**Hi there and Happy 2020!**

**It’s been a super exciting year so far and we’ve been doing tremendous things. We have the most talented musicians in the world working on our music this year and are putting out songs that are unrivaled in the history of mankind. I know that there are some really bad; I mean really bad people out there; some of the worst people ever; who might tell you that none of this is true. Ignore them, it is true. Ignore them twice if you want to. They want you to believe they can prevent you from ignoring them twice but it’s not true. There’s actually a global cabal out there on the dark edges of international intrigue that is doing some very very bad things to people to get them to stop ignoring stuff. Ignore them as well.**

**Actually, ignore this entire letter. It doesn’t really mean anything. It seemed rude to keep sending out CDs without a letter in them, so I thought I should type something.**

**The album is called UnMasked, not to be confused with the KISS album Unmasked which is not the same because I capitalized the M and I’m sure that will protect me when the copyright lawsuits start.**

**The album consists of me playing 19 newly written songs on my guitar. There is no additional instrumentation, overdubbing, harmony, or any of that stuff. The album is somewhat political in spots and filled with social commentary that will probably offend both sides of the aisle. Be forewarned that I often write songs from the point of view of people that I disagree with because their views are so ludicrous that I find it amusing to voice them sarcastically. This does not mean that I hold those views. If you can’t tell the difference between those songs and the ones where I’m actually professing my own views, then I feel kind of sorry for you and we probably don’t know each other that well.**

**If you missed my last album “The Running” (which is not really about running…) please download it from** [**www.helpyourselfmusic.com**](http://www.helpyourselfmusic.com)**. It is highly orchestrated, contains a cameo appearance by Susan Haefner and is not controversial in the least.**

**Anyhow…**

**Enjoy the CD,**

**Lots of love,**

**Hope for peace,**

**John**

**Subscribe to my YouTube Podcast channel** [**https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCJ8I0Xu\_SOGZAAeafx7GUPg**](https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCJ8I0Xu_SOGZAAeafx7GUPg)

**Or follow my podcasts on Facebook or Twitter**

**Stay safe.**

**The Songs UnMasked**

**All songs written and performed by John T. Wurzer**

**Socialized Capitalism – Intro courtesy of an answering machine message some 10 years ago. Just the first of many “pandemic songs” on this album.**

**Three Heads – Written from the point of a homeless person. I will probably be chastised for cultural appropriation for this one. Thank goodness all proceeds from my albums go to backonmyfeet.org.**

**Here I Go – I honestly don’t remember writing this. At this point I’m pretty sure it’s me asking God, “Where the hell are you?”**

**Hot and Cold – Written in a bar in Penfield, New York February 2020. The thing I’ve missed the most during the pandemic is sitting at any bar and writing about what I see.**

**Babies And Bathrooms – Inspired by an actual Facebook post. Apparently we can’t change the electoral college or there will be men in the women’s room and people killing babies in the street. Sigh.**

**Rabbit Hole – Inspired by a New York Times podcast series called “Rabbit Hole”. The singer is someone easily manipulated by the forces of the internet. The absurdity that people are willing to swallow to justify their fear and hate is nothing short of amazing.**

**Escape Route – Just looking for a way out during the shit-storm that has been the year 2020**

**Face Of An Upside Down Moon – People are getting weirder. I don’t think anyone can argue with that.**

**Hair Loss Tragedy – Okay, “…his hair lost it’s head…” is probably going too far. Hah.**

**Shit Happens – Well it does. Just vote. Don’t justify to yourself why you’re not voting. Just vote. There are only two choices that even have a chance of winning; so just freakin’ vote.**

**Cooling Off – I wrote this shortly after dissolving my business relationship with Diamond Comic Distributors. It was a peaceful sunset.**

**Blizzard Romance – I wrote this during some snowfall in Rochester this February. I’m not sure why. I’m not sure where I was sitting. Still, I love this song.**

**Harder Now – Things are harder now. Really they are, but that is no reason not to keep trying.**

**Trophy Wife – Written on Valentine’s Day at Jeremiah’s in Penfield, NY. Some people silently scream, “POMPOUS” when they walk into a restaurant. This is a pretty disturbed song.**

**Going Home – I thought of this while watching Trump walk back towards the White House on a news reel. No matter how bad things get for the rest of the country he will still be able to walk back into that fortified mansion. Seems strange.**

