Cliff Walk

An album by John T. Wurzer

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All Songs written by John T. Wurzer

\*Lyrics for “What Daddy Did For Me” written by Nate Flachs

Cliff Walk

John T. Wurzer – c2018 Helpyourselfmusic.com

I always thought that once I wasn’t working full time I would finally write and record my masterpiece. Instead I encountered the most ominous creative roadblock that I’ve faced since the mid-1980s when I once went almost three years without finishing an album. 2018 was a year filled with drastic life changes, writer’s block, arthritis in my fingers, thumbs, and hips, and a host of other challenges that made this the most difficult musical journey I’ve taken in over 30 years. Inspiration finally arrived with my Godson Nate’s graduation in Rhode Island in May, however it was a bumpy road from writing a few poems in the airplane on the flight back to Kansas; to what eventually became this album. Regardless, the project is complete and it has been a long and enlightening learning experience. I hope that others enjoy the journey with me as they listen to this. Here’s to new beginnings!

1. **Commencement** - The commencement address at my nephew Nate’s graduation was a poorly written, poorly executed speech founded on sound principles and ideas. I couldn’t help but try to rewrite its message in the form of this song.
2. **Twilight** - After having spent the last five years wholly absorbed by my job, my running addiction, raising money for Back On My Feet, and my compulsion to create and control, I have now embarked on a new journey of sorts. It is very strange and I have yet to completely adjust. I am, however, looking forward to when I actually nestle down comfortably into it.
3. **All Decked Out** – One of the greatest things about not constantly working and travelling is getting to spend time on the deck watching the birds with my wife. Now that we’ve built a proper deck onto the back of our new house we can do just that. We will not however, vegetate. There is still so much to do; for example: WurzerPCS, Diane Wurzer Photographic Art, HelpYourselfMusic.com, Topeka Civic Theatre, Yellowstone, etc.
4. **Ogallah Blues** – I wrote this song while we were driving across western Kansas on our way to Jackson Hole and Yellowstone. The ridiculous anti-abortion Jesus fanatic billboards, coupled with the windmills, oil wells, motor homes and highway signs launched me into spontaneous acapella blues meanderings that my wife tolerated until the embryo of this song was brought to life.
5. **Cliff Walk** – Salve Regina University in Newport, Rhode Island in the fog has a very mysterious and specific aura about it. I was composing this song in my head when Diane took the photograph that became the album’s cover photo.
6. **Rather Odd** – We had some balmy days in January in Maryland. We had sub-zero wind-chills in Kansas during the same month. Those who deny climate change is happening amuse me to no end. It has been my experience that a preponderance of right wing Christians are also climate change deniers, and thus I wrote this song. If it isn’t “climate change” or “global warming” then perhaps God is just getting a bit senile?
7. **Crashing Down** – One of two songs on this album written for my friends and former running companions at Back On My Feet Baltimore. I will forever cherish the feelings of home and family that my relationship with Back On My Feet afforded me. It was with a profound sense of sadness that I completed my last Oldsfield half marathon last spring; so much so that with less than a half mile to go, I stopped to talk to Marc Morgan for over 15 minutes while coming up the finishing hill. I just didn’t want it to end. Thanks to Suzie B. for running me the rest of the way up the hill. I really didn’t want to go, but we all must move on.
8. **The Big Ape Stares into His Phone** – This song was written in a TGI Fridays in Terra Haute Indiana on the night we made our 2018 fundraising goal for Back On My Feet. The place was packed with people. The NCAA tournament was on TV. A huge body-builder looking guy walked in and seated himself at the bar. He sat there devouring content on his smart phone. I hated him immediately. Then I got to know him. Turns out he was a kind charitable person with whom I had a great deal in common. Another life lesson learned. Read beyond the cover of the book.
9. **Brew Pub Rub** – In February when we had our house in Maryland on the market I was occasionally forced to stop packing my life into boxes and vacate the house for a showing. I thought it would be easy to slip into a bar and write a few poems. It turns out that it is harder than I thought to get a watery Michelob Ultra in Columbia and Ellicott City, Maryland. Brew Pubs and craft beers as far as the eye can see. Thus the song.
10. **Two Beers For Breakfast** – It was almost 40 years ago when I first heard Kris Kristofferson’s song Sunday Morning Comin’ Down. *(And the beer I had for breakfast wasn't bad. So I had one more for dessert.)* Ever since that day I wanted to write a “prequel” to that famous song. I finally had time to sit down and do it. It is a bit reminiscent of my life back in the 1980’s. Oh well. Enjoy it nonetheless.
11. **What Daddy Did For Me** – Written by Nate Flachs. When my nephew Nate sent me this poem my first thought was, “This would make a great Woody Guthrie song.” As it turns out it makes a pretty good John Wurzer song as well. I changed very few words while putting this to music. Thanks Nate. I’m sure there is more collaboration on the horizon for the two of us.
12. **Vegetative States** – I wrote this on the airplane while flying out of Providence on my way back to Kansas. The vegetation on the ground below was incredibly dense, as too I imagine were many of the people hidden beneath it. *It is not the state you’re in that will define you. It’s the love you share, inspire and release.*
13. **No Poetry** – I don’t even remember where or when I wrote this song. I remember being frustrated that I wasn’t writing any songs this year. I might have been running, sitting at a bar, or stuck in traffic. Who knows? I’d never had writer’s block before. How incredibly frustrating to just sit there drawing blank thought after blank thought.
14. **Author Please** – This was my second writer’s block song. The song also has something to do with saying goodbye to the old John and hello to someone else who I’m just now starting to get to know. I recorded this in one take while playing my Grandpa Wurzer’s nylon string guitar in front of a single microphone. I don’t think I’ve played this song or that guitar since. Some things are better just left alone.
15. **A Place To Begin** – And finally one more song for everyone associated with Back On My Feet. It is not winning, losing, or getting somewhere that is important. The important thing is to get started.

