A Werewolf’s Thesis

An Album by John T. Wurzer

All songs Written, Composed, and Performed by John T. Wurzer

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Throughout 98% of the process of creating this album, the working title was “A Young Tom Sawyer”. Less than a week before I was going to release the album, I changed the name, changed a bunch of the songs and rearranged them all. I’m still trying to figure out what the Werewolf’s Thesis purports to explain. Regardless, I’m pretty sure it is uncorrupted by the moon. Below are the obligatory and possibly totally fabricated explanations of what the songs just might be about; but probably aren’t.

1. **Nonsense Tune** – While sitting under the deck behind our house I found myself spontaneously playing this melody on the guitar. All the while I was thinking to myself, “There is no way this ever becomes a song. It’s just too weird.” Eventually it turned into a journey through some of the major news stories of my lifetime; from the Vietnam war through the fall of the Berlin wall, the creation of the internet, and of course the 2016 election. As I said back in 2009 “It all makes perfect nonsense to me.”
2. **No Luck** – I was watching the TV news in a hotel bar and looked away from the screen towards the bartender pouring Jack Daniels into a bourbon and coke. Then I looked back up at the news and a song was born. At least that’s how I remember it. As a species, we could use a little good luck right now.
3. **Tempo** – This song originally had 10 verses so you would think that I might remember where and when I wrote it and what I was thinking. It was originally called “Where does it end?” which is probably the title that I made up after writing 10 verses about absolutely nothing. It’s just about how I wish life would slow down long enough for me to figure out what it is all about. Maybe the only time you figure out the meaning of life is in that brief millisecond yours ends.
4. **Streams of Tomorrow** – I finally finished my 28.5-year business relationship with Diamond Comic Distributors on April 30th, 2019. I wrote the lyrics to this song late that afternoon. Retirement is cool. Old age sucks. I feel very fortunate that I have Diane beside me to share both the blessings and the curses of my twilight years. I composed this music on the piano in our basement. About half the songs on this album were composed on piano rather than guitar; which is something I haven’t done in many years and I look forward to doing more often.
5. **Gluten Free Glutes** – It’s May 2019 and I’m sitting in the window seat of an airplane on the tarmac of Baltimore/Washington International airport waiting for my flight to Rochester, NY to back away from the gate and take off. The sky breaks open in a torrential rainstorm. I look out the window and see one of the luggage handlers out in the rain doing “step-back lunges”. (Yes, she was exercising.) I said to myself, “Self, somehow there has to be a song for this.” It turns out that this is it.
6. **A Young Tom Sawyer** – I spent a good portion of my 2019 summer grinding, sanding, priming, and painting 200 feet of badly rusted wrought iron fencing that encloses our backyard. By the time it was over it amounted to around 200 manhours of work. Yes, that’s one hour for each foot of fencing. While I was painting, I couldn’t help but recall reading about Tom Sawyer and his whitewashing escapade back when I was young. So, I downloaded the audio book and listened to it for a portion of the time I was painting the fence. While doing so I also put together this song in my head. It was quite a chore writing a song without a computer, pen and paper, guitar or piano. It’s no longer the title track; but it has a warm spot in my heart.
