The Man I Was Pretending To Be

By John T. Wurzer -2009

Take a piece of my mind

Take a chunk of my heart

Take a pint of my blood

Maybe the healing will start

I can’t feel any pain

No guilt or remorse

No flashes of brilliance

I’m always off course

And I know what it’s like to be locked up inside of a mindset that once set you free

Cause I ended up becoming the man I was pretending to be.

I can’t look at anyone

Out of the corner of my eye

The left side is all blurry

And the right side is too dry

I’m facing straight ahead now

Every day and every night

I cannot dream at all

I’ve lost the will to fight

I can’t imagine a guy who would put on a tie, lie and say he’s the guy who made a tree

Still I ended up becoming the man I was pretending to be

If you aren’t what you are, then you are what you ain’t

Beats the devil out of me why I act like such a saint

When I look in the mirror, I see what I see

You see I ended up becoming the man I was pretending to be.

I used to use the evening

Like a fun house full of choices

A dark enchanting maze alive

With scented lusty voices

I was just a roadside gambler

Howling at the moon

I’d have sold my soul to Jesus

For a taste of your perfume

But now whenever a thought that forgot to be shot arises I compromise and deftly flee

Cause I ended up becoming the man I was pretending to be

If you aren’t what you are, then you are what you ain’t

Beats the devil out of me why I act like such a saint

When I look in the mirror and see what I see

He’s holding a beer and saying, “Hell you’re not me”.

It seems I ended up becoming the man I was pretending to be.

If I was an actor

On a stage or on T.V.

I’d probably be alright with this

I’d know eventually

That another role would come my way

Another scene to play

Instead I’m stuck inside the night

Afraid it never turns to day

Like a childhood star at his favorite bar who should’ve gone far but could never see

That he ended up becoming the man he was pretending to be.