Lots of love,

Hope for peace on earth,

John

Commencement

John T. Wurzer

Key of C – Capo 2

You have got to write your own life’s story

You can’t always follow the path that is drawn

You’ve got to chase a falling star towards the horizon – (to Fm)

And ride that dream or nightmare into the dawn

When your phone is dead and there’s no GPS to guide you

When your shades are up and the light’s too bright to see

With no maps or charts to reference on this journey

Keep pressing on with the knowledge that you’re free

*And all the while all along the way*

*Put truth on trial keep hate at bay*

*And in your time you’ll come to see*

*What you’ve become is exactly what you were always meant to be*

So you find yourself in a cavernous subway station

All alone but for the echo of your breath

And you wonder if that train is ever coming

Will it stop here or has the train already left

*And all the while all along the way*

*Put truth on trial keep hate at bay*

*And in your time you’ll come to see*

*What you’ve become is exactly what you were always meant to be*

And you’ll write both day and night for generations

Until the crippling arthritis takes its toll

And it’s painful just to type a cordial letter

Much less sink into some loquacious prophet’s soul

*And all the while all along the way*

*Put truth on trial keep hate at bay*

*And in your time you’ll come to see*

*What you’ve become is exactly what you were always meant to be*

So don’t fool yourself into thinking that you’re so different

At the core we’re all just cells with DNA

And we all must write our bold contrite life’s stories

And help each other out along the way

Twilight

By John T. Wurzer

Key of D

Why do I find it strange I’m looking forward to the twilight of my days?

The tips of fingers clinging to their youth have now relented and rephrased

Somewhere in the distance there’s another road another dream to dream

For now however trite, I might sit here and watch this water run downstream

Why do I find it strange I’m looking forward to the twilight of my dreams?

I guess the world can move on without me

While I spend some time ignoring what it means

They will wonder where I’ve gone, after all the years I spent paving the way

They’ll wonder why I’ve left them cold and in a state of constant self dismay

They’ll wonder how a man can wave his hand and abandon those in need

The answer seems so clear to me; I’ve bled all the blood that I can bleed

Why do I find it strange I’m looking forward to the twilight of my dreams?

I guess the world can move on without me

While I spend some time ignoring what it means

I built myself a curious reputation just by living day to day

Selflessly ignoring wealth so many others pray will come their way

Still somehow the future it was filled with wanderers knocking on my door

For now the door’s unlocked but they’ll be shocked that somehow I don’t live there anymore

Why do I find it strange I’m looking forward to the twilight of my dreams?

