**Mississippi Sunset**

*Hotel room ditties regarding my employment situation*

*C2017 HelpYourselfMusic.com*

*All Songs Written By John T. Wurzer*

*Lyrics available at* [*www.helpyourselfmusic.com*](http://www.helpyourselfmusic.com) *and* [*www.johntwurzer.com*](http://www.johntwurzer.com)

1. **Lost Way – c2017 Helpyourselfmusic.com**
* For the first 3 months of 2017 I felt like I was living in the Hampton Inn in Olive Branch, MS. Most of these songs were written in that hotel over the last year and many of them were recorded there. I concluded that the only explanation for living in Olive Branch was that I had somehow lost my way.
1. **The Man I Was Pretending To Be – c2009 Helpyourselfmusic.net**
* I wrote this in 2009 when I feared that I was somehow losing myself in my work. 8 years and two vice-presidencies later; I’m pretty sure I was right about this.
1. **Driving Blind – c2016 Helpyourselfmusic.com**
* Throughout my 27 year career I’ve always been somewhat afraid that eventually the rest of the world would figure out that I have no idea what I’m doing. That said, I have yet to run the company off the road and into a ditch.
1. **I Could Love You All The Time – c2017 Helpyourselfmusic.com**
* Somebody at Applebee’s in Olive Branch asked me one night whether or night I liked my job considering how much time I spend on the road. “…if it weren’t always on my mind, and if it didn’t drive me crazy; yes, I guess I love it.”
1. **Honey You Are All Right – c2017 Helpyourselfmusic.com**
* I was lined up for boarding one of my flights from Baltimore to Memphis and a six year old girl was yelling at her 7 year old brother, “Whatever I say is what’s right! That’s how it works!” I turned to the woman standing next to me and said, “Well, she’s learned that at a rather young age.” The woman replied, “Yup, now if he could just learn to say ‘Yes dear’.”
1. **Basal Cell – c2017 Helpyourselfmusic.com**
* A somewhat bitter love song about my little run in with Basal cell skin cancer and Mohs surgery. I never realized how vain I was until someone cut a hole in my face and the corner of my lip.
1. **Desert Wind – c2017 Helpyourselfmusic.com**
* Written at Applebee’s during a “dry eye episode” during which I couldn’t stop my left eye from itching, burning, and watering. Finished later that night in the hotel room.
1. **Locked Doors – c2017 Helpyourselfmusic.com**
* When one faces mind boggling challenges, hideously unfair criticism and unsettling completely fair criticism on a daily basis; eventually one’s skin gets so thick that nothing gets in; unfortunately that seems to include the warm happy feelings that sneak in when one allows oneself to be vulnerable.
1. **Trumped Up Charges – c2017 Helpyourselfmusic.com**
* This song scared the crap out of my wife. No, I didn’t vote for him, but this song is for the 20% who did but now seem to be displeased with the job he is doing. (based on his 30% approval rating)
1. **Starting Slow – c2016 Helpyourselfmusic.com**
* I wrote this one year into my time as VP of operations. I don’t know what it means except that no matter what happens; get back on your feet and start moving again.
1. **Reprise - Pokey McSlow - c2016 Helpyourselfmusic.com**
* This song was inadvertently left off last year’s Pokey McSlow CD. I wrote it near the end of the “process” and then completely forgot about it until I was searching my notebooks for songs for this year’s CD.
1. **Big Ass Moon – c2016 Helpyourselfmusic.com**
* For my wife Diane who is a big ass moon fan. Add this to my many moon songs from the past such as, “Shine On Silver Moon” – 1979, “Moondance III” – 1982, “Only Sometimes I Sit Staring At The Moon” – 1982, “Molly’s Moon” – 1997, and “Ribbons of Moonlight” - 2012
* Last but certainly not least I want to thank Shawn Hamrick, Steve Tipton, Ed Briggs, Trish Cheak, Tonya Shropshire, Angie Barber, and everyone else who lived and worked through the project at the warehouse in Olive Branch, Mississippi this winter and spring. They are all strong willed and dedicated individuals and I am proud to have been able to work with them.

Lots of love, keep hoping for peace on earth.

John

Lost Way

By John T. Wurzer

I’ve lost my way dear. I’m on my last beer.

