The Running – c2008-2020 Helpyourselfmusic.com

*All Songs Written, Composed, and Performed by John T. Wurzer except for Vocals on Tickle My Fancy which were contributed by Susan Haefner*

Facebook

After the October 31st, 2008 release of an album on which my cousin Susan and I collaborated; which was called “Disconnected” (the title track of which encouraged everyone to go “off-line” and reconnect with people in person) I was somewhat ironically introduced to Facebook as a means of “getting my music out there”.

Wow!

My first couple of months on Facebook were like watching my whole life flash before my eyes. I suddenly became “friends” with everyone that I’d ever met in the first 47 years of my life. It was a “mind-memory-melt”; from preschool to elementary school to middle school to junior and senior high school through college and my first marriage through my career at Diamond Comic Distributors and oops here I am.

That said…

The album “Disconnected” received better feedback than any of my previous musical endeavors and I immediately set out to write another set of songs that my cousin and I could record as a follow up album.

Duets

Inspired by 47 years of nostalgia on Facebook and the prospect of collaborating with a professional singer once again; I set out to write songs that could be recorded as male/female duets and/or songs with juxtaposed themes to show both sides of looking back at lost love or looking forward towards love to be. I wrote in bars, on my back deck, in the state parks of Maryland, in front of my computer late at night, and at Jiffy Lube while waiting for my Honda Civic to have its oil changed. Many of the songs were written with the idea that someone who sings much better than I do would be singing them.

And Then Life Stepped In…

My cousin landed a job with the Billy Elliot Tour. My professional life became considerably more complicated as we migrated our IT, meta data and data processing to accommodate doing business with “big box retailers” such as ToysRUs, Spencer Gifts, GameStop, Target, Amazon, etc.

So, I set aside this group of songs and wrote another album called “Perfect Nonsense and 14 Other Unresolved Issues” which I recorded at my dining room table in a single afternoon in order to prevent myself from quitting my job.

Explanation

A long time ago when I took my first full-time job with Diamond Comic Distributors, Inc. I promised myself that if I could not produce at least one album of original music every year then I would quit my job with Diamond and go back to doing what I love to do…writing and recording music. When I realized that this album was not going to happen in 2009 I took the appropriate measures which produced “Perfect Nonsense”… and then this album didn’t happen in 2010 (Plastic Slacks) or in 2011 (THIS) or 2012 (This, That, and The Other and The USA to Play) or 2013 when Susan and I actually got together and ran through these songs one afternoon to no avail because…

I Became a Vice President…

Which took up pretty much every waking hour I had except for the time I spent writing “Cockroaches of the New Millennium” (2013) followed by “Light Railroad Guy” (2014), “Descending Stares” (2015), “Pokey Maslow” (2016), and “Mississippi Sunset” (2017); leaving this group of songs to marinade in the subtle spicy rivulets, streams, and rivers running through my life.

Until I Retired…

After which I thought that I would have more time to myself than I could ever know what to do with. Surely, I could find a way to get together with Susan and record these songs. Oops…except that suddenly I was moving to Kansas and Susan was consistently gainfully employed and somehow inexplicably involved in a romantic relationship with a drummer from Canada. (😊) I also had other things on my mind such as “Cliff Walk” (2018) and “A Werewolf’s Thesis” (2019) until this happened:

Pandemic

Some people washed their hands, cleaned out their closets, basements, attics, garages or consciences. Some people took to social media in droves recounting exactly how much they weren’t doing or weren’t allowed to do. My thoughts turned back to this lost set of songs that I’d been holding in my pocket all these years. I promised myself that I would do it this time with or without Susan. I never actually touched base with Susan until the project was almost done. At that point I asked her if she would sing one of the many songs on this album that I don’t feel vocally comfortable with…Luckily, she said yes! (“Tickle my Fancy)

And so it was

That I finally got this done. It isn’t what I imagined it to be when I first I envisioned the playful back and forth between my raspy John Prine / Bob Dylan / Leonard Cohen kind of voice and Susan’s sweet melodic tones; but it is done and she’s on the album and I hope everyone enjoys it.