**Second Language – As I get older it gets harder and harder to keep up with modern language, acronyms, and for that matter, pronouns. (See the next song.) I can’t even stop putting two spaces between sentences. Sometimes I just sit and imagine that I don’t speak the language.**

**Lonesome Ally – I will probably get a lot of blowback for this song, but it expresses how I feel. If I were to believe all things said by groups that expect me (as a liberal) to be an ally to them; then the following would be a fair description of me…I am a Racist, White Supremacist, Homophobic, Trans-exclusionary, Relic, who can attribute everything I have achieved to Unearned Privilege that served to hurt all Black People and alienated the entire LGBTQ community. Give me a break everyone! I AM ON YOUR SIDE! That said, if I’m thinking twice about being your ally. Please consider how severely you are alienating the rest of society. An alliance is, after all, a two-way street.**

**Isabelle Down By The Bayou – We watched “The 4400” on Netflix. There was a character named Isabelle. Whenever her father said her name it sounded like he was saying “Is-Bell”. It all sounded very Cajun to me and I immediately started singing, “Is-Bell….down by the Bayou”. Several months later I wrote this song.**

**That Kind Of Rain – Not even the “Steel Umbrella” that I suggested you acquire in 1990 when I wrote “Raining Cats and Dogs” can protect you from the kind of rain that is falling all over the world in 2020. It’s very sad. This song makes me cry if I play it after I’ve had a couple drinks.**