7. **Tale of a Slovenly Toad** – Many of the bars in Topeka have animals in their names. I wrote this song while sipping a beer at a bar called the “Lazy Toad”; not at the “Glazed Goose”, the “Blue Moose”, “The Celtic Fox”, or any of the other beast ridden establishments in this capitol city. This is just a song where I’m speculating on what will be next my next adventure on this road through life.
8. **Dustbowl Weather** – When I am asked to describe what the weather is like in Kansas; I tell people that it is as cold as Rochester, NY in the winter and as hot as Fort Worth, TX in the summer. Oh yeah, and it’s desert windy. I think that braving the weather here in Kansas is kind of a metaphor for what our country is going through philosophically, emotionally, and politically lately. Sometimes it is hard to see a hope for new life, new growth, and human kindness. All of that said, if you put the politics aside; the people in Topeka, Kansas are the warmest, friendliest people that I’ve encountered in any city that I’ve ever lived in or visited. So, maybe there is hope for this country and our world as well.
9. **Burger Theory** – Whenever I stay at the Hampton Inn near the Kansas City airport, I make time to walk down the street to the Holiday Inn where there is a Bar called Burger Theory. It opens at 5 p.m. The last time I was there it was 5 p.m., the bar was still closed; so I decided to write a jingle for them. Unfortunately, they haven’t picked it up as their theme song. I wonder why?
10. **Lost Mind** – Wrote and composed this this song at the piano. I’m not sure what it is about. I think I temporarily lost my mind.
11. **The Longest Song** – Well, it is the longest song on the album. Thus, this seemed like a good name for it. I wrote this on an airplane. Some of my favorite lines on the album are in this song. Still I had to cut it down from its original 10 verses. “Either I am getting taller or the ground is growing smaller or I’m much too high…”
12. **Tiny Bunny** – It was the middle of June and I still only had a handful of song embryos gestating for this year’s CD. I started taking an hour or two every late afternoon to sit under the deck behind our house with my notebook and write about whatever came to mind. One night, a bunny came up and started eating the bird seed underneath our feeder. He hung out in our yard for about an hour and a half and so I wrote him this song. He made it clear that in his opinion farmers should NOT own guns. He had very few other opinions to share.
13. **Lower** – I scratched a few frustrated lines of poetry in my book on New Years Eve when the neighborhood fireworks were going off. Six months and a few days later, on the fourth of July, when the fireworks were going off again until two o’clock in the morning, I decided to finish the song. Let’s be clear about this. Blowing things up is NOT the best way to prove to the rest of the world that you are free. There’s a bunch of “A Tale of Two Cities” language in the refrain. I revisited “A Tale of Two Cities” in audio book format while painting my fence as well. There are some scary parallels between that book and the current state of many of the societies in the world today as well.
14. **Stranger Things** – I wrote this at the Murder In The Mall, Topeka Civic Theatre event this past summer. It’s kind of a mash up between my observations while at the event and the Stranger Things television series. If one allows oneself to absorb everything going on in the world around them, the stranger things just start to jump right out into view.
15. **Mute** – I also composed this song at the piano. One of the hardest things to adjust to about retirement is that no one really cares to hear what I think about… well… about pretty much anything. Sometimes it’s just easier to keep my mouth shut. Becoming relevant in some way shape or form is probably something that I’ll need to address eventually; however for now I will just relax and enjoy the advantages of being invisible.

