Burger Theory

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A-D9 etc – 136 bpm

Burger Theory

Opened late

Barmaid is weary

And she doesn’t look great

Patrons are surly

The front desk is busy

Handing out coupons for cocktails

To drunks in a tizzy

Feelings are good

And they’re bound to get better

Canadian beer drinkers

And a black Irish setter

All sitting at the bar

Watching TV

Reading subtitles

While they’re talking to me

Pickles and Onions, Mayonnaise and Cheese, Three Strips of Bacon and Fresh Lettuce Leaves

A hot Kaiser Roll fresh from the oven… Burger Theory is what I’m lovin’

Wings of an angel

Are tapping my brow

Never before

But I feel them now

Guiding me somehow

To fly once again

On a vesper of hope

To someplace I’ve never been

Full of Pickles and Onions, Mayonnaise and Cheese, Three Strips of Bacon and Fresh Lettuce Leaves

A hot Kaiser Roll fresh from the oven… Burger Theory is what I’m lovin’

Lost in the dark

Blindly reeling

As if I could care

Or feel all these feelings

Tapestries get hung

On walls of regret

Along with burgers and theories

That I can’t swallow yet.