Dinks

All Songs Written By John T. Wurzer

C1999 Help Yourself Music

St. Claire Sunrise

Snooze

I Don't Want To Go To Work

Mud Creek Road

Dual Income

Middle of The Music

You On My Brain

What's Going On Part 1

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Rut Night Before Christmas

Mascoutah Blues

Payphone Saga

Bread and Water

New Book

Millennial Infestation

The Weeds

Saint Claire Sunrise

By John T. Wurzer

An instrumental meant to describe a sunrise over the fields of Mascoutah, Illinois.

Snooze

By John T. Wurzer

Do you notice the way that your dreams can wind

Through a tropical scene full of bump and grind

Littered with sunbathing angels

You’re drinking a drink, kind of frozen and pink

With no time to think about the way that love strangles

Somewhere on the beach there’s a sound you can’t reach

While you’re biting a peach off your arm

The pulse getting nearer, The siren rings clearer

Shit! It’s the morning alarm.

So you hit the snooze

Just nine more minutes of life on an island cruise

You hit the snooze

Just a little more sleep before the morning blues

You can hear them talking on CNN, but in nine more minutes they’ll say it again

And if you miss the top story, you can catch it on Headline News

So you hit the snooze

Do you notice the way that your clock gets set

Ahead of the world while you hope you’ll forget

That it’s actually twelve minutes faster

Than the clock in the hall, and you think you can stall

Just a little bit more before you face the disaster

The house smells as yet, of a stale cigarette

Pizza and yesterday’s beer

You remember last night, and the sweet candlelight

You can’t believe morning is here.

So you hit the snooze

Just nine more minutes of life on an island cruise

You hit the snooze

Just a little more sleep before the morning blues

You can hear them talking on CNN, but in nine more minutes they’ll say it again

And if you miss the top story, you can catch it on Headline News

So you hit the snooze

Do you remember that trick that you happened upon

Setting the thing to ring way before dawn

So you could push that button twenty more times

You don’t have to be late, to procrastinate

Just create a couple of meaningless chimes

You’re early and fast, but you know it can’t last

Your cleverest settings just creep

Its your very worst fear, because the very next year

You’re waking up before you’re going to sleep

So you hit the snooze

Just nine more minutes of life on an island cruise

You hit the snooze

Just a little more sleep before the morning blues

You can hear them talking on CNN, but in nine more minutes they’ll say it again

And if you miss the top story, you can catch it on Headline News

So you hit the snooze

I Don’t Want To Go To Work

By John and Diane Wurzer

(These are just sample verses. We make up new ones every morning)

I don’t want to go to work today

I would rather stay home and play

Do crossword puzzles and roll in the hay

I don’t want to go to work

Cause I’m feeling like a jerk

I don’t want to go to work today.

I don’t want to go to work at all

I would rather have a root canal

I hate these lawyers, I’m not their pal

I don’t want to go to work

Cause I’m feeling like a jerk

I don’t want to go to work today.

Mud Creek Road

By John T. Wurzer

There’s a two mile stretch of highway near a mining town in southern Illinois

With potholes big as craters and a one lane bridge that tempts you to destroy

The heartless strands of sanity that you worked so hard to build so long ago

And it saves you eighty seconds just to drive it. It’s not safe but it’s the way you always go

Because you’re driving toward the future only two and a half minutes behind

It’s an hour before sunrise and the universe is beginning to unwind

It’s another kind of sunrise, and all the other shortcuts have been sold

So you find yourself ignoring better judgement

Doing 90 miles an hour. Flying down mud creek road.

There’s a rise in the road about a half a mile down, no shoulder to save you should you slip

As you accelerate from seventy to eight, grab the steering wheel and get a better grip

You pray to god that someone isn’t coming up the other side at sixty miles an hour

Flash your brights and set your sights on some lonesome sense of vanity and power

Dual Income

By John T. Wurzer

Dual Income, No Kids

We’re suburban social lepers

We still make love on the weekday nights

And we’ve never played a game of checkers

While we’re reading Stephen King

They’re rewinding the Lion King

For the twenty-second time

While we’re working the New York Times

They’re reciting nursery rhymes

And saving every dime.

