Tornado Watch

All Songs Written By John T. Wurzer

C1998 Help Yourself Music

Tornado Watch

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Tornado Watch

By John T. Wurzer

Tornado Watch, and the sky keeps growing blacker

If tomorrow comes then we’ll laugh in the face of the storm

October road keeping eyes out for the attacker

Give me a Christmas night and fire that’s safe and warm

We can make it through the weather, wearing cotton, lace, and leather

We can keep ourselves spotless, clean, and dry.

We can start another moment, like the ones that once were stolen,

And we’ll never have to say a last good-bye.

Tornado Warning, debris is all around us

I can feel your fear as you clutch my trembling hand

Funnel cloud in the night, it starts to pound us

Give me a tropical hideaway in the Tahitian sand

We can make it through the weather, living day to day forever

With a one way ticket to wherever we might fly

We can start another moment, like the ones that once were stolen

And we’ll never have to say a last good-bye.

Tornado leaves, and a tempting sliver of the sunlight

Hits a shard of broken glass upon the bedroom floor

Another sunrise makes a mockery of the black knight

With you here by my side, I don’t need anything more

Because we made it through the weather, hearts as light as a nestling’s feather

Never wondering how we love or asking why

So lets start another moment, like the ones that once were stolen

And we’ll never have to say a last good-bye.

Playing With Jeremy’s Brain

By John T. Wurzer

Jeremy wanders the streets of the city

Aching for love, he ain’t searching for pity

Living on handouts and leftover ice creams

Looking like someone who choked on his dreams

While up in the heavens, St. Peter and Queen Jane

Look down on a world full of heartache and pain

And bet on the outcome with bushels of grain

As a shot rings out on Magdeline Lane

And they start playing with Jeremy’s brain.

Sigmund Freud and Doctor Katz

Were setting land speed records on the great Salt Flats

Trading bedroom lies with Doctor Ruth

And selling nickel advice at a therapy booth

When a Zombie flew in, in a twin engine plane

Carrying golf clubs and looking insane

He pulled out a three wood and tried to explain

That he used to stay on the fairways on the south coast of Spain

Until he started playing with Jeremy’s Brain

Doctor Frankenstein at a local bar

Drinking straight tequila from a mayonnaise jar

Buying Zinfandel for a local whore

Explaining how he could’ve been much more

He talked about nights robbing graves in the rain

Creating the living from a dead persons vein

Not knowing he’d flush his life’s work down the drain

When he gave up on the first one, loosened the chain

And started playing with Jeremy’s brain

Your Own Cone

By John T. Wurzer

The ice cream vendor is willing to surrender; his heart was never made of stone

He scoops a triple fudge ripple, for the welfare cripple, as he’s driving through the twilight zone

He’s got a piece of candy for a girl named Andy, and a wife and three kids waiting at home

When his truck starts to jingle, like old Kris Kringle, grab your loose change and throw him a bone

Cause you can have it in your own cone, you don’t have to be alone

You can have it in your own cone, ice cream like you’ve never known

Try to remember these words, when it seems like life is for the birds,

And you’re staring at a silent telephone.

No matter what you’re dreaming of, it’s raining sugar from above

And you can have it in your own damn cone.

I’ve been down to the mountain and up through the gutter, crying through the midnight sun

Frostbite in August, and a closet full of sawdust, feeling like I’m the only one

At the cocktail dinner who would never be a winner, wanting out so bad I couldn’t even run

Until I looked at the band, and the ice cream man was using Popsicle sticks on the drums