Nonsense Tune

By John T. Wurzer - 172 bpm – capo 2

Am – G – Am – E7 – Dm – Am – Dm - Am

F – Am – Dm – Am – Am – G – Dm - Am

The night is hazy, golden, moisture drown in ecstasy

The day was melted, bright, and boiling yet divine

While subtle tears mix with the sweat soaked rags of fantasy

The ticking clocks can’t find the patience to unwind

I wrote a love song before the sun came up and tortured it

I wrote a ballad about a gunfight at high noon

I watched the dreams of wandering wise men tumble down the pit

I watched the perfect love appear, then leave too soon

Chorus:

It’s an ancient melody, it’s a playwright’s tragedy

It’s a werewolf’s thesis uncorrupted by the moon

The sun sinks low, the sky aglow

The hourglass empty now

Yet still I’m sitting here singing this song to a nonsense tune

I watched the war in Southeast Asia on a TV set

Split old from young, and white from black, and hawk from dove

Saw the same wasted generation launch the internet

So easy to forget, that all they need is love

Chorus:

The Berlin wall came tumbling down and promised better days

The united SSR unraveled fast

And then a quarter century later set our votes ablaze

Hijacked democracy, stole our election, and kicked our ass

Chorus:

The night is hazy, golden moisture drown in ecstasy

Cicadas sing and dance while sunset starts to sigh

I tried to live and love and be the man I want to be

I watched the dreams of wandering wise men fade and die

Chorus:

Yeah I’m just sitting here singing this song to a nonsense tune

And I’m still sitting here making up songs to a nonsense tune

No Luck

By John T. Wurzer

C – G – Bb – F – Fm – C – Bb – F – G – G7

128 bpm

It’s seven come eleven and the chips are down

There ain’t a single honest man to be found

You could drill a well to hades through this dusty ground

There ain’t no luck around, you should have left this town long ago.

The little things in life are treasured gems of fate

You’re still there at the table and it’s getting late

Gambling away your chance to meditate

It seems you took the bait and your perfect mate didn’t show

Chorus/Break: C – Em – F – C – Fm – C – G – Bb – F - G – G7

The wheel is still there spinning but your number is gone

There’s no chance that you’re winning when they strike the gong

You’re grinning but you cannot tell the right from wrong

You simply play along

It’s seven come eleven and the deck is stacked

You’ve forgotten how it feels to be attacked

You’re holding onto cards that contradict the facts

Smoking down the tracks, all in as the night descends

It’s like you’re playing at a table that has no legs

It floats beneath your elbows while the dealer begs

For everybody to get their guns from off the pegs

There’s no more beer in the kegs and he says that’s how the story ends

Chorus

Well, it’s seven come eleven and you’re signing off

With a whimper and a wink, a tired sigh and a cough

It’s like you’re stranded on a train not knowing where to get off

You’re growing soft, and you’ve already done this twice

Tempo

John T. Wurzer

Capo 5 play in G – 84 bpm 2/4 or 168 bpm 4/4

Can someone just slow down the tempo

Listen to the wind blow

Then blow up my mind

I’m sitting here minding my business

Wondering what is this

That I can’t find

The tortured soul deep inside me

That used to guide me

Is now driving me mad

Nightmares; killing for bus fare

Whisper they don’t care

And that I’ve been had

The daylight song is descending

Emotions are bending

They bend till they break

My heartbeat skips like some kids feet

Chalk on a sidewalk

Until I awake

Standing alone on a golf course

Telling a gift horse

That I’m too hoarse to sing

Love songs; ballads or show tunes

Brides scream at bride grooms

Hey, first, show me the RING!

Dreams waltz, slow to a faint pulse

Waiting for “true/false”

Or none of the above

Wax men, melt in a pig pen

Asking an old hen

If she’s ready for love

She sits there; losing her gray hair

Begging for plane fare

And trying to escape

To some place other than Kansas

Where poems and stanzas

Don’t blow up in her face

He drives by; in a Mercedes

Wowing the ladies

And ladling soup

With sharp swords; knives and gold strainers

Pouring no brainers

From a big old vat full of goop

Restless now as the light fades

Feeling like switch blades

Are carving through time

Throw me a look that can snow me

Let insanity blow me away

From this meaningless rhyme

Slowly and feeling unholy

Sinking towards lowly

Portions of space

Driving geese from the flatlands

Wringing my stained hands

And tired of my face

Broken; now with the air still

Tilting at windmills

And wondering how long

Until someone pulls out a shot gun

And blows me away, one time

Just for writing this song

Girlfriends drool on the rooster

Looking for booster

Shots for their pride

Someday; the father of time will

Call it a day quill

And go for that ride

Swimming here in this fountain

Climbing a mountain

Of slippery trends

Sledding a slope without bedding

Wondering where is this heading

And where does it end?