Dual Income, No Cares

They say we haven’t found the answer

But we still make love on the kitchen floor

And she still likes it when I romance her

As the cocktail party rages

They’re showing their scrapbook pages

And wallet photographs

While we’re grabbing the corporate reigns

We’re going to soccer games

And meeting teaching staffs

Dual Income, No Chains

With our wrists tied to the ladder

Climbing a middle aged mountain side

While our youth begins to scatter

If we ever reach the top

And the passion starts to stop

We’ll just find another life

A cheap apartment in the hills

And just enough to pay the bills

Just as long as she’s my wife

Dual Income, Two Exemptions

No dependants, no redemption

But still we’re putting it up for bids

Dual Income, No Kids.

The Middle of the Music

By John T. Wurzer

I came to a place in the middle of the music where I was having trouble singing the song

I was hot for the sound and I thought I could use it, but the mood had changed and something was wrong.

I felt like a hiker halfway up the mountain, who discovers he don’t like the view.

I came to a place in the middle of the music, where all I could think of was you.

I came to a fork in the middle of the long road, I guess I must have missed the sign.

Feeling the weight, I was hauling the wrong load, and serving the wrong color wine

I felt like the man in the mystic arena, choosing which door he would open.

The lady or tiger? In the middle of the music, my dreams and my heart were eloping.

Surrounded by sounds that I couldn’t decipher, my hot tired ears almost numb

All of my mentors had turned into vipers, that hissed at the sound of the drum.

There was no turning back, there was no moving forward, sinking in African sand

No treasure map, no end of the rainbow, no sweet harmony, and no band.

I came to a place in the middle of the music where I was losing my place on the staff.

Telling a joke about yesterday’s news, it was hard to get someone to laugh.

I felt like a child standing up for the first time, who thought he had some place to go.

Dancing for dimes, in the middle of the music, afraid that the speakers might blow.

Surrounded by sounds that I couldn’t decipher, my hot tired ears almost numb

All of my mentors had turned into vipers, that hissed at the sound of the drum.

There was no turning back, there was no moving forward, sinking in African sand

No treasure map, no end of the rainbow, no sweet harmony, and no band.

Got You On My Brain

By John T. Wurzer

How do I know that the river will flow from the mountains down to the sea?

Why is it clear, when the stars reappear, that you ought to be here with me?

Nothing to say at the end of the day, I can’t play or remember the song.

It’s not hard to decide, I need you by me side, though we ain’t been apart for long.

And I wonder what you’re dreaming tonight

Tornadoes and thunder stepping into the light

Emotional silence,

Or something insane.

I’ve got you on my brain

I’ve got you on my brain

I’ve got you in my heart, they can’t tear us apart, I don’t have to explain.

I’ve got you on my brain.

How will it end when the meanings just bend towards the end of the long winding road?

The mouse and the prince have been lost ever since they winced and she slaughtered the toad.

Alone in the dark without sorrow or spark in the park knowing something was wrong

A voice in her head. Was it something he said?

Though he hadn’t been there very long.

And he wonders what she’s dreaming tonight

Tornadoes and thunder stepping into the light

Emotional silence

Or something insane…

I’ve got you on my brain

I’ve got you on my brain

I’ve got you in my heart, they can’t tear us apart, I don’t have to explain.

I’ve got you on my brain

I’ve got you on my brain

I’ve got you in my soul. I can’t get on a roll, and it’s starting to rain.

I’ve got you on my brain

I’ve got you on my brain

I’ve got love on my lungs and I’m speaking in tongues but it don’t feel the same

I’ve got you on my brain.

What’s Going On? (PART I)

By John T. Wurzer ©1979 HYM

I was born the third child of a family of eight

I was always one to hesitate

I’ve seen people love and I’ve seen them hate

They’ll never know until it’s too late

So I went down south just to see the land

God only knows the things that I planned

I found me a girl and I took her hand

But I’m still playing like a one man band.

Refrain:

I don’t know what, but something’s wrong

Cause I’ve been wondering for oh so long

And I pour my heart out in a song

Play my guitar and sing it strong

Until I find out what’s going on.

I’ll play my guitar and you can sing along

Until we find out what’s going on.

I’ve been down and out believe it or not

I’ve been scared to death, I even gave it a thought

But you have to hold on to what you’ve got

They only give you this one shot

And live ain’t bad, it’s just hard to take

So I try to get by with the music I make

And these songs that I’m playing might be a mistake.

