coming to stay.

They're gonna lock the doors and make you scrub the floors

For less than a dollar a day.

You'd better start running cause the whites are coming

Today

Whoa

Look out people the whites are coming

Whoa ho, they're gonna make the world all theirs again.

They're gonna clean up the streets with their satin sheets

And rob you with a gold Cross pen.

You'd better start running cause the whites are coming again.

The Promised Land

By John T. Wurzer

If patience is a virtue and hunger is a crime,

No wonder there're so many people waiting all the time.

Waiting for a victory and waiting for a cause,

Waiting for the selfishness that comes with wild applause.

To spend a life in search of is not valued anymore.

You've got to find your destiny. You've got to pick a door.

It's a deal you can't get out of. Ante up and play your hand.

And know for sure, there is no cure, this is the Promised Land.

From the statue of liberty, from sea to sea for you and me,

The balloonathon bureaucracy and all the things that set you free.

The strange repulsive people that are in such strong demand.

Believe your eyes this ain't no prize, this is the Promised Land.

From the bastions of our breadbox, to the creatures in our zoos,

We are masters of our fate, and commanders of the news,

And we scoff at many millions, who believe we're losing touch,

While we shop around for hairspray and insist it's not a crutch.

And by the time we get to Saturday our Sunday has retired.

A seventh day of inspiration cannot be admired.

Such times are left for saving souls that haven't learned to stand.

Don't take a look. Just read the good book. This is the Promised Land.

If patience is a virtue then we’ve got the time to wait

Getting ready for our judgement with our shoes so neatly laced

Painting old decrepit buildings and feeding all of our friends

Making peace with all of our enemies without means to all of our ends

So, don’t be watching grass grow longer; don’t be playing with the cat

Rehearse your closing arguments upon his welcome mat

So many things to justify, our bodies sleek and tanned

Don’t make a mistake, just jump in the lake. This is the Promised Land

And So It Is Done

Written by John T. Wurzer

The night is a phantom lurking about. The beer is my closest friend.

The eyes that I wear are bursting with doubt, about what they ought to defend.

About all the dreams, the mixed up in-betweens and the terrors the night intends.

I thought we were friends.

I'm losing myself too far to the left, in fear I might get things done.

The ones on the right are cynically deft, and they venerate each other's guns.

They get in my skin with their guardians of sin and disguise what they know as fun.

And so it is done.

The day is a blessing mindless and free. My chores are a lifelong mate.

I'm finding there's no one I'd rather be, or other women I might want to date.

The day is unwound without knowledge of sound and it's bound to get here too late.

I thought it was great.

The answers to life are fuzzy and green. They lie in a pastry bun.

I'm finding there's no one I've ever seen, who stares a large hole in the sun.

I try as I might 'till the day turns to night but my sight gets reversed and spun.

And so it is done.

An Unbeliever Too

Written by John T. Wurzer

Now I don't believe in little gremlins

That come dancing around my floor.

And I don't believe in the boogieman

He isn’t hanging outside my door.

And the stork don't bring any babies.

And you can't get high on glue.

Well, I don't believe in anything.

Are you an unbeliever too?

Now I don't believe in getting herpes

From dirty doorknobs or limousines.

And I have followed many rainbows,

But the pot was always filled with beans.

And the good fairy she steals my pillows

While Santa Clause runs off with my brew.

I'd hate to see those drunken reindeer flying.

Are you an unbeliever too?

Now, I don't believe in telepathy, besides

Who’d want to read my mind?

It would be branded as pornography,

A dirty book that always rhymed.

And the Easter Bunny just snatched my omelet,

As a star fell out of the blue.

I hope it fries his prissy cottontail.

Are you an unbeliever too?

Now, I don't believe in love dear.

I haven't felt it for so long.

And when it comes to slinging arrows

I always do it with a song.

In this world of eastbound martyrs

I can't find any need for a zoo.

There's a gorilla right next to your barstool babe.

Are you an unbeliever too?

In this world of eastbound martyrs

I can't find any need for a zoo.

There's a gorilla right next to your barstool babe.

Are you an unbeliever too?

Too Much Ice

By John T. Wurzer

There's too much ice in this world of ours

The passion freezes

The storms dissolve into snow flurries

Even the Christmas bride is fading into the cold barriers of time

Not enough nights spent by the fire with dancing natives warming the hearts of men and women dressed out of character

Not enough places to escape to in the resorts of butane lighters and eyewear accessories

Not enough people playing golf for the right reasons.