The Running

Is more about how we run through our lives and our lives run through us; than it is about rivers or streams or machines or athletes on a track or pantyhose or watching time expire…or maybe it isn’t. I’m still making my way downstream wondering what I will see when I finally arrive at the shore of the endless sea that is eternity.

Lots of love,

Keep hoping and praying for peace on earth,

Stay safe and love one another constantly

John

**The Running**

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Everyone likes to know what the songs are about. I don’t even know what these songs are about anymore. Nonetheless here’s what I think they may or may not be about.

1. **Alive in Me** – I remember writing this on our deck in Maryland while staring out at the backyard after sundown and noticing the full moon come into view. I write a lot of “moon songs”. The moon is alive in me yet at the same time dead, dusty, and devoid of life of any kind.
2. **It’s Alright #23** – There is nothing profound about the number 23. The Traveling Wilburys released a song called “It’s Alright” way back in the early 1990’s thus I didn’t feel right about just calling it “It’s Alright”.
3. **Running From The Truth** – Sometimes it seems like we spend our lives running from the things that we **really** want so that we can have the things that everyone else tells us we **should** want. “I came bursting from my mother’s womb wearing restless shoes.” That much I know is true.
4. **Special Glow** – NOSTALGIA, pure and simple. This song reminds me of the night that Diane and I met, but it really wasn’t written about that. I’m not sure exactly where it was written or what I was thinking about. Love was so much simpler when love was merely a feeling and not a commitment or a responsibility or a moral obligation. Regardless, I hope that when I have loved; I have done so as passionately, responsibly and compassionately as I could. Still, love was simpler when I was younger.
5. **Staying Sane at the Jiffy Lube** – I used to write poetry while I was waiting for my car to have it’s oil changed. It was on a Saturday at the Jiffy Lube when I opened my notebook to write. I took out my pen. It wouldn’t write. The ink was all clogged up and sticky. I wiped off the tip of the pen, heated it up by rubbing it between my hands, and eventually it somewhat reluctantly started to blotch ink on the page. ERGO… this song which turned into some kind of metaphor that I’m still not sure I understand.
6. **Tickle My Fancy** – I started writing this song one Saturday morning in Maryland when I woke up next to my wife. The rest just followed whenever I found a few minutes to myself. Thanks to Susan Haefner for the excellent vocals.
7. **The Love Feel** – This was written as an answer to the previous song and as such it became my response to Susan’s vocal. The entire album was originally supposed to be back and forth “relationship songs and lyrics” between my cousin and myself. Some songs were to be duets while others were to be answers to the previous song. Still, listening to this song after the previous track makes me smile at just a glimpse of my original vision.
8. **Long Tall Bottle of Beer** – So many of my “University Pub Years” memories had faded into oblivion until I got on Facebook and then they all came rushing back into my brain. I think that’s why I wrote this. Then again, maybe I was just thirsty.
9. **How Are You** – I had a dream one night. The dream was something similar to this song. Other than me; I’m not sure who was in the dream. Or maybe it was a nightmare one day. Or maybe I can’t even remember writing this song. It’s probably the latter.
10. **Stashed Away** – When you make your job your career; and then you make your career your life; and then you make your life a quest for a goal that wasn’t even your goal in the first place, it’s important to have something that you keep hidden in a safe place that you can return to in order to secure your own peace of mind. For so many years I kept my music and songs out of my professional life. I did it because I was afraid that work would poison this part of my life and swallow it as it had almost every other aspect of my life. I’m not sure whether or not hiding it for so long was a good idea; but that’s what I did while I was on my way to becoming the man that I was pretending to be. (“The Man I Was Pretending to Be” is a song that appeared on my Mississippi Sunset album but what originally written with this group of songs for this album.
11. **Already Numb** – Memories can’t hurt me; even memories that were once forgotten and come back and slap me in the face. Somewhere along the line I became far too numb to experience the feelings.
12. **The Catbird Whines** – We don’t have any catbirds in our backyard in Kansas. In Maryland they were there all the time whining their asses off. The catbirds were kind of annoying way back then…now I miss them. I wonder what that means.
13. **Mighty Long Time** – Sometimes I write songs I shouldn’t write. I think I did that once a long time ago and someone completely misunderstood the song. It led us both down pathways that doomed our relationship. For that I am sorry. Sometimes songs are just stories. People should never take me too seriously.
14. **Ink Spots on the Carpet** – This is another song written in the waiting room at Jiffy Lube. I took out my notebook and pen; looked down at my feet and saw blobs of ink stains on the carpet. I immediately wondered what words the ink would have written had it not been dripped so carelessly onto the carpet.
15. **Fifty Miles Away** – Don’t know. Don’t care. I just like playing it. It’s was from some kind of a dream, or stoned tripping fantasy, or just a story in a children’s literature collection…I added the pandemic verse this year.
16. **River of Love** - It is a long trip for the water that runs from the mountains to the sea. Until you’ve actually done it you should keep your advice to yourself and focus on your own life.
17. **The Running** – Where has it gone? Where did we go? Was it a song that moved too slow? In the end it doesn’t matter. One mile at a time. One foot in front of the other. Keep going. Don’t stop. Don’t give up. Touch others’ hearts. Touch your own soul. Live well and run through it.