But they’re songs that nobody else can fake.

Refrain:

I don’t know what, but something’s wrong

Cause I’ve been wondering for oh so long

And I pour my heart out in a song

Play my guitar and sing it strong

Until I find out what’s going on.

I’ll play my guitar and you can sing along

Until we find out what’s going on.

People will be fools right till the end

They’ll find themselves a lover and throw away a friend

They’ll put their faith in the money they spend

And lose their virtue until there is nothing left to defend.

Refrain:

I don’t know what, but something’s wrong

Cause I’ve been wondering for oh so long

And I pour my heart out in a song

Play my guitar and sing it strong

Until I find out what’s going on.

I’ll play my guitar and you can sing along

Until we find out what’s going on.

What’s Going On? (PART II)

By John T. Wurzer

I’ve been out on my own for twenty long years

Through jealousy, laughter, corruption and tears

Smoking Marborol cigarettes and pouring down beers

Taming my conscience and fighting my fears

From upstate New York to Texas I flew

A traveling man with a touch of the flu

Fort Worth, Euless, and Illinois too

Sparta, Mascoutah, and my life with you

Refrain

I’ve been in and out of the strangest bars

Driven station wagons and foreign cars

Picked through the garbage and danced on the stars

Collecting peanut butter and jelly jars

Washing dishes and mopping floors

Serving drinks to children and restless whores

Selling comic books and doing household chores

Searching for something I never find in stores

Refrain

It’s been going on since I wrote this song

In a linoleum hallway with my sweat suit on

The names have changed and the people are gone

We’ve got virtual reality instead of pong

We’ve got MTV and the Internet

You can watch the world through a TV set

Never leave the house, never get upset

Kinda makes me wonder, makes me want to forget

Refrain

When I think of the past I just rub my eyes

Was it some kind of dream or a cheap disguise

Cockroaches, spiders, and obnoxious flies

Me in the middle of a thousand lies

When I think of the future, I flinch and squirm

My pen like a microscope viewing a germ

A desperate politician serving out his term

Or a hard luck fisherman blaming it all on the worm

Refrain

It’s a long hard road and a nursery rhyme

A cheap hotel and a senseless crime

Spending a dollar to get back a dime

Counting the minutes and ignoring the time

I watched the Soviet Union crumble and fall

And a few months later, the Berlin Wall

I found me a phone booth, there was no one to call

Now I’m sitting her, trying to make some sense of it all.

People are strange, that you can’t deny

Tell you that they love you, and kiss you goodbye

Put their faith in the things that they buy

Lose their virtue, without ever knowing why.

Two of a Kind

By John T. Wurzer

Just me and Georgie, singing a song

Just me and Georgie, been gone too long

Got me a ticket, no destination

Just me and Georgie, on a short vacation

Just me and Georgie, two of your boys

Just me and Georgie, gonna make some noise

It’s been a long time, since the road was warm

Just me and Georgie, waiting out the storm

Sometimes the least song, can teach the most

Just me and Georgie, and the ultimate host

Just throw a party, we’ll meet you there

Just me and Georgie, without a care

Just me and Georgie, alone in a crowd

Just me and Georgie, gonna get so loud

Light tender moments, don’t last for long,

Just me and Georgie, singing a song

Turn on the porch light, ice down the beer

Cause me and Georgie, are gonna bend your ear

I’ll sing the high notes, he’ll play so low

Just me and Georgie, ‘till we gotta go

While a family of German shepherds crosses Mud Creek Road

Eight puppy dogs following mama, naked and cold

While a pickup truck trying to make it to work on time

Slams on it’s breaks and then runs from the scene of the crime

If that’s the hardest thing you’re forced to look at today

Then you’ll probably make it home with little else to say

And sit on the patio, staring at the summer moon

Listening to me and Georgie, Georgie and I.

Just sewing a tune.

Just me and Georgie, blowing a kiss

Just me and Georgie, hanging out like this

So many places, no place to whine

Just me and Georgie, running out of time.