Branding myself as an infant, I found many reasons to be false

Many truths to be stagnant coping mechanisms that stifle the power of the unknown

Whoever thought I'd be shaving in a room sporting clock radio telephones?

And so it comes down to this:

If you want to live in a spiritual world

You have to make a living in the spiritual world

If you participate in the profitable spiritual world you're a hypocrite anyhow

And therefore not entitled to the benefits bestowed upon spiritual people

I suppose that spiritualism is probably bullshit anyway.

The key is to get so involved in what you're doing that you end up making a living accidentally

You then say, "I chose to do this. How was I to know that it was going to make me rich?"

People will then respect you, and your name will come up at church picnics, office parties, AA meetings, supermarket express lane lines and funerals

Alas, you will become so popular that you will forget what it was that you were trying to do in the first place

You'll start to associate yourself with your name

Soon your name will become something that you are trying to be

You'll become very introspective about these types of things and write in generalizations that perplex the sober mind

Children will walk up to you on the street and ask you why it is that mommy and daddy are so confused

Before long you'll come to realize that people are taking you seriously

You'll think to yourself, "Christ! We can't have that! They don't even realize that I don't know what I'm talking about!"

You'll then decide that in order to liberate yourself from your adoring public, you'll have to shock, dismay, and mostly scare the living idea out of their tiny little heads

This never works

It's impossible to be a great man

There are opposing sides in any situation

A great man can solve these, but does not decide

A great man is a part of all of everyone

And if everyone decided simultaneously that they'd rather starve to death than chase false goals, false morals, and false esteem, then harmony of a different kind might be achieved

A strange wall is erected, and a diamond glows from the center of time to achieve influence among the strangers in the cave

We arrive with the rain. We leave with the drought

We are water, but now we are frozen. Locked on a course that leads to nothing

The central point is tucked away in the tropics where there are no burgers

But here in this restaurant…There's too much ice.

Boxcar Blues - Written by John T. Wurzer

Well I was stranded in a boxcar, east of Vegas, west of Maine,

Trying hard to maintain consciousness before I went insane.

It was a house with missing windows, a lookout with no view,

In a place where you can search for days and still find nothing new.

Getting lonely was a pastime. Being dizzy was a trade.

Confinement in the darkness like a sunflower in shade.

It was in the time of cola wars, when snob appeal was free,

And the astronauts were spinning, falling swiftly to the sea.

The cold war searched for melting pots, the missiles chased their mates.

And men and women scanned physicians’ records before dates.

It was a time of no confusion when important things were plain.

And I was stranded in a boxcar when they asked me to explain.

Waiting in the desert, pressed for a cause,

Searching for a hobo, disguised as Santa Clause,

Burning up with misery, and angry at myself,

Worried about the altitude, while ignoring all my health.

There isn't much to stir up; the mixing bowl is dry.

And everybody wonders why I long to touch the sky.

Your furniture and accoutrements are silly and obscene,

And you never know just who you are until your lawn is green.

You always state the obvious, you never chance to dig,

Like a news report that's on the scene or a jazzman at a gig.

Your feelings are like discussions taking place beneath the flesh.

Your heart is like a broken twig, a deteriorating success.

I can feel your naked anger in the emptiness I hold,

But I'm still too shy to look in the eye of a blood that runs so cold.

You can't get high on solitude until you're overwrought,

Believing in the things you know but never have been taught.

The emptiness is evident; it's an often-showered stain.

You can't believe that the blood on your sleeve is a mirror of your brain.

Now I do a lot of thinking about my will to live,

And I realize that otherwise I'd lose the will to give.

I breathe in stagnant places; I talk to dead guitars.

I associate with people who haven't driven cars.

I get burned up when a person who hasn't found a place

Pollutes the worlds of other men who wish to state their case.

I describe it as a virus, quite unknown and still obscure,

While the wasted pets of fancy dogs get smart and go on tour.

I told them that their piece of mind got lost between my toes,

And that people filled with stature should be safe before they doze.

I pleaded with the powers that be to help me and abstain.

But everyone kept laughing at the boy upon the train.

Afraid of all this relevance, I staggered to my feet,

And I cursed the man that put this silly boxcar in the street.

Then the walls all turned to plate glass; I shuddered at the sight

Of all my childhood heroes taking refuge in the night.