Streams of Tomorrow

By John T. Wurzer

144 bpm

C – Em – F – Em – Dm – C – G

F – G – C – Am

F- G – Am – Em

F – G – E7 – Am

F – Em – Dm – C – F - - C

There are seemingly endless streams of tomorrows lining up in front of me

Each one a chance for sorrow to become a forgotten memory

It’s my destiny to live them and my fate to make them shine

Each day a gifted treasure chest of experience divine

And while I’m hiking through that forest of revelation and desire

I want you there beside me to guide and set my heart on fire

There’s a dying junkyard of yesterdays floating inside my head

Like leaves on a cold November day, moving fast but surely dead

They’ve been dissected, resurrected, and inspected to no use

Upon reflection, their infection is more aptly called abuse

And while I’m climbing up this rock face of aging brittle days

I want you there beside me, all the time, and all the way

There is nothing on my mind I want to shut down and reboot

After years of chasing milestones, self-indulgence, pride and loot

I’ve been broken, awoken, like a subway token, rusty and stuck in the slot

How it feels to be real, I’ve tried to conceal but the psychic now says I’m not

And while I’m sailing across this ocean towards the wisdom on the horizon

I want you there beside me

You’re still the one that I’ve got my eyes on.

Gluten Free Glutes

By John T. Wurzer

128 bpm

A7 – E7 – A7

A7 – B7 – E7

A7 – D7

A7 – E7 – A7

We boarded the plane in hopes of taking off before the storm blew through

Staring out the window watching luggage handlers and a goddess on the tarmac crew

Thunder started clapping, and lightning started flashing, seemed like an ocean fell out of the skies.

The boys all ran for cover but that sexy ground crew lover; she just started to exercise.

She was working on her gluten free glutes in the pouring rain

Step back lunges and clothes like sponges soaked to the skin and numb to the pain

Lightning and thunder, and a spell that she’s under somehow forcing her to remain

Standing there working on her gluten free glutes in the pouring rain

Yeah, she was crunching her abraded abs through the teaming tide

Puffing like a smokestack; standing on the tarmac, she would not be denied

Gusty winds are pelting, her smile but it wasn’t melting at its roots deep down inside

She was just crunching her abraded abs through the teaming tide

Break D7 – A7 – D7 – B7 – E7

Sheets of water so thick that I cannot see

But still I kinda wonder why she’s drawn to me

With her dark chocolate eyes and her hollow face

That’s an image of her that I’ll never erase

She keeps on toning up her triceps and her biceps as the storm blows through

Contorting in a sporting series of moves the likes of which are few

Still she’s wishing she was fishing somewhere in the south of Spain

Instead of working on her gluten free glutes in the pouring rain

**A Young Tom Sawyer**

**By John T. Wurzer**

**Key of D – 195 bpm**

Feel like I’m floating down a river on a lark on a raft in the dark, just a mark for a shark who barks that his name is Injun Joe

Every evil thought that forgot to be shot he’s a bringing up over and over as If I ought to know

Water rushing by my ears, flushing out the fears, washing salty tears from years of ceaseless pain

And just like a young Tom Sawyer, I could use a lawyer to sue the man named Sam who dealt me this hand goes by the name of Mr. Twain

**Chorus:**

Just like a young Tom Sawyer, I want to ramble, I want to gamble, but I’ve got a fence to paint

The summer sun is relentless; it burns me up and shuts me down and leaves me feeling faint

200 feet of rusty wrought iron waiting for me like an enemy about to blow my mind

But just like a young Tom Sawyer, I got my eye on a passerby who’s gonna paint while I unwind

Somehow, I lost Huck Finn; yeah someone did him in; for the original sin of being born dirt poor

They let him throw his life away on an ocean of decay I’ve even heard them say he’s rotten to the core

Sent him down a river on a boat carrying a note, explaining that his vote was joke like the vote of nigger Jim

Until he drifted to the sea soaked in misery trying to get free from the man he used to be and I wish that I could see what’s become of him

Chorus:

Staring at two hundred feet of railing with a fear of failing, clinging to a paint brush with arthritic hands

Swollen with a pain stolen from a brain that was driven insane in the rain while living off the land

This job is bigger than my dreams, going to extremes, bursting at the seams, with themes that I cannot explain

Feeling like a young Tom Sawyer sitting in a foyer, peeking like a voyeur at little miss Becky Thatcher; watching her toy with Old Man Twain

Chorus:

Tale of a Slovenly Toad

128 BPM

By John T. Wurzer

¾ time – G – Em – C – D – G – Em – Am – D etc.