Lots of love,

Hope for peace on earth,

John

**Alive In Me**

By John T. Wurzer – Key of D – Capo 2 Play C – 192 BPM

One Cold Night

I lifted up my eyes and saw the moon

Big round eyes

A wishing well of kisses on its tomb

Oh so cold

Now grayish and no longer made of cheese

Bought and sold

Its dusty rocks and light hypnotic tease

It's alive in me and all at once it's dead

It’s a real thing but it’s only in my head

It’s been sharpened like a set of priceless knives

And it's been with me throughout all of my lives

Shadows cast

On a night not quite as dark as when we met

Love will last

Just as long as right and wrong can't place a bet

Wheels still turn

As I shop for clocks beneath this wishing well

Dreams still burn

As a house once made of cards falls straight to hell

It's alive in me and all at once it's dead

It’s a real thing but it’s only in my head

It’s been sharpened like a set of priceless knives

And it's been with me throughout all of my lives

**It’s Alright #23**

By John T. Wurzer – Key of A – 162 BPM

It’s Alright, you’ve been confused

It’s Alright, you’ve been abused

It’s Alright, we’re all amused to watch you living

It’s Alright, if you’ve been fooled

It’s Alright, if love has cooled

It’s Alright, the spot light is unforgiving

It’s Alright, to live and breathe

Stay all night and never leave

It’s Okay to burn the day in thoughtful silence

It’s Alright to shed your gown/frown

Every night when the rain pours down

If only to drown the sound and calm the violence

It’s Alright, I’ll take you there

It’s Alright, you’ve paid your fare

It’s Alright if tonight there’s nervous laughter

It’s Alright, for love to grow

It’s Alright, that you still don’t know

It’s Alright for you to learn about it after

It’s Alright, to live and breathe

Stay all night and never leave

It’s Okay to burn the day in thoughtful silence

It’s Alright to shed your gown/frown

Every night when the rain pours down

If only to drown the sound and calm the violence

It’s Alright for a heart to bend

It’s Alright take a break my friend

It’s Alright if you’re too uptight for dancing

It’s Alright if you’re afraid to sing

It’s Alright it don’t mean anything

Tonight let’s turn off the lights and start romancing

It’s Alright, to live and breathe

Stay all night and never leave

It’s Alright if tonight there’s nervous laughter

It’s Alright, for love to grow

It’s Alright, that you still don’t know

It’s Alright for you to learn about it after

It’s alright. It’s alright. It’s alright we can learn about love after

**Running From The Truth**

By John T. Wurzer – Capo 5 Play in G – 168 BPM

Well I’m going down slow tonight

I’m going down hard

I’m going down to where we used to

Play out in the yard

And it would serve me right if you were

Out all night and I was torn

See I’ve been running from the truth babe

Since the day I was born

I came bursting from my mother’s womb

Wearing restless shoes

An infant who persistently gave

Paradise the blues

But my legs just kept on pumping

Like somewhere there was someone I should warn

Have you been running from the truth babe

Since the day you were born

Can you feel the naked laughter?

Can you breathe a naked breath?