Stumbling along; writing a song

I’m not ready for tomorrow

Sanity I have to borrow

Something went wrong; something went wrong.

I’ve lost my mind dear. Thoughts scatter unclear.

Fire and steam, might be a theme

I’m not ready to wake up yet

Or walk this rope with no net

Somehow it seems, like a bad dream

Where I’m looking for a map or chart

To lead me back to my heart

Then I’ll be okay; at least a day

I keep looking for a winding trail

To follow that will avail

Just up around the bend a place to start to put an end

to my endless dismay. What else can I say? I’ve lost my way.

Time is growing short dear

At least that’s what I hear

Watching the news; some other man’s views

I know we didn’t plan this

But our future is an empty canvas

And we can’t refuse; don’t let it give you the blues

Let’s keep looking for the maps and charts

To lead us back to my hearts

Until we’re okay, at least for the day

Let’s keep following that winding trail

I promise you that without fail

Just up around the next bend is a place we start and all of this ends

It’ll blow you away. What else can I say? I’ve lost my way.

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.

Driving Blind

By John T. Wurzer

Feeling miles away with these whiskers turning gray

While a cancer eats its way into my heart

Broken and alone with the whole world on my phone

Still I’ve grown into a zone where we’re apart

All my thoughts are turning in as the wheels begin to spin

Like something roiling deep within my scattered mind

Feeling miles away, undecided for today

Too tired to even say that I made it all this way driving blind

Feeling miles from here hunting treasure chests of fear

Tugging coyly at my ear and growing dim

Solitude invades in its dark red grayish shades

Dancing like a thousand blades upon my skin

All these thoughts I’ve had before and so my brain begins to snore

Until it’s a boring chore just talking to myself

Feeling miles from here, chasing down a tear

In a spaceship full of fear that I can’t ever steer towards mental health

Feeling miles from you probably because it’s true

There’s an ocean between your pulsing heart and mine

While I miss you more and more every time I shut the door

After promising you once more that we’ll be fine

All my thoughts are years from now when this wasteland that we plow

Yields a harvest of our freshly ripened dreams

Feeling miles from you; it’s eight o’clock for you it’s two

You’re fast asleep, while I can’t sleep, very long or very deep, that’s how it seems.

Feeling miles away with these whiskers turning gray

While a cancer eats its way into my heart

Broken and alone with the whole world on my phone

And trapped inside this zone where we’re apart

All my thoughts have turned to dust and now I cannot even trust

The tender lust that used to guide my frozen mind

Feeling miles away, undecided for today

Too tired to even say that I made it all this way driving blind

I Could Love You All The Time

By John T. Wurzer

I could love you all the time

If you weren’t always on my mind

And if you didn’t drive me crazy

I could love you night and day

If you’d just sometimes go away

And let me stay here cold and lazy

F Dm C

I could be with you tonight

 F C

If you were only out of sight

 F G

And the universe was hazy

I could love you all the time

If you weren’t always on my mind

Well, maybe.

I could be a better man

If you weren’t always close at hand

To change my plans and my selection

I could climb the highest peak

With your lipstick on my cheek

If you’d just sneak me past inspection

I could take you places where

We have so much more to share

And you and I have one direction

I could be a better man

A better man than who I am

Upon reflection.

F Dm C

Unweigh the dice, unmark the cards,

 F C

Be cold as ice when life is hard

 F G

And don’t you dare let down your guard

F Dm C

Until the bridge we didn’t burn

 F C

Affords me means for to return

 F G

And finally learn what I forgot to learn

 F C Am

That I still want to make you mine

 F G C

And I could love you all the time

I could love you all the time

With a sympathetic rhyme

And an ode to savory mixtures

And I could learn to be the one

Who rises deep inside your sun

And makes a pun of ancient scriptures

I could post a trite Haiku

Tweet I wrote it just for you

And Instagram our wedding pictures

I could fit you like a glove

Be the one you love

Instead of some outdated fixture

Honey You Are All Right

By John T. Wurzer

I like the way you fidget when you’re ill at ease

You have very pretty digits down below your knees

There’s nothing wrong with you, from head to toe all night

I can’t find anything askew, yeah honey you’re alright

Honey you’re all right; but honey I’m all wrong

I’ve been trying all night to learn your favorite song

But all I’ve got is this; and though the stage is set

Honey you’re all right, but me I’m not there yet.