I guess the world can move on without me

While I spend some time ignoring what it means

I guess the world moves on without me

And I’ll spend some time ignoring what it means

All Decked Out - John T. Wurzer

Well I’m all decked out with you again

And there ain’t no doubt, and I don’t know when

We’ll be stepping out, we’ll be running free

What it’s all about, will not bother me

You’ll be by my side, both of us will know

A magic carpet ride, we will go

We’ll be leaving soon, honey don’t you frown

We’ll be all decked out, and painting the town

Refrain:

In our Sunday best, or at our Monday worst

You and I are blessed, we’ve still got the thirst

To grab life by the throat and live it long and free

We’re finally all decked out, and there’s so much more to see

The moon is coming up, the sun is going down

I’m sipping from this cup, afraid I’m gonna drown

The winter wind, don’t feel so cold

I know it has to end, let’s go there bold

When you’re by my side chimes of freedom ring

Way up in the sky the birds begin to sing

Time is running out, it’s time to dance and roam

Because we’re all decked out, and we finally made it home.

Refrain

The world is going mad; I’m trying to make it back

Walking over eggs with shells about to crack

The sun begins to shine, my heart is drying out

I want you to be mine, of that there is no doubt

Yellow gold horizons in your eyes reflect

Closer than we ever thought to expect

Some day a total stranger passing by our stones will see us

All decked out; at peace; and finally home.

Yeah we’ll be all decked out and we’ll have finally made it home.

Ogallah Blues

By John T. Wurzer

Well you can drive that Winnebago to the Trego County line

Jam to all that mushroom rock on FM-99

And I will follow to Ogallah; then we’ll go our separate ways

The road goes on forever; the party never fades

Trusting Jesus on their billboards; in their cities and their towns

This creepy, Kansas, Christianity abounds

Choosing life; condemning heathens; passing judgement while they drive

Those creepy Kansas Christians somehow find a way to thrive

From Ogallala to Ogallah, you and I will find our way

From Jackson down to Paxton we’ll have other games to play

All those righteous billboard bullies, sheltered, mindless and outdated

When will they finally understand?

That their lord’s almighty hand and the things their God has planned

Are a thousand times more complicated….

If you wander off the highway; there’s a dirt road in the dust

Where once an ancient seaway rolled across this earthy crust

Monuments of bright white rock are sizzling in the heat

Outmoded; eroded; majestically complete

Cliff Walk

John T. Wurzer

Play in D and capo 2

I went over a cliff and I’m still fallin’

I’ve gone so far out of my mind, I can’t get back in

The focused foggy refrains of those voices callin’

They bounce around in my brain; like an original sin

I reach out for a hand; but I cannot find one

I want to make a stand; but I’m in mid-air

I went over a cliff and I’m still falling

And I’m still not sure why I thought there was something here

I went out on the town, with a thousand dollars

Threw my money around, no time to explain

That I was righting a wrong, writing a song, becoming a scholar

Crawled home like a clown, not a cent to my name

I reached out for a hand; but I could not find one

Tried to make a stand; but I was in mid-air

I went over a cliff and I’m still falling

And I’m still not sure why I thought there was something here

If you ever get lost, and you’ve lost your calling

Your heart becomes soft, and it’s lost its charms

If you go over that cliff and start to falling

I’ll be standing on the rocks below with open arms

Just reach out for a hand; you just might find one

Try to make a stand; try to hear that call

If you go over that cliff and you’re still falling

I’ll be waiting at the bottom if you need me to break your fall

I’ll be waiting on the rocks below to break your fall

I’ll be standing there more than willing to break your fall

Rather Odd

By John T. Wurzer

Key of C

Sometimes right and sometimes wrong

Sometimes the second time around ends up being a song

Sometimes I’m as wise as you but other times I have no clue

It’s January; every crocus is in bloom

The daffodil sprouts have hopes but they’ll be dead soon

I’m not saying its climate change; but is it possible that God (C-E7-A)

Awoke in a senile haze this morning; and is acting rather odd

But how old is God? How’s he holding up?

Has he been hanging out homeless on a corner jangling change in an old tin cup?

Has he lost his focus? Has he fallen behind?

Can he see straight or has he gone blind? (C-E7-A)

Is he finally short a couple of miracles in his once unrivaled mind?

Sometimes here and sometimes there

Sometimes the second time around still isn’t fair

Sometimes I’m the first to know and other times I miss the show

It’s rainy and it’s foggy and it’s dark, and seeping gloom

It’s April now and every Christmas carol has lost its tune

I’m not saying that it’s global warming but it’s still possible that God

Awoke in a senile haze this morning and is acting rather odd

How old is God? How’s he holding up?

Has he been hanging out homeless on a corner jangling change in an old tin cup?

Has he lost his focus? Has he fallen behind?