And while the peaceful men get broken, I get awesome and complain.

Don't swing your bloody wrecking ball at this boxcar in the rain

Paul Maurice Revere

Written by John T. Wurzer

I knew a traveling man named Paul Maurice Revere.

I thought he was a friend, but then he wasn't here.

I bet him twenty dollars that he could not sit still.

He rode right out of town and then he put me in his will.

A rolling stone may gather no moss.

There must be a profit to offset this loss.

Can't be two places without being mad,

But staying in one wasn't meant for this lad.

He never held a job. He lived off you and me.

He had no prize possessions, no banjo on his knee.

He carried a pen and paper, a knapsack and a beer.

He witnessed wealth and poverty, suspicion, greed, and fear.

He traveled 'cross a country. He traveled 'cross a world.

He never gave a thought to how his hair was curled.

He tasted from the gutter, and he ate off china plates.

And he never paid attention to the tax or interest rates.

Alone, up in the mountains, in a cave without a fire.

He stared through coal black walls, and he watched a pagan choir.

The beauty and deception made him stop and shed a tear.

He had so much to share, but he had nobody near.

He lives now in Boston, with a wife and with a child.

He sits upon the hearth, while his memory runs wild.

I phoned him up today, just to catch up on his dreams.

And he told me that one's life is never quite the way it seems.

I knew a traveling man named Paul Maurice Revere.

I thought he was a friend, but then he wasn't here.

I bet him twenty dollars that he could not sit still.

He rode right out of town and then he put me in his will.

Plaster Caste

Written by John T. Wurzer

Rocks on the road. Extraordinary load.

Probably meant to make this journey last.

Probably meant to hinder all this progress of man,

While forgetting what was once a plaster caste.

Plaster Caste around my legs and I can't move without my crutches.

Plaster Caste around my wrist, I can't even write my name.

Plaster Caste around this heart of mine, unfelt but working overtime.

I'd give three nickels for a dime, to find out whose to blame.

Prescriptions filled. Time just being killed.

Well I guess this drugstore counter's not my style.

I guess I shouldn't linger in this misty magic dome.

Clay feet attached to square ceramic tile.

Plaster Caste around my legs and I can't move without my crutches.

Plaster Caste around my wrist, I can't even write my name.

Plaster Caste around this heart of mine, unfelt but working overtime.

I'd give three nickels for a dime, to find out whose to blame.

Ah, but perhaps I don't believe this institution

With its bureaucratic schemes and precedent

Has an answer to this air and noise pollution,

And the clever way that money gets misspent.

So much to do. Catching the Asian flu.

And wondering when the pages start to turn.

Wondering when this scenery of dark maroon and gray

Gets colored here with something more to learn.

Plaster Caste around my legs and I can't move without my crutches.

Plaster Caste around my wrist, I can't even write my name.

Plaster Caste around this heart of mine, unfelt but working overtime.

I'd give three nickels for a dime, to find out whose to blame.

I've seen rocks on the road. Extraordinary load.

Probably meant to make this journey last.

Probably meant to hinder all this progress of man

While forgetting what was once a plaster caste.

Danger Zone

Written by John T. Wurzer

There she goes, off through the streets again walking away with my heart.

And still it shows, in the people I meet at ten, they watch as my tears stop and start.

Heaven's a place for the warm silent face I knew. Hell is a place I have known.

Mansions and moonbeams feel empty, it all seems like years pass and no one has grown.

In this danger zone.

Eye to eye, we fall into patterns of dreams we had known in the past.

Flying high, wasting the ones we love, and swearing we've all had a blast.

Two-day-old wine and a song they call mine left me here with a life I condone.

I gasp for a breath, needing life after death, after life left me uselessly prone.

In this danger zone.

Passion sleeps, mercifully silent while memories get lost in my brain.

You play for keeps, and after the money spent, I'll be my own ball and chain.

Ashes to ash, burning cold with a flash, turning time into trash with no home.

Winos and fools using dangerous tools just to drive out the ghouls as they moan.

In this danger zone.

Morning breaks, desperate for hope; I get lost in the warmth of the sun.

These mistakes are gone as I soon forget, moments just blend into one.

Peace on this earth must be found in rebirth, and I'm finding it's worthless to groan.

Happiness waits in some less-altered states without lengthily debates with my clone.

In this danger zone.