So many years ago, when I first saw your eyes

Mine would wander so, especially towards your thighs

I said my love was yellow, you said it’s black or white

And after all these years I’m still your fellow, it looks like you were right

Things are wrong with me that can’t be repaired

Instead of getting free I become ensnared

In trappings all around, they get me locked in tight

While you are home safe and sound, thank God that you’re alright

I called the experts in to consult my case

Their heads begin to spin when they first see my face

Scholars, scientists, and those who dissect minds

The all agree that you’re alright, and me I’m way behind

Sometimes I feel as though my time is growing short

And before I go I need to publish a report

Just to summarize what I’ve tried so hard to write

Me I’m not so wise, but honey you’re all right

Basal Cell

By John T. Wurzer

You got under my skin

Left a hole in my smile

I feel so out of place

Near the end of this trial

At the back of the pack

In this futile rat race

It’s getting hard to keep track

Of what I’m trying to erase

Everything that distilled

From these teardrops within

I was fine here until

You got under my skin

And now that you’ve left me here

With scars that don’t disappear

I’m trying to salvage what’s left

And I’m checking my SPF

Some days are prisons of time

Filled with bars that don’t bend

I scratch a line on a wall

Hoping the sentence will end

Sunrise seeps through the chains

I wipe the sleep from my eyes

Feel like I’m going insane

As the sun starts to rise

I hide my face from it all

Until the light starts to dim

That was a long way to fall

When you got under my skin

And now that you’ve left me here

With scars that don’t disappear

I’m trying to salvage what’s left

Checking my SPF

I’ve built a fortress of clothes

Lotions, netting, and hats

Protect myself from the light

While I keep indoor cats

Like a nunnery nun

Or a long cloistered Monk

I just hide from the sun

Sit alone and get drunk

Don’t go outside ‘till it’s dark

Feel like my soul’s wearing thin

I’m like a match with no spark

Since you got under my skin.