No Sex

By John T. Wurzer

They told you back in high school, “It’s not safe to sleep around”

Fidelity, Monogamy, find a mate and settle down

This world is full of viruses, psychos, and disease

You’ve got to have your partner tested, before you drop down to your knees

When you find the love you’ve waited for, promise to be true

A thousand times the love you give will come right back to you

They told you you’d share everything, and sign each others checks

But what they never told you is you won’t be having sex

Not tonight! She’s got a headache

Not tomorrow, she’s got a plan

Not this week, she’s got a visitor and she’s working on her tan

Not Monday, you’ve got a meeting. Not Tuesday, She’s got school

Wednesday is your golf game, and Thursdays you shoot pool

She’s headed out of town this weekend to take another class

Ever since you’ve gotten married, you can’t seem to get a piece of ass.

So you gathered at the alter with your relatives and friends

For richer, poorer, better, worse, through measles and the bends

You linked your lives together with a pair of golden bands

Promised to be faithful as the preacher held your hands

You took a timeless honeymoon, to a wild exotic place

Showering together, wearing cotton, silk, and lace

Playing slots at the Casino, living high on lady luck

Never knowing it was the last time that you’d find the time to (share quality intimacy)

Now you’re living in suburbia and working in the yard

Two cars in the driveway, life has never been less hard

You’ve got power tools and projects MS Office and the Net

It’s enough to make you satisfied but still you can’t forget

The way it felt to hold her when you couldn’t pay the bills

When her smile could light the evening and take away your chills

And you’d trade a thousand paychecks for a glimpse of yesterday

When you and this same woman were constantly rolling in the hay

Now you’re lying on the couches watching sitcoms on TV

A place you never thought you’d ever land or want to be

She’s reading Elle and Cosmo while you’re snoring like a mule

It’s enough to make you wonder, if way back there in high school

Did they know what they were saying, did they even have a clue

That life could get so comfortable that it makes your heart turn blue

As she’s taking off her makeup and drifting off to sleep

You wonder where the passion went that used to run so deep.

You Love Me Anyway

By John T. Wurzer

You love me anyway

You love me more today

Than you did Yesterday

You love me day and night

Wrong or right

Dark or light

You’ve loved me for so long

When I was weak and strong

You love this stupid song…..and the stupid things I say

You love me anyway

When I’ve lost my keys and I’m about to sneeze

You find them in the Kleenex box

When I’m in the garage and my life’s a mirage

You’re putting faces on my clocks

Dirty dishes and dirty clothes

Dirty pictures and smelly toes

You can’t help yourself and it makes me proud to say…..

When my barley and hops and water bottle tops

Are cluttering up the house

When I’m breaking the rules, buying new tools

And trying to kill that mouse

Watching home shows on TV

And blowing up my PC

You can’t help yourself and I know you’re gonna stay…..

Fairy Tale

By John T. Wurzer

Friday night at reflections of the past today

Tommy in the pool room, running the table

Catherine, sipping straight Vodka, muttering “yesterday”

I was writing a song about a childhood fable

The peasant girl rode the pumpkin up to the Christmas ball

The prince was reviewing his dance card on the NET

The sisters of suspicion gossiped down the hall

While the widows whispered stories of regret

Catherine asked the bartender to change a bill

I couldn’t quite see her from my chair at the end of the bar

Tommy paused, sank the eight, and polished his cue

Looked at Catherine, said, “How do you like it so far?”

The prince danced an Italian waltz with countess Marie

The peasant girl scooped ice from the crystal bowl

Absorbing the room with her innocent eyes, relentlessly

While the prince took another partner, another soul

Tommy watched as Catherine set the rack on fire

With her soft, thin, gentle fingers and her eyes

He launched the cue ball through the air, trying to break those balls

Because he caught a glimpse of Catherine’s slender thighs

The prince finally spied the ankles of the peasant girl

Sent an envoy to bring her to his side

She curtseyed with her head bowed as she gave her name

Then fell into his arms to dance and glide

She was the prettiest girl in Mascoutah

He was the smartest man in the room

It was the warmest night in December

They were the liveliest pair in the tomb

On the rainiest day in the desert

Like two virgins about to give birth

She was the prettiest girl in Mascoutah

He was the luckiest man on the earth

Catherine lined the eight up off the cross bank rail

Tommy ordered two more Vodka’s on the rocks

The ball rolled to the point where you say, “I tried and failed”