If it touched your naked soul tonight

Would it scare your heart to death?

Have you found that feeling yet?

Like the night we met

It was quite a storm

Have we been running from the truth babe

Since the day we were born

I was out there on the road one night haunted by the past

My pace had finally slowed and life was catching up real fast

And it was just for that night but you caught my sight

And made me warm

Seems I’ve been running from the truth babe

Since the day I was born

Can you feel my naked laughter?

Can you breathe my naked breath?

If it touched our naked souls tonight?

Would it scare our hearts to death?

When we finally start to breathe

Will you leave?

Before the sleeve of love takes form?

Will we keep running from the truth babe

Until someday we are born?

**That Special Glow**

By John T. Wurzer – Key of D – Capo 2 play C – 192 BPM

Take me back again to years gone by

That special glow about your eye

On a night when crickets drown out passing cars

And you and I had gone a bit too far?

When I found your hand and you found that mine was restless, soft and warm

When you found my heart and I found that yours was slowly taking form

All those endless possibilities

Melted feelings born to freeze

That slipped upon the icy tired good-byes

When you had that special glow about your eyes

Come lie beside me

There is nothing in this night light quite as fair

If you’d just guide me

Though I’m scared to death, every breath is yours to share

I will be there

Let the future play out in the sky

Like a drive in movie Mid-July

And watch the simple dream that held us tight

As we dared to kiss goodnight

When I found your soul, and you found that mine was restless, wild and cold

When you found my kiss, and I found I’d missed the chance to be that bold

In that endless lusty “might have shared”

Moment when our hearts were bared

And wore transparent clothes as their disguise

You had that special glow about your eyes

Come lie beside me

There is nothing in this night light quite as fair

If you’d just guide me

Though I’m scared to death, every breath is yours to share

I will be there

**Staying Sane at Jiffy Lube**

By John T. Wurzer – Key of C – Capo 3 play A – Capo 5 play G – 144 BPM

Mostly trying to loosen up the ink inside his pen

It keeps on getting thicker than it was when love began

Since he started to allow her kind of love inside his brain

All he’s got is sticky ink without a word to leave a stain

And now he’s mostly trying to loosen up the ink inside his pen

Years ago the ink would flow like rivers to the page

Oblivious to all of this, this consequence of age

Obnoxious and un-tethered on a tactless road through life

Drowning in the struggle always dancing through the strife

Mostly trying to loosen up the ink inside his pen

He used to be a rolling writer, used to be a felt tipped fool

They once lead him to a pencil; they once sent him back to school

Until he found himself a Paper Mate who didn’t make him Cross

She’d click his Bic and stick around until his dreams were lost

Meanwhile ‘neath an apple tree a bright fair maiden sat

A product of society poised to steal his hat

Burying her history beneath a pile of leaves

Watching him so deft and slim with perfume up her sleeves

Mostly trying to loosen up the ink inside his pen

He used to be a rolling writer, used to be a felt tipped fool

They once lead him to a pencil; they once sent him back to school

Until he found himself a Paper Mate who didn’t make him Cross

She’d click his Bic and stick around until his dreams were lost

Tender as the day is long and short as life itself

She took his pen and filed away his dream world on a shelf

The pen went in the freezer, the dreams collected dust

He lost the creativity but he gained someone to trust

Now he’s mostly trying to loosen up the ink inside his pen

He used to be a rolling writer, used to be a felt tipped fool

They once lead him to a pencil; they once sent him back to school

Until he found himself a Paper Mate who didn’t make him Cross

She’d click his Bic and stick around until his dreams were lost

Now only at the Jiffy Lube where no one can intrude

A place that’s full of cylinders and useless goopy fluid

The words are more like hammered verse than soft and gentle rain

Still all in all it’s just enough to keep him growing sane

Just mostly trying to loosen up the ink inside his pen

**Tickle My Fancy**

by John T. Wurzer – Key of E – Capo 2 play D – 136 BPM

When the light shines through the moisture on your lips and it makes me light on my feet