Can he see straight or has he gone blind?

Is he finally short a couple of miracles in his once unrivaled mind?

Sometimes right and sometimes wrong

Sometimes the second time around ends up being a song

Sometimes here and sometimes there

Sometimes life the second time around still isn’t fair

Crashing

John T. Wurzer

If your world comes crashing down and strips you of your dreams

And your sympathetic themes just fade away

And your universe becomes much worse, like a house without a home

Like a souse without a poem with no song to play

If the silence starts to building high-rise towers in your head

Aspirations wilt and you start walking like the dead

If the mirror of emotion stops reflecting then turns black

And you start running fast towards yesterday

But you never make it back

Yes if your world comes crashing down and steals your peace of mind

Reach for me, you’ll find I’m not that far away

And when I walk another road and you and I can’t meet

I’ll glance down at my feet and I’ll draw a smile

Remembering you, what we went through and what we went beyond

Like ripples in a pond, now gone after awhile

That race we ran together because alone it seemed too long

Through teardrops, sweat and weather running further farther on

Kaleidoscope mosaic bits of feelings we once shared

The crack of dawn we moved beyond too exhausted to be scared

So if your world comes crashing down and steals your peace of mind

Remember me and grind it out just one more mile

One mile at a time with a runner’s high

One Baltimore, one last goodbye

No one runs alone; it ain’t so strange

One simple prayer to accept and change

And if your world comes crashing down and you and I can’t meet

Get back up on your feet and greet another day

And The Big Ape Stares Into His Phone

By John T. Wurzer

Key of C

The atmosphere bubbles and boils now

It’s March madness; the final four

The patrons are pumped to the rafters

They’re downing cocktails and ordering more

On a barstool, a body builder,

Sits there oh so alone

The barroom exploding with ecstasy

While the big ape stares into his phone

Oh no he never looks up from the touch screen

Unless he’s ordering another beer

And if it weren’t for his tab and his napkin

No one would know he was even here

He might be a terrorist bomber

He might be messaging his Mother back home

With his gaze on his over-sized fingers

The big ape stares into his phone

Refrain:

He may look like a moron; but he’s refined in his leisure

And apart from the tats of his cats on his bi-ceps; he’s a delight and a treasure

I prejudged, held a grudge the moment he walked through the front door

Look, he just made a donation to foster salvation; feed the hungry and clothe the world’s poor

I wonder if he’s trolling Facebook,

Twitter, Instagram, or his texts

Or maybe he’s checking his email,

Stock quotes, or something nobody suspects

So don’t judge the book by its cover,

Even if it is covered in muscles and bulk

You just might have witnessed a physical fitness;

Philanthropic Incredible Hulk

Brew Pub Rub (Someone Turned Off The Lite)

John T. Wurzer

Key of C

It’s getting harder and harder to walk into a bar and get a watered down domestic light beer

But I stopped in on a whim, felt creativity within, and now I’m close to shedding a tear

There are 75 craft beer selections, lagers, pilsners, and IPAs,

And beers guaranteed to prolong erections that are flavored in 100,000 different ways

They got pumpkin, double chocolate, coconut, coffee, orange, cherry and even gluten free;

But these gastro brew pubs with their beer drinking wine snob appeal don’t appeal to me.

I want to settle in, invisible, I just want to write a few poems with a Michelob Ultra by my side

But somehow in this day and age I can’t order one, because the selection has grown too wide

It seems lately that every bar I walk into has a beer menu that ends at the end of page two

And stocks 50 draft beers guaranteed to thrill ya; it’s like being in a Baskins Robbins with no Vanilla…Ice Cream

It makes me want to SCREAM…

Who turned off the LITE?

It isn’t right. Someone turned off my Lite.

All this beer snobbery, it appears to me, is just juice for lame conversation

Somehow sitting around and “talking beer” is a sad excuse for communication

Reminds me of Facebook, Twitter, Tumbler, Snap Chat, Texting, and even cell phone beaming

The easier we make it to touch one other; the easier it is to let the touch have no meaning

It’s getting harder and harder to walk into a bar and get a watered down domestic light beer

So I guess I’ll go home and I’ll drink all alone;

I don’t want to talk to anyone who is here.

Someone turned off the Lites.