**Socialized Capitalism – by John T. Wurzer**

**Play in C – 92 BPM**

**Verse: C-Dm-Em-F-G-Am-D7-G**

**Chorus: C-Em-Dm-C-Dm-C-Dm-G7-C**

**In a corona virus bar with a tiny squeeze of lime**

**Sits a masked man 62 years old, his stool six feet from mine**

**He’s been laid off from the Hallmark plant, retirement plans in shards**

**Because best wishes aren’t essential, and no one is buying greeting cards**

**In the land of the free and the home of the brave**

**Either you’re too big to fail or you’re too small to save**

**Laws are written for the rich while the poor grasp at straws**

**Because money is power and those in power pass the laws**

**And they always will**

**The greatest country in the world is mine so I’ve been told**

**If you don’t like it move to Canada or some other socialist stronghold**

**We are the capital of capitalism; you can see it in our eyes**

**Until big business is in trouble and we start to socialize**

**If an investment bank goes down the tubes we have to bail them out**

**But if a shop owner goes bankrupt it’s their fault without a doubt**

**Small businesses can come and go into the great beyond**

**But the Feds would put a stop to it for Apple or Amazon**

**I’ve been pondering all night the growing income gap**

**While the wealthy bitch about taxes and the homeless ain’t got crap**

**And I wonder as I sit and watch the evening sun go down**

**Is it setting on my country, or will we rise and come back around**

**Three Heads**

**By John T. Wurzer**

**Hey, it’s me and not another;**

**I’m just standing here on the sidewalk in the pouring rain**

**You got out of your uber to buy some beer and keep yourself from going insane**

**I tap you on the shoulder and look in your eyes**

**Asking you, “Hey! Have you found the lord”**

**See I’ve been looking for her; I can’t remember her thighs**

**Just a smile and a big shiney sword**

**REFRAIN – D-A-D-G-A-D (2x)**

**Don’t look at me like I got three heads; I’ve only got one**

**I ain’t no monster under your bed; I’m just having some fun**

**Don’t look at me like I got three heads; It’s really not true**

**Don’t look at me like I got three heads; I’m exactly like you**

**If you see me stumbling through the grocery store, with a bottle of wine**

**Don’t avert your eyes or stare at the floor, no really, you’re fine**

**Two heads are better than one**

**Let me pour you a drink**

**We can sit and remember when life was still fun**

**Hey, what do you think?**

**If you see me on the corner with a bucket of change, and you’re stopped at the light**

**Try to understand that isn’t so strange for someone to just give up the fight**

**Throw me a ten spot, a sawbuck or two**

**I promise I won’t ask anymore**

**Because the father, son, and the holy ghost**

**Are the only three heads I adore**

**If you’re dreading your tomorrow and you can’t fall asleep**

**And there’s a mountain of weight on your plate**

**And you’re searching for a mantra you can chant and keep**

**When the hour far too late**

**I’ll be busking at the bus stop or some downtown street**

**Come and listen; throw me some coins**

**You never know when a stranger that you might meet**

**Is going to stir something in your loins**

**Here I Go**

**By John T. Wurzer**

**Capo 2 – Play E – 148 BPM**

**E-A-E-B7(C7/B7)2x -A-E-B7**

**The morning is a precious time**

**Possibilities, songbirds, and rhyme**

**Dewy with hope, innocence, and sublime**

**Unblemished grace**

**Until tyranny creeps through the cracks**

**Of a broken sky with outrageous attacks**

**On those already with broken backs**

**And demons to face**

**I was hoping that you’d drop in to keep me company**

**Maybe sit and talk, take a walk, and somehow comfort me…**

**Chorus – E-A-E-B7-E**

**But I’m sitting here waiting for you**

**And you never come**

**No you never do**

**No you never show**

**And now I know**

**Nothing left to do**

**No more boat to row**

**So here I go**

**Standing at the edge of a lake**

**My foot’s asleep but my mind’s awake**

**I can feel my veins begin to shake**

**As if all hope is gone**

**The horizon and the water grow pink**

**Orange and yellow far too pretty to drink**

**I feel my spirit beginning to sink**

**At the break of dawn**

**I was thinking that maybe you’d just stop by and say “Hi” again**

**With the sun in my eyes, you’d be a welcome surprise, and you’d ask me how I’ve been…**

**Chorus**

**Democracy clings to the top of a cliff**

**It smells like a fascist when I take a whiff**

**Carrying a weight too heavy to lift**

**It’s about to fall**

**I wonder how I’m gonna vote**

**From the edge of this lake without a boat**

**I guess it’s too late, that’s all she wrote**

**There’s nobody to call**

**I was dreaming that maybe you’d rise out of the water like a sailor’s nymph**

**Wrap your arms around me, just like your love once found me, when my dreams were lying limp**

**Hot and Cold**

**By John T. Wurzer – Capo 2 – Play D – 158 BPM**

**Chorus – D-A-D-A-G-D-G-A-D-A-G-A-D**

**She’s too cool for him**

**He’s too hot for her**

**She’s too smart to be fooled**

**He’s lost in a blur**

**They’re both trying to be**

**Something neither can see**

**When they wake up and look in the mirror**

**She’s too cool for him**

**He’s too hot for her**

**The affliction couldn’t be any clearer**

**D-A-D-A (2x) -G-D-A**

**She laughs a little too hard**

**And her teeth are too white**

**He smiles like he’s got something to prove**

**His eyebrows are raised**

**Every time that she speaks**

**And he’s deciding when to make his move**

**She’s scratching her finger**

**With her thumbnail now**

**While pretending to soak up his thoughts**

**She’s too cool for him**

**He’s too hot for her**

**They’re imposters so afraid to get caught**

**He’s a piece of meat**

**She’s a piece of ass**

**Both pretending that they’re mesmerized**

**Over expressive**

**Gesturing wildly**

**As if they’re both hypnotized**

**His eyes light up every time that she speaks**

**As if she has touched him to the core**

**She’s too cool for him**

**He’s too hot for her**

**He’s a dumb ass; she’s just a whore**

**Babies and Bathrooms**

**By John T. Wurzer *(****wow do you think it’s ok to kill babies and for men to go in the same bathroom as you?)*

Capo 3 // C-Em-Am-Am/G-F-G (2x) // F-G-C-C/B-Am-F-G // C-Em-Am-Am/G-F-G – 148 BPM