I’m happy to greet a brand new day

When the part of my heart that once died comes back alive I'm not afraid

I’m not afraid you’ll go astray

Tickle my fancy, throughout the years, no tears, no tears to dry away

When your eyes turn on like Midwestern dawn in a tapestry of flames

I call out your name; at night when I pray

A tingle just crawled up the back of my neck, hey darling, what the heck

No one would suspect, let’s start today

Tickle my fancy, throughout the years, no tears, no tears to dry away

I’ve been alone in this room

Humming a tune

Counting up the money I’ve made

Perched on the edge

Of Sanity’s ledge

Balancing love on a blade

I see your face in my dreams with your smile all abeam

Tempting my heart to kneel

You fill up my chest with cool living breath

Oh baby, that’s how I want to feel

When the sorrow that once borrowed my smile, leaves for awhile

We’ll dance on the tile, and we’ll sway

In a lifetime full of “what I once missed”; your perfect kiss

Will resurrect the bliss I felt yesterday,

Tickle my fancy, throughout the years, no tears; no tears to dry away

I’ve been alone in the dark

In search of a spark

Saving up nickels and dimes

Perched on the edge

Of Sanity’s ledge

During the best and the worst of times

I see your face in my dreams with your smile all abeam

Tempting my heart to kneel

You fill up my chest with cool living breath

Oh baby, that’s how I want to feel

Tickle my fancy, throughout the years, and let me know this love is real.

**The Love Feel**

By John T. Wurzer – Key of G – 148 BPM

It isn't about the way you make me feel

It isn't about the way you make me swoon

It isn't about the chilly winds on February nights

It isn't about the sweaty nights in June

It isn't about my lifeless untouched heart

It isn’t about each hair as it turns gray

It isn't about the darkest wish upon the brightest star

It's only about the love I feel today.

Some kinds of love lurk in the shadows underhanded

Claiming that destiny is instantly unclear

This kind of love is not a love that’s cold and stranded

Every day it melts away a frozen tear.

It isn't about that wild ride that we took

It isn't about the good times or the bad

It isn't about the memories that fade to black and white

And it isn't about the nights we never had

It isn't about what you and I once feared

It isn’t about a chance I threw away

It isn't about the dried out whispering echoes from the past

It's only about the love I feel today.

Some kinds of love lurk in the shadows underhanded

Claiming that destiny is instantly unclear

This kind of love is not a love that’s cold and stranded

Every day it melts away a frozen tear.

It isn't about the way you make me feel

It isn’t about some game we shouldn’t play

It isn’t about the darkest wish upon the brightest star

It's only about the love I feel today.

No it isn't about the darkest wish upon the brightest star

It's only about the love I feel today.

**Long Tall Bottle of Beer**

by John T. Wurzer – Capo 3 – Strum E – Finger pick no capo G – 136 BPM

Long tall bottle of beer

Ringing in my ear

Driving me to places that I've been too many times

Boxcars full of hobos, gypsies and some wine

Wine upon an altar in a church without a soul

Chalices of secrets pouring moonbeams down a hole

Holding on forever to a love that turned to gray

From the brightly colored robes that it wore just yesterday

Holding onto special dreams that wilt now from the heat

and thirst for cooler waters to douse them and repeat

The cycle of life, or the cycle of tears,

or the cycle of cycles that washes your clothing,

your dishes, your dark bedroom wishes and your long tall bottles of beer.

Long tall bottle of beer

Isn't here

When I need it most and I head for the void

And I proudly boast that I’m not paranoid

I never call out her name in the dark of the night

Like I did on that night when the whole world was right

Right when she knew she was the woman for me

And this costly adventure would never be free

And I knew what to do when she asked me to see

What it was that she saw in a vagabond like me

It’s the cycle of life, the cycle of tears,

the cycle of cycles that washes your clothing, your dishes,

and your dark bedroom wishes and your long tall bottles of beer.

Long tall bottle of beer

Made her shed a tear

Swimming in its solitude and soaking up its song

Solitude that lasted just a couple years too long

Longer than its will to live and love inside this place

Inside a dream caught in between itself and another space

A space that left her all alone, in prison but still free

A face that found its freedom on the road to leaving me

Leaving me to ponder all the love that dried to dust

On a barren desert mountain full of nothing it could trust

Not the cycle of life, or the cycle of tears,

or the cycle of cycles that wash your clothing,

your dishes, your dark bedroom wishes and your long tall bottles of beer.