Talking Laundromat

Written by John T. Wurzer

Well I got out of work, I was feeling low, and I had no other place to go.

So I sorted the clothes, put on my hat, and I headed down to the Laundromat.

Feeling strange. Pockets full of change. Sniffing that A.L.L.

Now Laundromats are beautiful places if you want to meet folks with frowns on their faces.

It's paradise for the down and depressed and it makes you feel like you feel the best.

Everyone else, standing around, watching the spin cycle, measuring the size of their pockets with their hands.

Well I put my clothes in the washing machine and all the housewives faces turned green.

I guess I was one of those peculiar sights, mixing my coloreds in with my whites.

Integration in a strange situation. Pretty soon I'll be busing those clothes.

Well I could feel the tension build higher and higher as I went to put my clothes in the dryer.

The housewives were suddenly stranded with fear, cause I only do wash about twice a year.

Used up nineteen dryers. Never could understand why there are twice as many washers as dryers. A lot of people walking around in wet clothes I guess.

When the clothes got dry I was feeling bold and I decided for a change that I'd fold.

And it put a frown on a housewife's face when she saw me fold everything in the wrong place.

"Creative creasing." I told her. "Besides I usually iron 'em before I wear 'em."

Well I got the clothes back to my room and I brushed 'em in the corner with a kitchen broom.

With a path to my refrigerator clear, I sat down to have a beer.

"To hell with all this." I thought, "If it didn't get so damn cold, I'd go naked."

If I Catch You with Your Clothes Off

Written by John T. Wurzer

If I catch you with your clothes off baby

When your polyester guard is not around

Will you love me like the stars

Will you sell me cheap cigars

If I catch you when your pants are down?

If you answer to this phrase I give you

You have surely missed the yacht at noon

And the boat that sails away

Will leave you sleeping where you lay

If you answer yes or no too soon.

Are your lips a little sore from speaking

Is your conscience stranded in Beirut

If I lead you to the edge

Will you cast me off the ledge

If I catch you in your birthday suit?

And if I catch you with your tan lines showing

Will the trembling in my arms cause me to drown

Will you rescue me in haste

With a sample or a taste

If I catch you when your pants are down?

If I catch you with your clothes off baby

When your polyester guard is not around

Will you love me like the stars

Will you sell me cheap cigars

If I catch you when your pants are down?

Help Me Janet

Written by John T. Wurzer

Help me Janet, 'cause I'm slipping down,

I can't find no sanity in this here town.

The church brought the merchants to the city of light,

And now I won't get involved in the heat of the fight.

Oh where, oh Janet, is that piece of mind?

I checked in the drawer and what did I find?

A thousand people taking sides of the law,

And everyone talking out the side of their jaw.

Hold me Janet, while I go insane.

I've been washing all day. I can't get rid of this stain.

People trying to decide how to protect their gold.

Always sneering at each other, always growing old.

So don't forsake me Janet. I'll be alright.

When the snow turns black and the grass turns white.

When the buildings fall to earth because of childish whims.

When the air gets silent and the sunlight dims.

Can you love me Janet? Can I trust in that?

Are you sure there's nothing hiding under my hat?

Even knowing that my mind swims in a sea of hate,

Can you understand the reasons I've grown young so late?

Oh believe me Janet, for I cannot lie.

I'm too lonely for hello. I'm too scared of good-bye.

Bring me up to the mountain. Get me onto your ship.

This disease keeps growing and I'm starting to slip.

Well, come and touch me Janet, 'cause you know me so well.

It's a week in paradise; a weekend in hell.

Passing bread to the table. Sipping wine from a glass.

Can you elevate the bridges when the barges pass?

Send me hope now Janet, for my time has expired.

I'm perpetually wasted. I'm perpetually tired.

If the wheels of this universe are going someplace,

My guess is they'll arrive there having lost my face.

Oh, be prepared dear Janet, for the days grow short.

The nights grow longer. There's no sense in sport.

For the games that we play make us indebted to all.

Paying prices for obscurity to those who are tall.

Sell your car now Janet. It won't do any good.

There'll be no place to drive in this whole neighborhood.

For the houses are condemned and the buildings repossessed.

And it's all we can do to wake up and get dressed.

A Place to Stay

Written by John T. Wurzer

He always longed to be a black man, and she would always stumble through the town.

He found it hard to understand her, always living in a world so upside down.

On the surface, he would laugh a lot whenever there was something to be felt.