Two Beers for Breakfast

By John T. Wurzer

When we started out there was no doubt that you and I were thick

You loved me when; oh baby way back then because I didn’t make you sick

But sometime last night, we got into a fight; I guess I must have had a few

I was a big disgrace, so you slapped my face and you screamed that we were through

You left me alone, I made it home, I don’t know how I found my way

But apparently you were through with me. You had better games to play

You broke my heart, tore it apart, and microwaved my soul

And now morning’s here and I think I need a beer or two to make me whole

My shirt is stained with dirt and lipstick and lying on the floor

My underwear and socks, I’m shocked, I can’t find them anymore

I open the blinds and I lose my mind, when the hot sun hits my sheets

Cause I’m just two beers for breakfast from getting back on my feet

Cheerios and cereal bowls can’t heal the way I feel

You won’t hear me beg for scrambled eggs, hash browns, or a happy meal

My heart is not achin’ for pancakes and bacon, it’s too weak to tweet or post

I really think I just need a few drinks; not an order of French toast

It would take an hour but an ice cold shower just might jumpstart my brain

But I’m writing this song, and I don’t have that long, and there is no time to explain

So I roll out of bed, just to prove I’m not dead and that I’m numb to all your bitchin’

I crawl down the hall because I seem to recall that there’s a six pack in the kitchen

My shirt is stained with dirt and lipstick and lying on the floor

My underwear and socks, I’m shocked, I just found them in the silverware drawer

I seem to forget what I ought to regret, but I won’t sit around feeling blue

Cause I’m just two beers for breakfast from getting over you

Now I’m sending you texts because I kind of suspect that you’re having second thoughts

You probably woke up thinking “what the fuck did I do?” and “Shit, am I gonna get caught?”

You’ll call me by nine, weep and then whine that you’re mine, and you’re my best friend

I’ll bet you’re two beers for breakfast from loving me again

What Daddy Did For Me

Written by Nate Flachs - Capo 1 – play in C

Daddies got a job, and Mummy jumped with glee

And off to work he went, as excited as could be

My tummy didn’t rumble, and sleep came easy too

For Daddy worked the mine, and he worked it all day through

I’d never seen him smile, so much as he did now

For when mom needed something, he no longer said somehow

Instead his smile widened, and out he took some green

And he’d buy it for her there and then, while Mummy’d sit and beam

Then one night I found it hard, to sleep the whole way through

Daddies cough, kept me up, because his cough was new

Soon his cough familiar, would put me right to sleep

And he’d be there in my dreams, and often times he’d weep

I’d never seen him smile, so much as he did now

For when mom needed something, he no longer said somehow

Instead his smile widened, and out he took some green

He’d buy it for her there and then, while Mummy’d sit and beam

But dreams are only dreams, and daddy never cried

Not even when the doctor, said by now he should have died

So Mommy stopped her jumping, instead she’d wake and plead

Saying “Please don’t go to work, it’s a Daddy that we need”

But Daddy didn’t listen, and off to work he’d go

Saying he’d be back for dinner, not to worry, his face aglow

He smiled through his coughs, and he smiled through his days,

He smiled through his sleepless nights in a happy haze

Until one night I woke, at hearing Mummy shriek

Daddy’s cough was gone, and again he’d never speak

My tummy never rumbles, daddies work takes care of me

But I’d rather he were here, with a rumbling tummy

But I never saw him smile as much as he did then

And when Mom needed something, he wouldn’t say “I don’t know when”

Instead his smile would widen and he’d take out some cash

Buy it for her there and then and Mommy’s eyes would flash

Daddy got a job and Mummy jumped with glee, and off to work he went…

Vegetative States

John T. Wurzer

Key of A – capo 4

Vegetative states like green Rhode Island

Viewed from far above late in the spring

Sprawl beneath one’s eyes; a natural blanket

Airplane mode, no texts, no phone will ring

The landscape far below is a garden pathway

At peace and free, yet surrounded by a gate

Vegetative states like green Rhode Island

Guided by the laws of love and fate

Refrain:

No you can’t get there from here but you could travel

And you can get there from some other far off place

While weaving the fabric of your life that someday will unravel

Into mysterious and vegetative states

Nevada, Utah, and also Arizona

Draped in beauty with a different tale to tell

Sharp edged cliffs, mesas, buttes and deserts

In these places it’s more difficult to dwell

Vegetative moments few and priceless

Cacti, desert wildflowers, tumbleweeds

Mountains on the edges of the flatlands

Clarity, survival instinct feeds

Refrain

Vegetative states one finds in Kansas

They feed the mind until it finally sees for miles

Wheat fields, windmills, oil wells, stretching endless

Toward infinity and then back to youthful wiles

But beauty lies in eyes that now behold you

Restless, wide-eyed promise, now at peace

And it is not the state you’re in that will define you

But the love you share, inspire and release

Refrain

No Poetry

By John T. Wurzer

There is no poetry in my eye tonight only lust and an unwillingness to bend

As for those who said it never could be done this way;