Hey! Get me a cold one.

I wanna drink ‘till I blink and my lips start turning blue

I’ll play you an old one

Catch your eye with a sigh and a cheap alibi, like I do

Don’t every leave, hey we’re not through

**How Are You?**

By John T. Wurzer – Key of E flat – Capo3 play in C – 88 BPM

Thoughts of death and all my breath are trapped inside me

So much love inside my lungs it’s hard to breathe

If it’s fate tomorrow; fly up heaven’s highway

And meet me there, I never want to leave

Still your eyes are full of emptiness and wisdom

Still your heart is full of senses that prevail

If I saw them both upon a total stranger

I’d swear to God that perfect love can’t fail

How are you?

Where have you been?

Have you been dreaming?

Have you healed since the last time we broke apart?

It’s true

I’ve done alright

And I quit smoking

But still there’s something missing from my heart.

Sometimes it’s like I woke up from a coma

Having been so close to death I saw the light

You were sitting on the top step of a staircase

I was crawling up another endless flight

So close to healing now but the scars are coming open

My mind can make you into anyone at all

Though I’ve sworn that no lost lover can control me

That’s a bluff I kind of wish you’d try to call

How are you?

Where have you been?

Have you been dreaming?

Have you healed since the last time we broke apart?

It’s true

I’ve done alright

And I quit smoking

But still there’s something missing from my heart

How are you?

Where have you been?

Have you been dreaming?

Have you healed since the last time we broke apart?

It’s true

I’ve done alright finally quit smoking

But still there’s something missing from my heart

Could it be that you’re what’s missing from my heart?

**Safely Stashed Away**

By John T. Wurzer – Key of A – Capo 2 Strum G – 196 BPM

Don’t let them force you to give it up

If it’s hidden and you really believe it

Don’t let them know the stones they throw

Ever hurt, let ‘em know, you can take it or leave it

It ain’t hard to hide what you feel inside

It’s a choice. It’s a choice you can make today

And they can never force you to give it up

If it’s safely stashed away

Keep it in a safe place honey

Hide it from the world at large today

Keep it safer than your money

Money comes and goes and that’s okay

And they can never force you to give it up

If it’s safely stashed away.

If they dry your eyes with a stiff wire brush

Don’t let anyone know that you’re still screaming

They will burn your dreams with their barbed wire schemes

When they think they’ve won, tell them all, they were just dreaming

They can’t force you to do anything

Or play any game you don’t want to play

So don’t let them force you to give it up

Keep it safely stashed away

Keep it in a safe place honey

Hide it from the world at large today

Keep it safer than your money

Money comes and goes but love should stay

Cause they can never force you to give it up

If it’s safely stashed away

Yeah, they can never steal your one true love

If you keep it safely stashed away

**Already Numb**

By John T. Wurzer – Key of Am7 – 132 BPM

You can't hurt me maybe you thought I’d be your slave

You can’t hurt me maybe I'm already numb and

I don't need to be saved

I've been working on the songs that come and go inside my brain

I will not let a thought escape; for God’s sake; I’ll never call out your name

I've been working on a dream that knows no shame.

Playing on another team that don’t play this game.

You can’t hurt me maybe you used to break my heart

You can’t hurt me maybe I’m already numb,

and you can’t tear me apart

Instrumental

You can’t hurt me maybe I used to bow and cave

But you can’t hurt me maybe I’m already numb,

and I don’t need to be brave

I’m walking through this neighborhood about an hour or so before dawn

Trying to forget your face, but you keep coming on

Your restless eyes, and your slender hips and

Your trembling thighs and your butterscotch lips

You can’t hurt me maybe you used to make me bleed

You can’t hurt me maybe I’m already numb,

and you’re not what I need

Instrumental

You can’t hurt me maybe you used to steal my smile

You can’t hurt me baby I’m already numb,

I’ll be this way for awhile

**The Catbird Whines**

By John T. Wurzer – Key of D – 76 BPM – 2/4

The sun falls down all around this town, the daylight can't stand still

It slips away while another day goes rolling down that hill

A pale gray bird looking quite absurd sits high atop a tree

In my backyard he tries so hard to avoid any melody

And the catbird whines

As the day grows dim

And the catbird whines

He doesn't sing no hymns

I've seen him here before

He knows a thousand songs

But tonight the catbird whines

All night long

(end with G and walk down to Em then A, then start the next verse)