But on the bottom of his ocean lay a thousand different bruises he'd been dealt.

Refrain:

Too many fears, too many beers,

Too many bars, she's seeing stars.

Too many nights filled up with lust,

Too many things he doesn't trust.

Too many days spent waking up,

She slips and falls on a coffee cup.

He used to cater to her whims,

But now he fumbles with her limbs and hides away.

He could be climbing corporate ladders, but he's found a place to stay.

She always longed to be a critic, and he could never find himself at night.

She filled a book with bright impressions, while he stared through walls and almost lost his sight.

On the surface, she would laugh a lot when promises were made of better things.

But on the bottom of her ocean, empty promises lay rusting with her rings.

Refrain

If there's a moral to this story, Then it has yet to reach the surface of my mind.

Perhaps we live too many secrets, While we're running fast and falling far behind.

I'll never know what makes the air so hard to breathe or why the water leaves a stain.

It's all this endless fascination that inspires, corrupts, and causes me such pain.

Refrain

Family Ditty

Written by John T. Wurzer

Once again a feeble mind has passed into the magic land.

Once again my life is feeling like an empty book.

A page begins where the last one ended, things I've been, things I've pretended.

Well I guess I never lost what I thought the others took.

From my mother, I have faith to feel what I cannot touch.

From my father, I have bother and the need to be the best so much.

From my brothers and my sisters: foundations, hope, and lust.

A time has come to rearrange, to pattern, and to trust.

Now traitors leave their countries for the wealth of selling out.

Children leave their parents just to try another town.

A group of lovers once disbanded, never knows where others landed.

I found my home intact indeed, but lonely for the clown.

From my mother, I have faith to feel what I cannot touch.

From my father, I have bother and the need to be the best so much.

From my brothers and my sisters: foundations, hope, and lust.

A time has come to rearrange, to pattern, and to trust.

Now love is never found in thank-you, words mean very little.

It hides in subtle crevices that creep away from you.

Tyrants play with pawns for hours, princes climbing empty towers.

I have all that I have, I know it as a family stew.

From my mother, I have faith to feel what I cannot touch.

From my father, I have bother and the need to be the best so much.

From my brothers and my sisters: foundations, hope, and lust.

A time has come to rearrange, to pattern, and to trust.

I Can't Take it Anymore

Written by John T. Wurzer

I walk in circles like the fool. Surrounding life and eating gruel.

Considering the golden rule, I've lent the world a hand.

Conceited in my poverty, I criticize those over me.

And scoff at all their history. They'll never understand.

I grew up wise within myself, with disregard for mental health.

My visions of the greatest wealth brought minstrels to my door.

They sang of truck stops on the moon, and of trying to get there too soon,

Without the help of Woody's tune. A hero's dreams of war.

And I'm sorry if it startles you. I can't take it anymore!

A ghost is in my Fridgedaire. It's looking for the midnight air,

And it clamors in a sad despair because death is losing ground.

The winners, they want to prolong life, to make this world of ours a wife.

You take the fork. I'll take the knife. And we'll feed upon its sound.

But when the bells ring time to go, you'll find me cursing acid snow,

'cause the friends I've had no longer know what it means to leave the shore.

Ignoring what I know as pride, I try to keep the other side,

From balancing its TV guide on my armchair that gets sore.

And I'm sorry if it startles you. I can't take it anymore!

Now it's like you to be cold as fear, at anytime of any year,

No you shouldn't ask such a stupid seer to master what you've known.

The torrents of the storm evolve, to give you problems that I can't solve.

And it makes my spinal cord revolve, to see you sit there all alone.

Outside above a private shower, where you base your dreams in any tower.

With the vultures who will soon devour, the apple and the core.

No it's not the art of looking good, and it's not this fancy neighborhood.

It's just doing what I thought I should, that forced me to explore.

And I'm sorry if it startles you. I can't take it anymore!

So rest your head against my skin, and we'll watch the carnival begin.

The price is paid. It's time to win. The sirens sing so wild.

A patient doctor's evening prayer has told me that there's no one there.

And the witches say it isn't fair when the stovepipes spare the child.

So tonight I left the floor to try, to find a reason not to cry.

The furniture had its reply, and it whispered (shouted). to the floor.

He ought to build his castles strong, on the images that built this song,

on the weakness in the eyes that long for others to get poor.

And I'm sorry if it startles you. I can't take it anymore!