Balancing on the edge of forget-me-nots

The prince could feel her warm breath on his stiffening neck

His emotions putting his lineage on trial

The clock was striking one of twelve strokes at the midnight hour

The peasant girl kept dancing in denial

The barroom air was thick with smoke and jukebox songs

Bar-time hitting twelve plus something more

Tommy went to play his favorite Beatles song

Princess Catherine slipped discretely out the door

The ballroom filled with whispers, stares, and jealous eyes

As the orchestra went silent for a breath

The prince had finished clapping and was stunned to find

That his priceless, peasant, partner had just left

At the crossroads where the rich and poor collide and get back up

Where tomorrow’s dreams, and yesterday’s meet spies

The aristocrat and the pool shark shared the same café

Sitting there trading stories and telling lies

Each spoke of a woman who had reached inside

and touched a place that doesn’t have to sing

The prince pulled out a slipper that fit Tommy’s wife

While Tommy held up a royal wedding ring.

She was the prettiest girl in Mascoutah

He was the smartest man in the room

It was the warmest night in December

They were the liveliest pair in the tomb

It was the party to end all parties

Romance and magic at birth

She was the prettiest girl in Mascoutah

He was the luckiest man on the earth

Invitation Please

By John T. Wurzer

I don’t believe that I can recall a night as black and dreary as this

Her footsteps echo from the end of the hall

And her whisper is as light as a kiss

On the back of the neck

Just a lover’s peck

Sneaking up from behind

To complicate your mind

And set your heart at ease.

Until you turn around and look at her face

She says ‘You look a little bit out of place”

“The last time you left, you didn’t leave a trace”

“Can I see your invitation, please”

I don’t believe that there’s a clock on the wall that can tell me what time I should die

When the footsteps echo at the end of the hall

And convince you that you can’t learn to fly

Into another time

A little salt and lime

To help you take this shot

Remind you, you forgot

To get up off your knees

Cause you’ve been begging at destiny’s doorstep

It’s obvious you’ve got a bad rep

And they ask you take one more step

And show your invitation please

Did it get lost in the mail? Did you think it was junk?

Was it printed in Braille? Were you totally drunk?

Did your dog chew it up? Did you throw it away?

You’d better speak up, or call it a day

You say you want in, but original sin has never been my expertise

If you want into my heart, then you’d better start pulling out your invitation please.

I don’t believe that there’s a tear in my heart but it’s leaking all over my chest

While the footsteps echo in the subway tonight

And tell me that I’ve got a guest

Whose been riding a train

Through the driving rain

Stringing up his guitar

In a topless bar

Where lovers freeze

Surrounded by sex and flirtation

Losing her imagination

The train is leaving the station

Where’s your invitation please

Masterpiece

By John T. Wurzer

Where will you be when I paint my masterpiece?

Hanging there over my shoulder?

Negotiating a brand new lease?

Or taking the world by the back of the neck, and shaking it until it screams

For a droplet of passionate mercy or a bucket of freshly drawn dreams

Out on the road, down on the farm

Wondering why I can’t move my arm

Burying thoughts, digging up poems

Looking for reasons that have no homes

Scratching your head and wondering where the pain and the sorrow release

To flow through this desert of dried up emotion enticing the thirsting to cease

Where will you be when these things are in motion and I’m painting my masterpiece

Where will you be when I’ve conquered the frost and the ice

Hanging there over my shoulder,

Asking me to do it twice

Or taking the stage in a Broadway play and bringing the crowd to it’s feet

For a moment of brief inhibition, and a chance to get out of their seats

Flying around, crawling through dust

Looking for someone to love and to trust

Blazing a trail, consulting a map,

Trying to find the time for a nap

Afraid of your dreams, afraid to wake up, it seems that you’re never at peace.

With your vault full of stranded emotional ties, that slipped from your heard laced with grease

Where will you be when these feelings arise, and I’m painting my masterpiece.