The sun now flat as a welcome mat doesn't do me any good

The air as thick as highway tar as it dries up on your hood

It’s hard to breath but I won’t believe that our love could somehow bend

I can see the moon, and hear the non-sense tune of my goofy feathered friend

And the catbird whines

As the day grows dim

Yeah the catbird whines

He doesn't sing no hymns

I've seen him here before

He knows a thousand songs

But tonight the catbird whines

He just whines

All night long

INSTRUMENTAL

And the catbird whines

As the day grows dim

Yeah the catbird whines

He doesn't sing no hymns

I've seen him here before

He knows a thousand songs

But the catbird whines

He just whines

All night long

**Mighty Long Time**

By John T. Wurzer – key of E – capo 4 play in C – 128 BPM

I formed a phrase and now all my days are nights

All the songs went wrong, nothing left where they should’ve turned right

Right to be lonely and lost in the woods

Right to be making you mine

Right to be tried by a jury of sneers

When the wrong and the rights start to rhyme

And it wasn’t that long ago

But it’s a mighty long time

I read this book and then I shook it out like a rug

I burned each page to destroy every programming bug

It bugs me that nobody knows what is real

It bugs me that love is a crime

Hand me your keys, I’ll toss you the wheel

And let’s see if we turn on a dime

And it wasn’t that long ago

But it’s a mighty long time

I always hated the way that you could stray and then make me feel

I never fathomed the day that we’d capsize sink and kneel

You were trying to pull me up out of the hole

I was dragging you back to the slime

While our friends kept trying to find us a goal

We were drinking them off of our minds

And it wasn’t that long ago

But it’s a mighty long time

The fabric of time and space sewing our clothes

And disguising the naked truth

Where infinity ends, well everyone knows

It’s beyond the simple wisdom of youth

We were caught in a flat black version of night

Deep in debt with no breath on the way

I was out of my mind; and you were losing your sight

As we let all the threads wear and fray

It was a mighty long time ago but I remembered today.

I formed a phrase and now all my days are nights

**Ink Spots On The Carpet**

Written By John T. Wurzer = Key of A – 192 BPM

Ink Spots on The Carpet

I wonder what they were writing ‘fore they hit the floor

Was it dull or quite exciting?

Was it something that everybody had been waiting for

And I wonder, how I wonder; when wrapped up in gripping verse

Could they lose themselves so carelessly like loose change in a purse

Ink Spots on the Carpet

What they were writing ‘fore they hit the floor.

Ink Spots in my pocket

I wonder what they were writing ‘fore they found my crotch.

Was it sexy and inviting

Like a bedpost sitting there begging for another notch

And I wonder, how I wonder, as they were writing down that poem

Could they accidentally blunder and end up all alone

Ink Spots in my pocket

I wonder what they were writing ‘fore they found my crotch.

Is it really such a failure

That they never wrote novel or prayer that people pray

Like a fifty year old sailor

On an ocean with a notion that no potion can wash away

Ink Spots on The Carpet

I wonder what they were writing ‘fore they hit the floor

Ink spots on my fingers

I guess I ought to use a more expensive pen

Just like your love they linger

Reminding me of things that might have been

And I wonder how I wonder if things hadn’t gone to hell

Would this song have ended differently, it’s kind of hard to tell

Ink spots on my fingers

I guess I ought to use a more expensive pen

Is it really such a failure

That they never wrote novel or prayer that people pray

Like a fifty year old sailor

On an ocean with a notion that no potion can wash away

Ink Spots on The Carpet

I wonder what they were writing ‘fore they hit the floor

**Fifty Miles Away**

By John T. Wurzer – Key of G – 88 BPM

Fifty miles away from where I really ought to be

No one plays the songs that ring inside my head so free

It's true I have to write them just to muddle through the grind

Otherwise my love would fade away. I’d lose my mind

It seems that I once stumbled upon a courthouse step

Tumbled to the ground and found in concrete, self respect

Absolutely nothing left or right could free my mind

No one helped me up; face to the ground; I passed out blind

I saw bright green growing apples on a branch that's turning brown

A crippled tree that used to free the finest fruit in town

Cracks a smile, a passing child, points up to its limb

Saying, “Father, why don’t we bother to help a tree like him?”