The Polar Bear Café

By John T. Wurzer

It’s striking me again, how very low up in the sky

The sun can sit at noon on a late December day

And it putting me in mind of a wild tropical storm

At a time when I was sitting on an island far away

I was dreaming of a night when we were shutting off the lights,

Lighting dreams that burned so bright, while we’d sing and drink and play

So let’s do it all again, when the fire lights my pen,

Have a old hoot-nanny then, at the polar bear café

There’s a cute bartender there. He’s Pierre the comic bear,

He wears bright red underwear, and drinks Vodka every night

He’s got Eskimos and friends with gold dust that they spend

And elbows that they bend when they have you in their sight

At midnight a gentle tune starts to drift throughout the room

As the virgin bride and groom pay their tab and steal away

While Pierre begins to sing about a sunrise in the spring,

You hear the cash register ring, at the polar bear café

There’s a waitress name of Lil, who can give you quite a thrill

As the beer begins to chill on the back porch in the snow

She’ll ask you to for to buy her a Seven Up and rye,

And in the wink of someone’s eye she says she has to go

She guzzles down her glass, pulls your hand up from her ass,

Says she dropped another pass and then leaves you there to pray

While you’re running up your tab, and she’s calling you a cab,

In your heart you feels a stab at the Polar Bear Café

Cold waters running deep, wake you up when you’re asleep,

Bring you warmth that you can keep, and stars up in the sky

At the start of every end, when you’re needing to depend,

On your lover and your friend, instead of something you can’t buy

There’s a chill inside the air, when venture to compare,

All the love that we have to share, with the love from yesterday.

So give me one more kiss, and a promise that says this,

“I hardly ever miss the Polar Bear Café.”

They sing Ooga Booga Muska, just the way I use-ta

Ooga Booga Muska, never go away

Pour another Brandy; lick another piece of Candy

Dance with me tonight at the Polar Bear Café

This Weather

By John T. Wurzer

One last night in Plattsburgh and I think I’ll drink a few

Before I find my hotel room, and continue missing you

Sometimes the times apart can teach me more than times together

But I need a warmer place to do it; I can’t take this fucking weather!

One more night in Plattsburgh, so I’ll buy another beer

Write another love song, and wish that you were here

Joe is courting Judy while he’s making eyes at Heather

It’s just another New York bar, if you ignore the fucking weather!

One last night in Plattsburgh and there’s nothing to explain

Living here without you kind of drives me half-insane

A handful of these lonely days, just seem to last forever

Without you by my side, I just can’t take this fucking weather!

I’d like to have another drink, but no one seems to know

It’s a lesson that you learn when there’s no other place to go

The children grew much older, but they still wear patent leather

I’d wonder what might happen next, but I can’t take this fucking weather

One more night in Plattsburgh and the world is feeling trapped

In between the platitudes, and senseless barroom crap

Your dreams can’t reach beyond this town; they’re anchored by a tether

That snaps you back when you realize…. You can’t take this fucking weather!

No Urge to Sing

By John T. Wurzer

Is there anybody there who can take the chill out of the air and the needles of the winter from my toes?

Is there any way to keep the nightmares from my sleep and my eyes from looking inside when it snows?

Do the mountains freeze the thought of a dead “forget me not” and a bitter recollection until spring?

It gets quiet when I stand, on the streets of snow and sand, and I cannot even bring myself to sing.

The weather makes me wonder whether it’s lightening or it’s thunder and if the weather is coincidence or fate

I give up on love to early, and I’m feeling kind of squirrelly and when I finally start to try it’s much too late

With a sympathetic whisper, and a sigh, I softly kissed her, Touched her neck and bought a priceless wedding ring

Until I found my blood was freezing, my nose was dripping; I was sneezing…words I couldn’t even bring myself to sing

My teeth began to chatter, but it really didn’t matter, ‘cause my voice had nothing lyrical to say

The words I sometimes scribble, are so often lifeless drivel, and so often they’re just getting in the way

So I walked the streets in silence, thinking thoughts of fear and violence, like a cryogenic zombie who was king

Until a greenish mist of death took his love and took his breath, and he couldn’t even bring himself to sing.

The sky; a ghoulish gray, in the cold clear light of day, like a prisoner at play inside his cell

A peaceful messenger, and a thought that just won’t stir, like an auctioneer with nothing left to sell

Far above these gloomy clouds, nothing matters, nothing crowds, the thoughts that sunshine, truth and ignorance can bring

When the moisture turns to rock, and it comes as quite a shock, that I cannot even bring myself to sing.

The windows start to ice, like an adolescent vice that was warm at first, but soon became a lie.

Like your first pubescent kiss that you crave and finally miss, but eventually regret and then deny

It starts to snow inside the car, so I finally find a bar, with an ice-cold beer and barmaids that don’t sting

Another gelid place to write whatever words come into sight when I’m pensive and can’t bring myself to sing.

Is there anyone around who can break this frozen ground, without a sound to tell the world the gates have crashed?