**I met a man on a Facebook string**

**He was all about letting freedom ring**

**I posted that I was totally cool with that groove**

**Till he replied and went on and on**

**About late term abortions and transsexuals in the john**

**As if somehow, he had something important to prove**

**I went to his timeline and what I saw**

**Was a poor white man who obeyed the law**

**Who worked like a dog for prince at a pauper’s pay**

**Health insurance, well he had none**

**His kids were shot down in high school with a legal gun**

**I asked him about the election and here’s what he had to say**

CHORUS

F-G-C-C/B-Am-F-G-e7-Am-D7-G-F-G-F-G-F-G-F-G-F-G-F-G-C

**It’s okay if the rich exploit the poor**

**It’s okay if the President slept with a whore**

**If cities are crumbling and farms are going broke**

**If the rest of the world thinks our leader’s a joke**

**I’ll still be voting against all you socialist fags**

**Fetus assassins and ferries in drag**

**You democrats, it seems you’ll never quite see**

**That it’s about killing children,**

**Except at the border**

**It’s all about men in the ladies’ room**

**Unless it’s by executive order**

**It’s all about babies and bathrooms to me.**

**Save your liberal jive about the greater good**

**I’m bankrupt but I’m workin’ like everyone should**

**I did alright back when the oil and the coal ran free**

**I served in the Army, I worked the mines**

**And the oil refineries, and those were easier times**

**But I’m not stupid, Rupert Murdoch and I agree**

**You judge a book by its cover cause it’s dangerous to read**

**Anything written by a heart that might bleed**

**The progressives are obsessive socialists who want life to be free**

**There’s not a left winger alive whose done an honest day’s work**

**Pelosi’s Schiff’s witch, and Schumer’s a jerk**

**I’m no chump I’m with Trump, it’s my right to live in poverty**

CHORUS

**Because…It’s all about babies and bathrooms to me.**

**Rabbit Hole**

**By John T. Wurzer**

**Capo 3 – Play D 158 BPM - Chorus: D-G-D-A-D-G-D-E7-A-D**

**Verse: D-G-D-A-D-G-D-E7-A-D-F#7-Bm-F#7-Bm-E7-A-E7-A**

**I’m going down a rabbit hole with people that I have never met**

**They’re not even real; they got no soul. They’re just voices on the internet**

**YouTube, Facebook, Twitter, Instagram, and snappy chat**

**Newsfeeds in my email and my texts**

**So much information that my brain is getting fat**

**And it’s three times more addictive than good sex**

**Conspiracy reigns, in the mountains and plains, in the cities and innocent small towns**

**I never knew, didn’t have a clue, ‘til I discovered that the whole world was upside down**

**I keep hearing about this virus but it really doesn’t exist**

**All the smartest podcasts have shown me the way**

**I won’t be getting vaccinated for anything anymore**

**Vaccines make you autistic, trans and gay**

**Obama was born, on an African morn, and he has sabotaged Donald Trump from the start**

**It was an accident that Obama was once President, and it’s Barak’s fault that everything’s falling apart**

**An alien three-eyed mouse, just infiltrated the House**

**The whole swamp is full of Muslim terrorist liars**

**The Bill Clinton regime, they’re the ones who killed Epstein**

**To cover up their pedophiliac desires**

**They all stood there as one, in area 51; feeding our children to alien beings**

**And pretty soon, they pretended to go to the moon; selling a fake American dream**

**They’ve gotten into my head that John F. Kennedy’s not really dead**

**And that Jimmy Hoffa flew off in a balloon**

**Satan worshipping dems, and asexual fems**

**Are coming to take our country soon**

**Their Pizzas are hot, poison and hit the spot**

**From the global cabal and beyond**

**They’re gonna kidnap your offspring for their sex trafficking ring**

**It’s true, I’ve heard it all from QAnon.