The Longest Song

By John T. Wurzer

Key of D – 214 bpm

I can see the clouds are thinning now, like a fading foggy morning on a cruise ship bow

Like a hoard of starving natives as they die of wanting something for to eat somehow

Like the softest cotton shirt fresh from the dryer on a February afternoon

Becoming ever more transparent as you wash it and you wear it, then it’s gone too soon

Chorus:

Either I am getting taller or the ground is growing smaller, or I’m much too high

Blue skies overhead, have me convinced that total ecstasy is found right here in the sky

The universe is out there with its leases and its timeshares in the void of space

The earthly crust below has lost its texture and its flow as has this human race

Biding time till clouds are gone and I can write another song that steals a lover’s heart

My head is ten times clearer than it was when all that beer just blew my thoughts apart

A dollar or a dime, an ode a nursery rhyme, somehow, I can’t be sure

Whether all this introspection is a vaccine or an injection, or a magic cure

I can finally see for miles, down subway tunnels, grocery aisles; across the barren plain

But no matter where I’m gazing, all these human cattle grazing seem to look the same

Fathers, mothers, sons, and daughters, they’re all headed for the slaughter, yet they have no clue

They assemble, congregate, put on airs and put on weight until their lives are through

I keep trying to look past it, but it’s like an Easter basket full of chocolate fruit

Distracting like a sunny, sultry, scented playboy bunny in a birthday suit

I dare not chance a nibble; troubles multiply like tribbles if you let one in

So, I leap that tasty treat in my reclining ejector seat unscathed, unmarked by sin

This tale is nearly through; my mind goes blank; no more to stew in existential fear

The enemy is hate; I can’t stumble, stray or wait; I must be straight and clear

I can still see the horizon and the beauty of your eyes in every newborn day

So, I press on in my journey like someone who had to learn he’s simply wired this way

Soft green carpet spreads below me, although no one really knows me, I feel soft and sure

Unadulterated pondering, trite poetic wandering, despised and pure

As euphoria descends, the earth gets closer and it sends me down from high above

There is so much more to know; feet on the ground; it’s time to grow an even deeper love

So, kiss goodbye the present tenses, sunburned black wrought iron fences that keep out the good

Yes, the aftermath is scary but still plausible; less hairy if you’ll lose the hood

Live life well and while you live it, somehow still forgive it as you drown in strife

You can bang the funeral gong, but the world’s longest song plays on long past your life