I guess we’ll have to correct them in the end

You with all those sparkles at the edges of your eyes

And a teardrop balanced on your upper lip

Tear me away from solitude and I will peel my eyes off of your hips

So send a bitter tear this way

I’m thirsty for that kind of inspiration

There is no poetry in my eye tonight

Inspiration is indefinitely on vacation

There is no music in my head tonight; only a silent cold unwillingness to sing

And as for those who bet nobody could shut me up;

Well I guess I don’t owe them anything

All creative thought was stolen from a mind you drilled a hole into;

I try to speak but I can’t even find my throat.

You vex me and perplex me; your sex appeal, it rocks like a boat

So send a bitter tear this way

I’m thirsty for that kind of inspiration

There is no poetry in my eye tonight

Inspiration is indefinitely on vacation

There is no poetry in my eye tonight, nor in my voice, or in the motion of this pen

I’ve tried to write, but alas good-night; inspiration has escaped me once again.

So send another beer this way, I’m hungry for to drift away,

And tune my wavelength to a different station.

There is no music in my head tonight,

The songs have all gone to some unknown destination… just like a lost generation

There is no poetry in my eye tonight only lust and an unwillingness to feel

And as for those who said it never could be done this way;

I guess they ate up all the words at their last meal

As for those who said it never could be done this way;

I hope they ate up all the words at their last meal

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As for those who said it never could be done this way;

I hope they ate up all the words at their last meal

Author Please

John T. Wurzer

F-C-G7-C- G7-F-C etc.

Where did the author go?

Where are the words that he once wrote?

Where is that guy in the black leather coat?

How long has it been?

What roads did he travel, what games did he play?

Why did he unravel? Did they eat his heart away?

I’m getting quite nostalgic for a melody or verse

He should be messing with a blessing or shouting out a curse

Where did the author go?

Where are the words that he once wrote?

Where is that guy in the black leather coat?

How long has it been?

Lately however I pick up his pen?

Try to find his number try to call him up again

But it is as if he doesn’t know me, it’s as if he doesn’t care

I ought to feel his guiding hand but it’s as if he isn’t there

Where did the author go?

Where are the words that he once wrote?

Where is that guy in the black leather coat?

How long has it been?

So I sit here scratching, bumbling, spitting out the words

Some of them are sentences but most are quite absurd

Still I keep on writing through wind, rain, sleet and snow

Wondering throughout my wanderings where did the author go?

REFRAIN

If you find him, let me know.

A Place To Begin - John T. Wurzer

G6-C-Am-D ; Capo 5

Somewhere out there among the galaxies unknown

Is a place that you can finally be at peace where you can finally be at home

Where everything is constant and in focus all the time

Where confusion is a misdemeanor; insanity no crime

There is no need to search for it that place among the stars

It will find you when it finds you, on the job or in the bars

You keep on doing what you’re doing; explore and find a place

Where you can live and love, give and take, and find comfort in the race

Refrain:

It’s not a race to get somewhere; it’s not a race to win, it’s not a race to finish; only to begin

It’s not an easy race to run; filled with obstacles and pain

Challenges to wrestle with; snow and freezing rain

But there are others there to help you, and they’re running close beside you

They will nurture and inspire, pick you up and help to guide you

And in times with aching limbs exhausted lungs, and tired strides

You’ll find the joy in giving to those there by your side

Together in your loneliness and struggling all the time

Always sharing, always caring, only stopping is a crime

Refrain:

It’s not a race to get somewhere; it’s not a race to win, it’s not a race to finish; it’s a place to begin

In the end it doesn’t matter, in the end there is no grade

This is no one semester class there is no thesis that needs to be made

The running, it keeps coming, miles and miles you’ve got to go

Headed straight to nowhere or to no place that you know

Somehow somewhere out there is a galaxy of bliss

A place where every face has traced “We’ve had enough of this”

Upon the naked walls between the “have’s” and “wish they dids”

Until those walls begin to crack and light escapes from where it was hid

Refrain