Is there any way to find the littered pieces of my mind and that graduation check I never cashed?

Is there someone I can trust, with this abstinence and lust, without treating it as just another fling?

I’m stuck inside this bar, and I can’t find my guitar…writing words that I can’t bring myself to sing.

It’s a Long Hard Road

By John T. Wurzer

It was three in the morning at Tammy’s all night café

I was working a crossword, without a crossword to say

A waitress named Lyla dropped a tray full of shots on the floor.

The game was on cable, but nobody knew the score.

There were simple white angels dancing on the corner stage

And so I ordered a beer and started feeling twice my age

And as the pulse of the night grew thick and started slowing

She tapped me on the shoulder and asked me how it was going.

I said:

It’s been a long hard, dusty, dirty, ain’t been right since I was thirty

Winding, blinding, bumping and grinding, journey through the arctic cold

It’s been a black track, straight and narrow

Drinking with Jesus Christ and Clyde Barrow

Dreaming and scheming with a mind stuck in overload

It’s been a long hard road.

It was two in the morning at Sammy Rays Bar and Grill

After last call, that was all, not a chance for a thrill

A tropical night on the Bayou, scratching a poem

Seven hours had passed since I told her that I’d be right home

There were simple white angels floating around in the smoke

Paula Anne was telling her favorite ethnic joke

Like a fisherman losing his touch, I started rowing

When someone tapped me on the shoulder and asked me how it was going

I said:

REFRAIN

It was one in the morning at the three million dollar saloon

My voice was too weak to speak or carry a tune

Over in the corner lady Jessica was answering a prayer

While she looked at the man underneath as if he wasn’t there

There were simple white angels selling shots from a plastic tube

While the answers to life were trapped in a rubix cube

They’ve been stuck there since the wind gave up on blowing

And someone tapped me on the shoulder and asked me how it was going

I said:

REFRAIN

It was midnight mass and my rosary beads were sweating

I was praying for things that I’d finally given up on forgetting

The priest was burning incense and drinking sacramental wine

As I added up what I already knew was and wasn’t mine

The simple white angels were smoking outside in the yard

Explaining to each other why flight school gets so hard

Up a creek with a paddle in the water that had given up flowing

Tapping God on the shoulder and asking him how it was going

Forgettable Blues

By John T. Wurzer

I’d like to see a place in time where roses never wilt

Where moments build a lifetime like the patches build a quilt

Where the memories keep you warm at night just like a safety net

And they catch you when you’re falling

And there’s nothing to forget

I’d like to see a place in time where politics dissolve

Where pettiness and jealousy aren’t the puzzles that we solve

Where summers last forever and the world is out of debt

Where the children grow just enough to know

That there’s nothing to forget

I’d like to see a place in time where silence doesn’t mean

That someone’s hiding something undiscovered and obscene

Where tomorrow is a promise and not a place that you just can’t get

Where the skies are blue instead of you

And there’s nothing to forget

I’d like to see a place in time where the doors are always open

Where there’s a light in every tunnel and there’s really hope in hoping

Where beauty is a concept and not some middle-aged regret

And you find it in each sunrise

And there’s nothing to forget

I’d like to see a place in time when poverty and pain

Escape into the galaxy just to find a gentle rain

Returning to a world unlike the world that we know as yet

Where passionate deliverance

Leaves you nothing to forget

I Know Where

By John T. Wurzer

Where did it go?

Sweet imagination.

What ever happened

To wild infatuation

Tenderness and violence, sweaty palms and possibilities

The woman of your dreams, half naked on her hands and knees

Where did it go?

Did they steal the stars away?

What ever happened

To the love we practiced yesterday

Tenderness and violence, tomorrow hums and ancient tune

The woman of your dreams, half naked and undressed beneath the moon

Where did it go?

I can’t even get a pulse.

What ever happened

To the pumpkin and the waltz

Tenderness and violence, Cinderella and the prince she waited for.

The woman of your dreams, half-naked, knocking softly on your door.

Where did it go?

It seems nobody left a map.

Whatever happened

To the mind that wouldn’t snap?

Tenderness and violence, and all the money that I spent

The woman of my dreams, half-naked, I know exactly where it went.

Hey, where did it go

I always said I do it my way

Information raped my mind and built this crooked highway

And I’d like to find an on ramp, but I’m starring through this brick wall full of tears.