**

**Escape Route**

**By John T. Wurzer**

**152 BPM**

**Em-G-D / Em-G-C-Am(2x) / Em-G-Am-Em**

**Escape route**

**Down the hallway, out the door**

**Bless the children**

**Punch the mailman, launch the sailboat from the shore**

**Dodge the banker and the IRS, none of them are any fun**

**Down the hallway, grab the car keys, out the door and on the run**

**Take the shortcut**

**Beneath the mountain by the lake**

**Throw the cooler in the boat and**

**Give that can of beer a shake**

**Skim across the crystal water**

**Until there’s no one else in sight**

**Down the hallway, out the door, underwater and goodnight**

**Escape route**

**On a spaceship through the stars**

**Past the lonesome**

**Funeral parlors and the now deserted bars**

**Set my sights**

**On other worldly meditations in my mind**

**On a spaceship through the cosmos with another galaxy to find**

**Escape route**

**Face of an upside-down moon**

**By John T. Wurzer**

**Capo 2 – play D – 148 BPM**

**Chorus:**

***D-G-D-A7***

**People are getting weirder**

**Faces keep getting colder**

**My heart aches from all the fear here**

**My joints ache from getting older**

***G-D-G-Em-D-A***

**Walked out this morning; saw the face of the moon turned upside down.**

**Eyes on the bottom and its shit eating grin turned into a frown.**

***D-D/C#-Bm-Bm/A-G-G/F#-Em (2x) A-D***

**Nostrils drowning in buckets of rain, eyelids coated with ancient dust**

**Sinking swiftly into the horizon, beyond a windmill, with nobody to trust**

**Chorus**

**I kept on walking and saw the face of a clock turned upside down**

**Instead of 6 a.m. it was half past noon at the courthouse in the center of town**

**I missed breakfast at Melinda’s café, I had to settle for a cup of Joe**

**A side of chips, a BLT, an ice cream soda and no place for me to go**

**Chorus**

**So I stepped outside and saw the face of humanity upside down**

**Instead of loving each other we were spewing hatred and blood all over the ground**

**Rubber bullets and tear gas were flying, cops and robbers and pacifists died**

**Black and white never seem to disappear; a cacophony of vengeance and fear on both sides**

**Chorus**

**Hair Loss Tragedy**

**By John T. Wurzer**

**Finger Pick in G – 148 BPM**

**G-G/F#-Em: C-C/B-Am: G-G/F#-Em-D**

**G-G/F#-Em: C-C/B-Am: G-G/F#-Em-D-G**

**He lost all his hair at a very young age**

**It was in all the papers I’m told**

**Such a shame for a man with a lifetime of plans**

**To go bald at twenty-seven years old**

**His girl broke it off, “It’s not you dear; it’s me.”**

**With a text from her over-sized phone**

**Such a shame; such a scare; to lose all his hair**

**And be left so completely alone**

**Meanwhile his hair went on a wild drunken binge**

**At its first taste of sweet liberty**

**Partied raucously wild; like a motherless child**

**Finally knowing how it feels to be free**

**With senses all curled in a permanent wave**

**Washed by the snow moon in December**

**With a flush and a start that tore it a part**

**Snip, snip, snip and it all was dismembered**

**There’s is more to this tail, a pony, a braid**

**A cornrow, dreadlocks, and a warning**

**Such a shock to his locks; when they found only socks**

**And no lover to touch in the morning**

**Waking up so alone with no wallet, no phone**

**Lying limp in a pillow-less bed**

**There is much more to say, but what I’ll convey**

**Is that they say that his hair lost its head**

**Shit Happens**

**By John T. Wurzer**

**Blues in E – 132 BPM**

**Sometimes shit just happens. Other times it won’t**

**Sometimes you need Pepto-Bismol. Other times you don’t**

**Sometimes so much of it builds up inside that it’s impossible to relax**

**Sometimes shit just happens. Other times you need Ex-Lax**

**Where do we go from here friends?**

**Build another wall or tear some down?**

**Sometimes shit just happens, and my government shuts down**

**Sometimes you’re better off than someone else who’s fighting for their life**

**Sometimes you’re just paranoid; they’ll steal your job and rape your wife**

**Sometimes looking out for number one seems like the only thing that you can do**

**Sometimes shit just happens, and you find yourself surrounded by number two**

**Where do we go from here friends?**

**Should we change the world or pretend that we can’t?**

**Sometimes shit just happens**

**Sometimes we’ve got to be a sewage treatment plant**

**Sometimes shit just happens. Sometimes we vote it in.