Where will you be when my masterpiece finally sells

Alone in your favorite churchyard,

Or ringing the steeple bells

Or drifting around in cyberspace with a gallon of freshly cut tears

That wash away lines on your tired cheeks, preserving your beauty for years

Uploading, Downloading, feelings around you

Constantly imploding

Honing your craft, lighting your lamp

With moistened refrains both silent and damp

Emailing Jason and all of his sailors a king’s ransom for the golden fleece

The emperor’s naked, chastising his tailors, he’s not sure he’s fond of each crease

Where will you be when they’re counting my failures and selling my masterpiece

Will you be there beside me warming our toasty bed

Will you be there to guide me and sterilize parts of my head

Infections grow wild on a lazy man’s brain, I need you to keep me alive

Whenever I feel like I’m going insane, You bring me the will to survive

I’ve a tell tale heart and a raven whose perched near my ceiling awaiting a feast

Will you be counting the cards that he’s dealing when I’m painting my masterpiece

The Better Half

By John T. Wurzer

Sometimes the work-a-day world seems to be splitting me down the middle

Part of me wants to be a big success, and the other part wants to play fiddle

Part of me wants to get drunk every night, and float down a river of waste

Part of me is writing a symphony, rhythmic and sweet to the taste

And it’s true that I’ve slept in an alley or two, but now I’m sleeping where I want to be

It took a better half like you to bring out the better half of me.

I hear it from my single friends nowadays, they say, “What is it like in prison?”

I raise an eyebrow, look back at them, and say, “It feels like I’m finally living.”

One of my sides is still one of the guys, and I don’t have to bury the past.

While the other side is playing a symphony, soaked in magic and things that will last.

And it’s true that I’ve passed out cold singing the blues, but I’ve paid all my dues, and I’m free

It took a better half like you to bring out the better half of me.

When everyone is taking a piece of my life, and there’s nothing left that I want to share

Clowns to the left, and snakes to the right, and vultures above in the air

A piece of my heart keeps on falling apart, while another piece is breathing in rhyme

Writing a poem and a symphony, worn out but not out of time

And it’s true that I knew a blue woman or two, and I sometimes I’d stay out until three

It took a better half like you to bring out the better half of me.

I imagine we’re driving a customized van through the wheat fields of Kansas at noon

The super cell growing, the April wind blowing, Bob Dylan still sewing a tune

With half of my mind on the highway signs, and half of my mind on your things

Writing our weather-worn symphony, tornadoes alive in your eyes

And it’s true that you knew I was splitting in two, like a lighting struck middle-aged tree

It took a better half like you to bring out the better half of me.

Something on My Insides

By John T. Wurzer

There was something in the air today, forcing me to sneeze

Like a beggar on a doorstep, too particular to please

My reflection in the mirror, a wild flower neath the trees

While the ants crawl all around it, trying to square dance with the fleas

Something on my insides, was begging to get out

Some call it strange frustration, some call it senseless doubt

January sunshine, like an ice cold sultry whore

Something in the air today, that said there must be more.

There was something in your eyes today, hollow and removed

Like a dying cancer patient, whose wounds are finally soothed

By the warmth of revelation, and theories never proved

While the nurses chart the progress, and the doctors get slow toothed

Something on your insides, that screamed, “I’ve got to go!”

Afraid to let the chips fall where they may, they fall so slow

Poison in the punchbowl, the party’s getting weird

Something in your eyes today, something that I feared

On the smokey road to yesterday with a Jews harp and guitar

I found another parking space and walked into a bar

I emptied out my pockets, put my feelings in a jar

Then staggered home alone, too drunk to wish upon a star

Something on my insides, kept calling out your name

An aging dog, who can’t learn tricks, I only play one game

January sunshine and a pillow soaked with tears

Something in the air today, that’s been hanging there for years.

Rut Night Before Christmas

By John T. Wurzer

It’s the night before the night before the night before Christmas

The ink in my pen growing cold, thick, and listless

The song in my heart growing loud, growing stronger

The solstice is here, one more night will be longer

Than last night

Have I told you lately that it feels so right

Hey!~ Snow White

If I kiss you on the lips will you hold me tight?

Hold me forever and hold me near

I don’t want to punch a wall or shed a tear

But it’s the night before the night before the night before Christmas

And I’m wishing that you were here

It’s the night before the night before the night before Christmas

Jack with his wife and Joe with his mistress

Sherry keeps passing out eggnogs and beer

In hopes that the nightshift bartender is near

To the Bar

Instead of driving away, to follow a star

I wonder where you are

If I changed myself tomorrow would it take me very far

Would it make you love me more, or make you blue

Is there something else that I’m supposed to do

On the night before the night before the night before Christmas

Sitting here waiting for you.