And now that you’ve left me here

With scars that don’t disappear

I’m trying to salvage what’s left

And I’m checking my SPF

You got under my skin

Left a hole in my smile

I won’t be fine once again

Until you’re gone for awhile

Desert Wind

By John T. Wurzer

There’s something in my eyes tonight

I can’t see out but I know what lies within

Blood red yellow skies tonight

Another Mississippi sunset on the mend

Day broke, God spoke, no one got the joke

And now we’re close to the journey’s end

There’s something in my eyes tonight

It must be dirt because I’ve got no tears to spend

Across the room in this dark cafe

Is a loose coquette that I can neither forget nor heal

I’m invisible to her today

And I can’t feel anything that she used to make her feel

Night falls, God stalls, death seeps through the walls

She’s hurting while she’s flirting hurtin’ but certain she can close this deal

There’s something in her eyes tonight

It’s like a lost love letter that she forgot to seal

Flavored saviors won’t do her any favors

She’s waking up the neighbors when her nightmares start to bend

There’s something in her eyes tonight

And it’s burning there like a hot fired desert wind

Sleep comes slow in this strange hotel

Reclusive and elusive like the purpose in this rhyme

When I’ll dream again only time will tell

The hours are abusive and I lose all sense of crime

I turn and toss, God gets lost, in a melee littered with broken thoughts

That keep looting and polluting this fragile frightened mind

There’s something in my eyes tonight

Feeding me like visions feed the blind

Locked Doors

By John T. Wurzer

I used to let things in, but now I shut them out

I used to have thin skin, but now I show little doubt

I used to doubt myself almost every night and day

I used to let things in; but now I piss them all away,,

I live inside a fortress, surrounded by a moat

Terrified of anyone who owns a river boat

Nightmares filled with submarines and those who swim like eels

I used to let things in; but now I don’t even know how that feels

You see I finally lock the doors

And I didn’t give anyone the keys

And now I’m done with all these fruitless chores

And I’m falling my knees and begging you please

Forgive my sins

And if you can find it in your heart tonight; could you let me in

I used to watch the world, through bewildered eyes

I used to love a girl who could cut me down to size

With a simple glance or a terse sarcastic tear

I used to let her in; but I haven’t thought about her in years

You see I finally lock the doors

And I didn’t give anyone the keys

And now that I’m done with all these fruitless chores

And I’m falling my knees and begging you please

Forgive my sins

And if you can find it in your heart tonight; could you let me in

Trumped Up Charges

By John T. Wurzer

I was Clinton’d and Donald’d ‘til I lost my will

Trumped up issues pushed me over the Hill-

-ary left me so certain that I couldn’t trust her so I

Voted to make America great or bust

Now I’m busted

With the rest of you who trusted

This commander in chief and his rusted

Ideas and the fence around the borders of his mind

My own views

I’ve been told have been sold as fake news

For so many years that they are refuse

And he has no use for my kind

Bush league candidates had spoiled my day

All my rough edges were Sandered away

You’ve got to admit that Ivonka’s hot

-ter than Chelsea or her ma

I was Obama’d

When I expected to be Dhali Lama’d

Now I’m sitting here thinking “Oh My God”

I can’t believe that it is going down this way

I feel like a crazy working class bum

Just a rat in a maze and under his thumb

I’m hoping it’s a phase and he’s gonna become

A real president someday

Executive orders now stream from his pen

Saying the same things over again

He’s gonna wall us in to make sure we’re free

And protect America from people like me

I’m busted with the rest of you who trusted

This fast talking thief with rusted ideas and a fence around the borders of his mind

It’s four years and it will probably take four-thousand beers

Before I make peace with how this appears, and consequently drink myself blind

Starting Slow

By John T. Wurzer

Starting slow, from the beginning again

Maybe I’ll end up winning again

But I really don’t care if I do

Starting slow one year after making it out

Arriving here with suitcase of doubt

And I’ve realized, much to my surprise, that I haven’t a clue

How about you…

Starting slow, testing these weary thighs

Wearing a brand new worn out disguise

Don’t look into my eyes, it’s not wise, I am not how I appear

Starting slow one year after making it out

Arriving here in a taxi of doubt

The future is uncertain; pull back the curtain it becomes more unclear

Do you have that same fear

Starting slow, from the beginning again

My brain has finally started spinning again

But then again five will get you ten that I don’t care how this ends

Starting slow one year after making it out

Arriving here in the midst of a drought

I learned a few things, like the joy that life brings still depends

On having some real close friends

Reprise – Pokey McSlow

By John T. Wurzer

Hello how are you

I’m sorry but I had the urge to write

I know you had your doubts about Pokey McSlow

I just wanted you to know he’s done alright

He took a road less travelled

He played a song that no one had sung

But no one listened to Pokey McSlow

When he was polishing up his gun

Nowadays he’s called a legend

Nowadays the know his lore

But you and I knew Pokey McSlow

When he was passing out on our floor

Hello, how are you

How many years have past

Since we grew tired of Pokey McSlow

And wrote him off much too fast

Good night it’s been great to see ya

I’m surprised you could recognize me, I don’t look the same

But I wrote the ballad of Pokey McSlow

Long before he was a household name

I know you had your doubts about Pokey McSlow

I just wanted you to know that he’s alright

Big Ass Moon

By John T. Wurzer

It’s a big ass moon up in the sky tonight

Shining down on you and me

It’s a big ass moon whether I’m wrong or right

Don’t matter much you see

It’s a long hard road uphill and winding round

The mountains that we must climb

But it’s a big ass moon up in the sky tonight

But it keeps you on my mind

So many miles away across an ocean; fast asleep

You somehow slip into my dreams

I hear tomorrow say it’s waiting there for me

Or at least that’s how it seems

At the journey’s end when the world is cold and still

I want you right there by my side

It’s a big ass moon up in the sky tonight

Let’s hope it takes us for that ride

It’s a big ass moon up in the sky at dawn

But it’s starting its descent

I hear an ancient tune; sounds like a cheap pop song

Or tired feet on hot cement

It fills my soul with love, loss, fingers crossed, someday I might be the boss

And dreams of wild success

It’s a big ass moon up in the sky tonight

I love you more than you’ll ever guess.