**

**Sometimes someone breaks all the rules and they still find a way to win**

**Sometimes it takes a good long time to prove that the demigod is a man**

**Sometimes shit just happens, sometimes we got to throw it at the fan**

**Where do we go from here friends?**

**Is there anything else to say?**

**Sometimes shit just happens, so vote your ass off on election day**

**Cooling Off**

**By John T. Wurzer**

**07/25/2019 updated 08/06/2020**

**D-A-G-A etc. finger pick 136 BPM**

**D-A-G-A-D(2x)**

**The temperature is ten degrees below where it was just last week**

**I’m trying hard to take a peek deep inside my soul**

**The cicadas are louder and prouder than I have ever known them to be**

**They’re getting to me and it’s starting to take its toll**

**A-D-A-G-A-Em-A-D**

**I’m feeling cool and simple and examining the dimples on a lost golf ball**

**It’s the perfect breezy night by a fountain while the light of day begins to fall**

**And I’ve got no one to call, and no one calls me.**

**It’s quiet and quite peaceful though I’m feeling ill at ease still in my easy chair**

**Songbirds on the wind singing melodies that leak into my eyes**

**I cannot find the words; I cannot teach the birds to purge these restless dreams**

**So I sit here quietly with a notebook on my knee scribbling “good-bye”**

**I’m feeling cool and simple and examining the dimples on a lost golf ball**

**It’s the perfect breezy night by a fountain while the light of day begins to fall**

**And I’ve got no one to call and no one calls me**

**The bottom’s falling out; there’s very little doubt about what breaks this fall**

**Harder than a rock it will come as quite a shock when death drops in**

**The rare and precious few are now lining up to view a public dunking booth.**

**I’m feeling so much cooler; like a ruler soaked in mortal sin**

**I’m feeling cool and simple and examining the dimples on a lost golf ball**

**It’s the perfect breezy night by a fountain while the light of day begins to fall**

**And I’ve got no one to call and no one calls me**

Blizzard Romance

By John T. Wurzer – 144 BPM

Capo 5 and play in D

D-G-D-G-Em-A-Em-A (break between verses – D-Dmaj7-D6-G-Gmaj7-Em7-A7)

Where are you going, and why are you here in this ghostly town

It looks like it’s snowing and you’re gonna be forced into hanging around

Can I buy you a double? You can warm your toes by the open fire

I don’t mean to be trouble, but it’s been awhile since I sensed desire

Let’s not exchange names here. I don’t want to get complicated and vague

There’s no need for shamed fear; let me take your coat and hang it on a peg

Hey, that’s a nice sweater it brings out the highlights in your hair

Where’d you buy those boots? Can you tell me, I’d like to get me a pair?

Yes, I do come here often. It’s as good a place as any other that I’ve been

The bartenders name is Julia and the guy who owns the place is her husband Ken

No, I’ve long since retired from a job that accidentally became a career

No, I wasn’t fired, it’s just somehow I had to end up here

Yes, I used to be married, I used to be stoned on rock and roll

And the burden I carried finally broke my back like shoveling coal

So I traded my savings for a tiny bag full of magic beans

You know I get cravings; and sometimes a salesman ain’t exactly what he seems

No, I married another and we were like ham and eggs on a plate

It’s kind of amazing how one tiny decision tips the balance of fate

One push of a button; One phone call; One email; One flash in a pan

Then all of a sudden I’m in a big corner office and I am the man

No, she died on a Thursday, a Chinese virus on American soil

I can’t think of a worse day; tears in my eyes and my blood begins to boil

It seems like forever and it seems like yesterday, I don’t know why

Heart strings sometimes sever and sometimes they can’t bring themselves to say goodbye

Where are you going, if you really must leave, let me brush off your car

Yes, it has stopped snowing, but the roads are still slick and you’ve been in a bar

It’s best to take Vine street; deputy Luke parks at Third and Main

Still it was good to meet, and if you’re ever in town let’s do this again.