C – D – G – Em (2x) C – D – G – Bm C – D – G

As wise as an owl; as lazy as a toad

Halfway through with dying

Not done with getting old

So where do we go from here love

Now that the sun is falling

And it’s painful just getting out of the bed

When it seems like just yesterday we first started crawling

As free as a bird and as right as the rain

I get lost in your eyes and my joints feel no pain

On the wall hangs a portrait of the life that I lived

From the womb to the tomb; crimes I’ll forgive

And I wonder as I wander which I fear more

Being reborn or finally opening death’s door

As soon as I can or as long as I’ll wait

I’m a fish, I’m a worm wondering am I the bait

Wondering am I the genie or am I the lamp

A blaze of emotion or a heart that’s gone damp

Out of sight, out of time, out of mind, on the road

A smart-ass owl or a slovenly toad

Dustbowl Weather

By John T. Wurzer

Em - 96 bpm

It’s dustbowl weather out there

The wind is as hot as the devil’s lair

Blowing hard on the old plow share

And missing a tune

Hot fire whistling through my ears

Trapped outdoors while the Satan sneers

And I’m running out of ice-cold beers

As I stare at the moon.

Chorus:

It’s dustbowl weather; as dry as a dying man’s last joke

It’s dustbowl weather, so hot this frog’s too weak to croak

It’s dustbowl weather out there my eyes constantly burn

I spend my mornings praying that somehow this weather is gonna turn

Yeah, it’s dustbowl weather.

It’s dustbowl weather out there

It’s hard to breathe; its even harder to care

When you’ve been taught to believe that nothing is fair

And somehow somebody should pay

It’s becoming very plain to see

That’s the only way you’ll ever be free

Is to turn your house in to an armory

And sit there locked and loaded on judgement day

Chorus

It’s dustbowl weather out there

Feel like I’m strapped into an electric chair

While I’m forced to watch an orange dancing bear

Fall in love with his own words

It’s like we’ve forged a continental divide

And every one of us has to pick a side

No peace, no love, the river has grown too wide

Keeps getting more and more absurd

Burger Theory

By John T. Wurzer

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.

Lost Mind

By John T. Wurzer

Key of F – 80 bpm

F – C7/E – F – F – C7/E – F – C – Gm – Am – Bb – C7

I lost something last night; I think it was my mind

It wasn’t my virginity; that’s 40 years behind

I was climbing through a cavern near the center of my being

A chill inside my bones; believing but not seeing

Flat black mossy moistened tunnels in my soul

Scratching clawing stumbling falling toward a gaping hole

A hole inside the ceiling, hoping to fall through

A trace of outer space, a face too alive to leave me blue

Suddenly inside me, a stirring spark, a wretched fire

Launched me through the hole above, like some lost teenaged desire

At a thousand miles an hour rising towards the blackest night

Through the layers of the earth, then through the atmosphere in flight

I lost something last night, I’m pretty sure it was my mind

Now that it’s gone missing it seems quite difficult to find

If you see it, send it a message, let me know how it appeared

Sane and principled in thought, or like a sheep recently sheered

I lost something last night; I’m not sure where it went

I guess it was bound to happen

Although not broken it was surely bent

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

Tiny Bunny

John T. Wurzer

Finger Pick in C (capo 4)