But life and hard, my credit card is buying rounds of shots and beers.

Hey, where did it go?

Praying for Rain

By John T. Wurzer

I could tell you a story about a place that I went

About the people I met and the money I spent

I could bring you to the edge of a nightmare or two

But in the cold light of day, what good would it do?

To be yours in the evening, but wake up alone

With your face on my washcloth and your lips on my phone

If there’s nothing to lose, then there’s nothing to gain

When I see too much snow, I start praying for rain

In this frozen white north Adarondek resort

It seems winter is long, but my life is too short

As the temperature drops and the ice starts to freeze

I imagine El Nino is down on it’s knees

When it hears that the world threw it’s warmth to the wind

With the wink of an eye and a head that soon spinned

It feels more like a black hole than a ball and a chain

I start feeling detached and start praying for rain

I could tell you a story but there’s not much to tell

It was what it wasn’t, it was colder than hell

In a hand basket woven from the strings on my heart

There’s a hole in my universe every time we’re apart

If tomorrow gets lonely and it asks you to dance

Take a tip from this minstrel. Just hike up your pants

Watch the ice age evolve and imagine the pain

When I’m living without you and praying for rain

Praying for someone to send me a sign

A hot cup of tea and a cold glass of wine

A hobo just died, froze to death on the train

With his hands clasped together, while praying for rain

Did I Say Something?

By John T. Wurzer

I went out on a limb for you about the time the ice arrived

The branch, it broke, before we spoke, I fell but still survived

Emotionally challenged, drinking gold tequila, straight

Crawling through the snowy hills and getting home too late

Believing in myself was the first challenge that I face

So many hills to climb, so many dreams erased

I found myself some shoes and socks and staggered to my feet

Wandering through this world of woe, trying to compete

On that strange enchanted highway, laughing at the stars

I dated thirty women, and I drank in forty bars

And I think I found my confidence but ended up flat broke

Believing in myself but never sure I spoke.

I went out on a limb for you, I’ll never know quite why

You never really wanted more than one last sad good-bye

I touched a piece of heaven once, but couldn’t make it last

We had a sense of moments, but the moments always passed

They left us both in limbo, feeling vacant and confused

No scars upon our eyelids, but sure we’d been abused

You found yourself a gadget, a plaything and a toy

A person that you called your man, who acted like a boy

Hiding in his closet like forgotten pairs of shoes

That gave you what you needed when you had the highway blues

And I think you found your confidence and told another joke

When I told you that I missed you, were you ever sure I spoke?

I went out on a limb for you exhausted but alive

Is it really such a strange thing to dissolve and yet survive?

When the poison breeds suspicious thoughts of hunted mystery

That end just like they started, you here lying next to me

On a moistened April evening with a virus and a cure

Knowing that I love you, but saying I’m not sure

I remember as I fumble through another point of view

The fragments of my heart that kept on washing back to you

And the fragrance of your perfume that kept wafting towards my face

Through candlelight and shadows and another warm embrace

The princess kissed the bullfrog, but all he did was croak

Couldn’t pay the fee for royalty, It was like he never spoke.

I went out on a limb for you, and found and empty nest

The worst case I imagined was in fact the very best

A blind inauguration as I pledged undying love

A blackbird, finch, a cardinal, a hawk, a crow, a dove

Flying all around us in a circle of surprise

Another verse, a midnight tomb, a hope chest full of lies

I’ve borrowed every song I’ve ever written just to prove

That something else is nothing more than someone I can’t move

The words are just excuses, and the meanings tend to fade

When I look at life without the knife and steal another blade

The face of death, another breath, before I start to choke

I keep listening to myself, but I’m never sure I spoke.

Tight Circles

By John T. Wurzer

Tight little circles are wrapping around your heart.

No place left to go, and no place left to start.

You can’t find the magic when your worlds drift far apart.

Nothing left for you to find or even learn

You’re too frozen to let anything burn

Through the tight little circles that turn

Another year around your heart.

Tight little circles are wrapping around your wrists

No place left to go and you can’t unclench your fists

When you finally find magic and your world is lightly kissed

With ignorance at each ungentle turn

Too frozen to let anything burn

With each tight little circle you’ll learn

To see light through the mist.