**Harder Now**

**By John T. Wurzer**

**Updated 10/12/2019**

**Em- G – D – Bm - 96 Bpm 2/4**

**I can’t write poetry on my phone**

**And so I sit here all alone**

**Without a notebook or a pen**

**I may never write again**

**The way I did way beck then**

**When my joints were lithe and free**

**Arthritis wouldn’t bother me**

**When I picked up my pen to write**

**And I would write all night**

**With music in my mind**

**And the words they always rhymed**

**And the poems struck me blind**

**And set fire to my soul…**

**But it’s harder now**

**Break – Em-C-B7/C7/B7 (2x)**

 **Em-D-C-Am-B7-Em**

**I can’t write a novel with an app**

**The characters end up crap**

**With the plot line on a map**

**On the table in the back**

**While my enemies attackAnd shoot out the ceiling lights**

**While looking for a fight**

**With anyone who isn’t white**

**Or who’s white but won’t believe**

**The propaganda that they weave**

**From their troll farms on the plains**

**Blood red amber waves of grain**

**While I’m doing the best I can…**

**But it’s harder now.**

**To try to be strong somehow**

**To believe that love**

**Is the will of God above**

**To believe the saviors birth**

**Was all about peace on earth**

**And not about walls of hate**

**I keep praying that it’s not too late**

**But it’s harder now**

**Break – Em-C-B7/C7/B7 (2x)**

 **Em-D-C-Am-B7-Em**

**Trophy Wife**

**By John T. Wurzer**

**Capo 2 – Play A – 136 BPM**

**A-D-A-E7-D-E7-A**

**He walked in with his trophy wife**

**Living his dream; his perfect life**

**Ordering wine; a cabernet**

**A perfect life; a trophy wife; a perfect day**

**He motioned to the waiter to pick up the pace**

**He had a look on his face; as if the meal was a race**

**Ordering a salad with tofu and rice**

**In the perfect place; with a smile on his face; no need to think twice**

**Chorus: D-A-E7-AD-A-B7-E7**

**Be careful what you wish for**

**When you’re warming yourself by the fire**

**Be careful what you fish for**

**You might catch your heart’s desire**

**They gave him a trophy for his choice of beau**

**He put it on his nightstand long ago**

**Then met her at the altar; his tuxedo pressed**

**No need to wait; the perfect mate; he was supremely blessed**

**Later that evening in their penthouse suite**

**As she rubbed his feet; he felt complete**

**Until two in the morning; with a blow to the head**

**His trophy wife; with his trophy took his life; and now he’s dead**

**Everyone’s Gone and You’re Still Going Home**

**By John T. Wurzer**

**Capo 3 Play Em 136 BPM**

***Em-D-Em-Am-Em-B7-Em (2x)***

**Everything’s lost and you’re still crying**

**Everything costs, the price of dying**

**Love is no answer, you are the cancer now**

**Take me again I’ll give you nothing**

**Take me away I’m still suffering**

**Everything’s lost and you’re still going home**

***C-B7-Bm-D-Em-D-B7-Em***

**Look at the sky, there is no limit**

**Looking for love while you’re not in it**

**Everything’s lost and you’re still going home**

**We live in a world where I laugh at money**

**We live in a world where nothing’s funny**

**We live in a world where the past is dead and gone**

**Everything’s black and nothing’s green here**

**Everyone’s backed the war machine here**

**Everything’s lost and you’re still going home**

**Everyone’s lost and you’re still going home**

**Second Language**

**By John T. Wurzer**

**Capo 4 and play A – 140 BPM**

**A-D-A (2x)**

**E7-D-A**

**A-D-E7-A**

**Sometimes I sit and imagine that I don’t speak the language and that I’m an alien lost on the earth**

**The perpetual motion of society scampers in constant confusion, never considering what it’s all worth**

**And I fade into kaleidoscope colors and noisy amusement where nobody listens when somebody screams**

**The atmosphere stutters and stammers like a comedian standing there shoving a sword through his dreams**

**I’ve been wined up and dined up and flattered with praises, obscenely expressed and all dressed up in comic book lies**

**You’ve been splattered with shattered conclusions while you’ve been wearing your heart and illusions right there on your thighs**