Tiny bunny, in my yard

Laughs when I say, life is hard

Eats my plants and my grass all day

If I object, he hops away. He just hops away

Tiny bunny; with soft brown fur

Acts as if he isn’t sure

Am I friend or am I foe

Should he hang out; or should he go; yeah, should he go

Tiny bunny, lying down

Wallows on the dusty ground

Laughs when I complain that life’s not fair

Tiny bunny, lying there; he keeps lying there

Tiny bunny; with his cotton tail

Never fears that he might fail

He hops and scrambles; meal to meal

I want to ask him; how does that feel; how does it feel

Tiny bunny; near the gates

Doesn’t dwell on interest rates

Immigration or gender rights

He’s not looking for political fights; he doesn’t want to fight

Tiny bunny, with trembling ears

Cannot comprehend my fears

There’s just one issue; that’s close to his soul

He always votes for gun control. He’s pro-gun control

Tiny bunny, his whiskers twitch

He lifts his foot to scratch an itch

He has no cell phone; no credit card

He looks at me and he says; “Life ain’t hard”

No life ain’t hard

Lower

John T. Wurzer - 148 bpm

key of A – Capo 5, finger pick G6 – C – G6 – C – Am – D – Am – D

Chorus – C – G – C – C – Em – D – C - D

The sun is lower but it ain’t quite down

Water is rising but I haven’t drown

Bombs are bursting almost everywhere

Tastes like gun powder when I breath the air

Rockets soar; they explode on high

And I just sit here holding in a sigh

Wondering why these morons cannot see

The difference between blowing things up and being free

Chorus:

My aging dreams get strangled by the vines

The last the first the best the worst of times

A season of darkness brought to light

I keep hoping for spring, on a cold winter’s night

The sun is lower filters through the trees

My thoughts are few but they’re on their knees

Begging for a morning free and clear

Thinking that they probably won’t find it here

Sun is lower; restless children scream

Light the fuse; this psychedelic dream

Freedom, freedom, with a giant roar

Until they pass out blind upon the floor

Chorus

Strong survivors will awake one day

Build things up instead of blow them away

And leave behind the ones who missed the mark

The sun is lower and the world gets dark

Stranger Things - By John T. Wurzer

Em – D – C – B7 - C – G – F – B7 // Chorus: Em – D – C – B7 – Em – D – F –B7

Stranger things in normal places

Foreign looks on native faces

The world a stage, the stage a mall

Who’s the strangest of them all

Eighties pop songs, egos inflated

Brand new women already outdated

Left of center; right on time

Neocons and nursery rhymes

Chorus:

Inside out; that’s what it’s all about;

Too scared to scream and shout;

Too scared to try

Outside in; there lies a darker sin;

That’s growing human skin;

And just won’t die

Western novels, eastern prose

Round and round the square peg goes

Oversized, a perfect fit

That’s the strangest part of it

Stranger things now normalized

Half the country is hypnotized

Half the country has lost its voice

Stranded here without a choice

Chorus

Ancient species; brand new day

What it cost was pissed away

Broken promise; swollen eyes

Stranger things, then freedom dies

Stranger people; ice cream smiles

Stumbling down toy store aisles

Swallowed by a circus clown

And life itself is upside down

Mute

By John T. Wurzer

C- F – C – F – Dm – G – Am – G

84 bpm

I can’t speak

I’m all inside my head

Thoughts leak

But mostly they just lay in bed

With lines

Dividing one more wordless phrase

Hard times

Desperate people and their desperate ways. I can’t speak.

I can’t speak

All is obvious and clear

Don’t peek

You’d find that I’m not really here

Eyes closed

Dividing tears and revelation

No one knows

What is thought? What is creation? I can’t speak.

I can’t speak

But I don’t have to anymore

It’s been a week

Since my mouth walked out the door

Wrong way

White letters on a sign of red

What they don’t say

Is it’s too late he’s already dead. I can’t speak.

I can’t speak

I’m afloat in outer space

My knees are weak

There are lines of terror on my face

I can’t breathe

Ebony, icy fields are black

I can’t speak

So many words I can’t take back, I can’t speak.