Dark clouds in the sky looking like smoke blown from a stack

In a world where burning coal is king and green freaks surely lack

The platform or the power to take a job away

To save a tree, a mountain, or this planet anyway

A deadly virus rapes the world, unleashed as if in rage

Everyone hides at home except those earning minimum wage

Workers deemed essential are somehow the lowest caste

And they risk their health to ensure that wealth, power, and privilege can save its precious ass.

Mansions for the rich and debtors’ prisons for the poor

No jobs for men who want to pick themselves up off the floor.

Cloning slaves and butlers, chauffeurs, maids and next of kin

Mistreating man-made human beings; is legal now. It’s not even a sin.

Teardrops mix with raindrops now and blood drops with cheap wine

They wash the sidewalk from my face and appear to be a sign

Born of simple wisdom like a flower greets the sky

I awake to see the summer sun setting as the day begins to die

I move a foot and flick the soot from out behind my ear

Raise my eyes up to the skies, “Surprise! I'm still here!”

Fifty miles away from where I really ought to be

Seeing things that wealthy men convince themselves they never really see.

**The River Of Love**

By John T. Wurzer – Key of C#min – Capo 4 play Am – 148 BPM

Don't speak to me about the river of love

I'll bet you’re wrong; you have no clue just where it flows

Don't quote me scripture and wisdom from above

I'll bet you're wrong; it's just a fragrant overdose

The only love you've ever know was a peaceful lake

The only heart you've ever shown was afraid to break

Don’t speak to me about the river of love

You've never been downstream; you don’t know what it takes.

Don't speak to me about the river of love

You're not that wise, and you're not sure where it winds

If you open your mouth, make sure it's not too rough

I can't kiss those lips if they're not moist and kind

The only love you're ever known was a forest fire

Out of control until the rains came and it expired

Don't speak to me about the river of love

You've never been downstream, you've only known desire

Don't speak to me about the river of love

The mirror lies; it won’t show you what is real

I've been down to the ocean and paddled back upstream

I've seen love made, stolen, hidden, and repealed

Will your maps and your charts and your compass and canoe

Lead you to the perfect lover or back to me and you

Don't speak to me about the river of love

You've never been downstream; you wouldn’t know what to do.

It starts out a babbling brook becomes a lively stream

Builds into some rapids, maybe white and quite extreme

And becomes a mighty driving force divine

Tearing through the landscape like a miner in a mine

And when you suspect that you have seen it all

It grabs your ass and throws you over the falls

If you survive and peaceful waters become your yen

Still you will miss the falls and you’ll want to fall again.

So, don’t speak to me about the river of love

You’ve never been downstream

You don’t know where it ends

**The Running**

By John T. Wurzer – Key of D – 162 BPM

Where has it gone

Where did we go

Was it a song

That moved too slow

The voices fade

The highway breaths

There are no fascinating leaves

When winter comes

They’ve hit the ground

The river flows

We come unwound

And no one knows

Or makes a sound

About the running

The running kept me going when there was little else to do

The sunny side of darkness overshadowed and untrue

The wheels of revelation passed me by while I passed out

But the running kept me going and I ran away in doubt

Take another trip into a world that makes no sense

A land of bullshit nightmares and unhappy accidents

Although we’re at a party where everyone is free

I’m not allowed to speak to you when you’re standing next to me

A thousand stolen verses wrote the novel, bound the book

A hundred long lost passages that don’t know where to look

Three million stars above you lost in galaxies untamed

While you and I are stranded here with feelings still unnamed

The voices of the ailing ghosts still haunt me late at night

The poisoned sleazy barroom folks are fading from my sight

While the part of me that once was overflowing with desire

Can’t find an ember burning where there used to be a fire