**It’s a cyberspace song of tomorrow, drowning in sorrow on a valentine’s day in the dark**

**There’s no fire in the soul of this city; ain’t it a pity, no flint; and no match and no spark**

**Put a fresh coat of wax on my raincoat, so the tears will slide off of the lifeboat whenever they’re cried**

**Take my Halloween mask from the closet; safety deposit box and paint it fresh on my face full of pride**

**I have no more axes to grind here; each one you will find here, razor-sharp and poised for to swing**

**Yet I imagine that I don’t speak the language; and that all these words, they don’t mean anything**

**Lonesome Ally**

**By John T. Wurzer – Capo 3 Play C – 140 BPM**

**C-F-Dm-G7-C-C-F-Dm-G7-F-G-C**

**Black or White Left or Right**

**I don’t know where I belong**

**Too many beers, and too many years, and I’m still sitting here singing this song.**

**Up and down and battered around**

**And feeling twice deranged**

**Caught in a trance like a victim of chance, I swear I’ve never felt so strange.**

**G-G7-C /G-G7-C /C-F-Dm-G7-F-G-C**

**I turn on the news and get somebody’s views**

**Instead of what’s really going on**

**I’d like to relax but when I finally get facts, I’m pretty sure what they’re saying is wrong**

**Back and forth, no reliable source**

**It doesn’t matter anyway**

**You can come as you are, let’s meet at the bar and talk about yesterday**

**Refrain: G-G7-C(2x)-F-G6-F-G6-Dm-G-G7-C**

**I was young and wild, I was liberty’s child, and my life was an empty slate**

**I was bold and free, it was just like me, to protest and agitate**

**But time stepped in like some original sin, and now they’re screaming that I’m supposed to be**

**An ally to this group, and an ally to that group, I sit on my front stoop, in this cultural pea soup**

**Wondering if anyone will ever be an ally to me.**

**I’d tell you, “Good Morning!” but I just saw a warning that I might not know the pronouns to use**

**And if I offend you, I’ll have to pretend you have a right to feel outraged and abused**

**I walk with my head down, through cities and small towns quietly against my will**

**Caught in a trance like a victim of chance and obviously over the hill.**

**I’m media social, I make it a focal point to post, chat, and tweet**

**But I get lost of the swamp of your needs and your wants and the things that make you feel complete**

**It’s breaking my heart that we’re so far apart, and I’m sorry I can’t find your place**

**Maybe it would be fine, instead of meeting on line, we could talk about this face to face**

**Refrain**

**The circus is growing, the carrot is crowing, and the vegetables have all lost their pants**

**I’d ask you to love me but you’re so far above me, I’m not worthy to ask you to dance**

**How did this happen, my foot is still tapping but the music doesn’t make any sense**

**It’s not in the cards, we live in two separate yards, and I’m too old to hop over your fence**

**Excuse my defiance but I thought an alliance was defined as a two-way street**

**I’d like to reach out, but without any doubt, you somehow see me as incomplete**

**Although I’m nursing home age, and turning a page, I’ve got no urge to be alone**

**I want to be your friend, but you scream, “Make amends! Acknowledge, apologize and atone.”**

**Refrain**

**Isabelle Down By The Bayou**

**By John T. Wurzer**

**Capo 4 – Play A Blues – 150 BPM Intro: A**

**E7-A7-E7-A7-D7-A7-E7-A7**

**Damp, dark, dusky, muddy, Mississippi night**

**Lost love lurking lonely by the campfire light**

**Lying on her back and staring at the starry sky**

**With a needle in her arm and eternity in her eyes**

**Chorus: A7-E7-A7-A7-E7-A7**

**Isabelle, down by the bayou**

**Dancing with the devil and believing every word she hears**

**It’s hot as hell, down by the bayou**

**She’s been living there forever; he’s been hunting her down for years**

**He’s huffing and he’s puffing, and he’s lit up like a barbeque grill**

**With laser beams for eyes, paralyzing and stealing her will**

**Ravishing her restless body with unearthly fire**

**With a needle in her arm and insatiable desire**

**Chorus**

**Her thumb it hits the plunger and ecstasy starts to roll**

**Pulsing through her veins and heading toward her aching soul**

**Lying on her back with her legs spread wide apart**

**With a needle in her arm and a pitchfork through her heart**

**Chorus**

**The hurricane is screaming and she’s dreaming of a happy home**

**She hears the gulf wind howl but somehow doesn’t feel alone**

**She’s flirting with a curtain that can drown the brightest light**

**But it doesn’t really matter, because she’s already said goodnight**

**That Kind of Rain**

**By John T. Wurzer**

**Capo 2 – Play C - 128 BPM**

**C-Em/G-A7/D#-Dm-F-Dm7-Dm-G-C**

**I was standing outside of the music singing a love song riding a train**

**A hole in my soul; and no way to refuse it, there ain’t no umbrella for that kind of rain**

**C-Em/G-A7/D#-Dm-F-Dm7-F-G-C(2x)**

**When it started it was more like a rumor, less like a virus, a foreign disease**

**Born in a market in China, on the other side of the world if you please**

**But somehow it spread like a blanket all over this planet through cities and towns**

**Through mountains, forests, subways and florists, like death at the door just making the rounds**

**C-Em/G-A7/D#-Dm-F-Dm7-Dm-G-C**

**Still I’m still standing outside of the music, singing a love song, going insane**

**The weather report is abusive, there ain’t no umbrella for that kind of rain**

**We’re locked up here in our cages, conscious of ages, and playing it safe**

**Our noses pinned to the windows, hands on the glass, like a bakery shop waif**

**Ain’t this a kick in the ass when we’re all wearing masks and it’s not Halloween**

**Keeping everyone at a distance, and at each passing instance, wiping everything clean**

**As we’re standing outside of the music singing our love song from the great plains**

**Love is the answer; no one will choose it; ain’t no umbrella for that kind of rain**

**Newspapers, and cable news pundits, and others have shunned it, and screamed it’s a hoax**

**But it’s true that people are dying, the graveyards aren’t lying, when somebody croaks**

**Even as the body count rises, naysayers disguise the facts as crock**

**Corpses pile up in the alleys, it seems like reality TV is in shock**

**And we’re all standing outside of the music singing a love song trying to explain**

**Death is a fact, there’s no way to confuse it; there ain’t no umbrella for that kind of rain**

**I was standing outside of the music singing a love song riding a train**

**A hole in my soul; and no way to refuse it, there ain’t no umbrella for that kind of rain**