Mascoutah Blues

By John T. Wurzer

It ain’t that hard to get Mascoutah Blues

Every time that your heart falls through your shoes

From the Moto-mart to the hardware store

It don’t take much to make you want some more

And it don’t take much to get Mascoutah Blues

It ain’t too hard to get Mascoutah wrong

Just a backwards town, a place you’ve been too long

You live your life in peace, but it’s getting shorter

Renting a house in the development corridor

It ain’t that hard to get Mascoutah Blues

I took my wife to the best Mascoutah Bars

We drank all night and then stared up at the stars

A three piece insect ragtime band

A bullfrog singing, baby take my hand

It ain’t that hard to get Mascoutah Blues

We bought a house in a north Mascoutah field

A brand new car and power tools that squealed

A wardrobe from a downtown store

Building our future and staying poor

It ain’t that hard to get Mascoutah Blues

I was pulling weeds in my green Mascoutah yard

Edging the driveway, and feeling quite off guard

Working hard and living clean

I found myself in a suburban dream

It ain’t that hard to get Mascoutah Blues

The years have passed, I’m an old Mascoutah man

I fry my bacon in a German frying pan

I can’t sleep at night, so I wash my car

Have a beer at the reflections bar

It ain’t that hard to get Mascoutah Blues

You’ll find my sweetheart there in her underwear

Eating chocolate cover iced cream

She’s my better half, and I have to laugh

Because it feels like someone else’s dream

When she lifts her leg and I start to beg

for her stockings or just a seam

I find that it ain’t so bad

It’s the best I’ve ever had

When I get Mascoutah Blues!

Payphone Saga

By John T. Wurzer

A man, a payphone, and twenty years of frustration

Trying to order Pizza down the block

Feeling tight, with no imagination

Lost a dollar bill, went into shock

A man, a payphone, and twenty years of frustration

Trying to impress a comely lass

He missed the train, he’s stranded at the station

Drinking Zinfandel and acting like the perfect ass.

Two men, an ashtray, and twenty years of frustration

Trying to escape the perfect life

A gift of holy reminiscent conversation

Every Budweiser and Busch acts like a knife

Two men, an ashtray, and twenty years of frustration

Trying to justify the past

They missed the train, they’re stranded at the station

Drinking beer and fading, fading awfully fast.

Myself, an inkpen, and twenty years of frustration

Trying hard to write another poem

Jousting with the muse of inspiration

Dripping, slipping, sipping, coming home

Myself, an inkpen, and twenty years of frustration

Trying to envision my next song

I caught the train and watched the aging station

Getting smaller as the engine rolled along.

Bread and Water

By John T. Wurzer

He grew up wild in a trite suburban nightmare

Smoking dope and drinking beer behind the gym

From the ABC’s to the SAT’s

Plenty of promise, no guarantees

Telling his Father that he’d grow up to be like him

He won a scholarship to a school in West Virginia

He met Virginia at a blood drive after hours

Flat on his back with a needle in his arm

She was telling a story about life on the farm

While holding his hand and smelling like fresh cut flowers

Most of the time he can live off bread and water

Most of the time he can’t even remember her name

But once in awhile he still thinks about the farmers daughter

And everything he bought her

But most of the time there’s no time to explain

They struggled through their first five years of marriage

Full of detour signs, closed roads, and a sharpened knife

On a frozen night, a damp October moon

Drew the anger out, and sent her to her tomb

And they sentence him to twenty years to life

Most of the time he can live off bread and water

Most of the time he can’t even remember her name

But once in awhile he still thinks about the farmers daughter

And the night he caught her

But most of the time there’s no time to explain

In a ten foot cell he read from William Shakespeare

Tennessee Williams, Kipling, and Mark Twain

Dreaming every night of the play he’d write

About a tragic lover and an endless flight

Though a trembling sky full of thunder, hail, and rain

Most of the time he can live off bread and water

Most of the time he can’t even remember her name

But once in awhile he still thinks about the farmers daughter

On the teeter-totter

But most of the time there’s no time to explain

On a summer morning twelve years after the nightmare

They set him free with a suitcase and a pair of shoes

He plays his guitar in a local bar

Spends his money on beer and his rusted car

It’s the price that you pay if you’re gonna learn to sing the blues

Most of the time he can live off bread and water

Most of the time he can’t even remember her name

But once in awhile he still thinks about the farmers daughter

And the night he shot her

But most of the time there’s no time to explain

Every year, every fifteenth of December

He wanders through a chilly winter mist

Dredges through his mind, knowing what he’ll find

A smoke stained photograph that strikes him blind

He puts flowers on her gravestone and blows her a kiss

Most of the time he can live off bread and water

Most of the time he can’t even remember her name

But once in awhile he still thinks about the farmers daughter

Susan Walker

But most of the time there’s no time to explain

New Book

By John T. Wurzer

Let’s live for the moment, live for the day

The past is the past, it can’t touch us the way

That it did when it hurt, or it did when it smiled

It’s a book we’ve both read, that best remains filed

In a box in the attic, where nature steps in

And dries up the pages of paper and sin

Our love’s not a product of what others had

I’ll forget all the good times, you forget all the bad

When we move, we won’t touch it, won’t take one last look

We’ll leave that box in the attic and start a new book

Let’s live for each other, and leave it at that

Grow young together and get us a cat

Wake up stark naked, no rules and no fear

Wrapped in each other, all day and all year

You’ll know that I love you, I’ll know it will last

We’ll drink to the future and the spell it will cast

Our love is a mansion with front and back yards

Meant to weather the storm, It’s not a house made of cards

It’s light and romantic, scented with laughter

Don’t set down this book, let’s write the next chapter

Let’s live for tomorrow, it’s ours for to share

Meet there at midnight and promise to care

Pick a star in the sky and name it for us

We’ll call it Babette Toasty Gelid Miss Trust

As it hangs in the heavens, and time disappears

Bringing us comfort through laughter and tears

Our love is a life source and just like that star

It’s been there a long time, and it lives where we are

It gives warmth to cold strangers and life to all things

And It can’t be defined by cheap trinkets and rings

Millennial Infestation

By John T. Wurzer

Something is happening on the other end of town

I’m not sure what it is but I can feel it through the ground

A sensual vibration that whispers through my toes

Something is happening but no one really knows

I’ve been stocking up on canned goods, firewood, and salt

If the sky explodes and they close the roads, I’ll know it’s not my fault

I bought a generator, and a barrel of gasoline

Some guns and ammunition, just in case they make a scene

A half a dozen sets of strings to put on my guitar

And a bicycle to ride around if I can’t drive my car

I’ve been stashing extra cases of beer in the crawl space beneath my house

If it happens here tomorrow I’ll be a happy minstrel souse

I’ve debugged my clocks, my microwave, my socks and my PCs

They can cut me off at any time, it won’t bring me to my knees

I’ve got a tent and a survival kit, Coleman stoves and kerosene

A months supply of deodorant, just to keep me smelling clean

Back issues of magazines, that I have yet to read

And a book of crossword puzzles just to satisfy a need

An extra box of notebooks, and a shoebox full of pens

So I can write about the tragedy the moment it descends

I’ve been reading in the papers that nobody’s really sure

If when it comes, it’ll last for long, before they find a cure

And if you have a problem, there’ll be no one you can call

Assuming there’s a problem, or it happens here at all

It’s become a strange religion, a cultish evil hook

If you want to understand, go out and buy a book

You only have to panic, if you must choose to believe

No more to say, it’s Y2K, I’ll see you new Years Eve

Something is happening on the other end of town

I’m not sure what it is, but I can feel it through the ground.

A sensual vibration, I can feel it in my toes

Something is happening, but no one really knows…..What!

The Weeds

By John T. Wurzer

The weeds in the flower bed are taking over the yard

I can’t keep up with the things that they do

And though I ain’t a sour head and life ain’t so hard

All I really want is you.

The June bugs go crazy on the fifth of July

Their shells are turning black and blue

If they hit you just right they could put out your eye

But all I really want is you

Ten thousand bullfrogs were born in our lawn

They were tiny but somehow they grew

From the fifth day of may until I wrote down this song

All I really want is you

So I’ll live with you in Mascoutah

And I’ll always be true to you

And the Bullfrogs and the June bugs and the weeds always knew

That all I really want is you.