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Misplaced

By John T. Wurzer

Out of place, out of touch

I won the race, but I fried the clutch

I found a small town, County Journal, weekly news

I feel like a square peg in a round hole baby

I feel like a white man who’s singing the blues

Like a Baptist preacher, in a topless bar

An endangered creature, or a vintage car

At a rummage sale, with a credit card, buying shoes

Like a wet fish who’s living out of water, baby

I feel like a white man who’s singing the blues

Like a grocery store, that’s out of food

Like a linoleum floor, with an attitude

Like a Spartan at an orgy, or an actor with no lines but many cues

Like a water droplet living in an oil well, baby

I feel like a white man who’s singing the blues

Out of place, out of time

I won the case, but I committed the crime

You leave me so lonely, but I know that I only, lose when I choose

I feel like a chunk of coal singing in a diamond mine, baby

I feel like a white man who’s singing the blues

God Willing and the Creek Don’t Rise

By John T. Wurzer

The preacher said to Jesus, “Why don’t you join me on TV?

You could testify that you’ve found the Lord. You could stand right next to me

We’ll put a Seven Eleven at the gates of heaven, Saint Peter, and a lottery prize

Then write off the cost through eternity, God willing and the creek don’t rise!”

God willing and the creek don’t rise

It’s getting hard to recognize

What Saint Peter will say on the judgment day

When he cuts me down to size

Am I gonna get in after a lifetime of sin

God willing and the creek don’t rise

Jesus said to the preacher, “That ain’t the way I got it planned

I’m hitting the road with a drummer named Toad, and a sympathetic three piece band

And while you’re selling off salvation to a crowded room full of suits and ties

We’ll be playing the blues to a room full of Jews. God willing and the creek don’t rise!”

God willing and the creek don’t rise

It’s getting hard to recognize

What Saint Peter will say on the judgment day

When he cuts me down to size

Am I gonna get in after a lifetime of sin

God willing and the creek don’t rise

The preacher said to Jesus, “We could make it look like this

That you rose from the dead and then went out of your head for the love of some hungry kiss

We’d say you wandered around almost two thousand years until I found you in a thief’s disguise

Then I’d remove your sin as the money rolled in. God willing and the creek don’t rise.”

God willing and the creek don’t rise

It’s getting hard to recognize

What Saint Peter will say on the judgment day

When he cuts me down to size

Am I gonna get in after a lifetime of sin

God willing and the creek don’t rise

Jesus said to the preacher, “Read that bible that you quote

The last time that people like you were in charge I had somebody build a boat

Noah called it an ark, and as the skies grew dark, saved the souls who wouldn’t send you blood

It rained day after day. Your money washed away. God was willing and he sent a flood!”

God willing and the creek don’t rise

It’s getting hard to recognize

What Saint Peter will say on the judgment day

When he cuts me down to size

Am I gonna get in after a lifetime of sin

God willing and the creek don’t rise

Handi-Mart Promise

By John T. Wurzer

I’ve got the small town blues

I read the weekly news

I wake up in the morning, slip my feet into these ice cold shoes

I’d like to take a nap

A three hour snooze

Can’t deal with all this crap. I’d rather take a Caribbean cruise

There are a thousand thoughts

Trying to blow up my head

My stomach’s tied in knots because I’m underfed

Though it gets black and cold, when the night caves in

I’ve got a heart of gold and a ten cent pen

And if I saw you at the Handi-Mart driving your Mercedes

I’d whisper to myself, “She’s just like all the other ladies.”

And you could ask me, “Hey, what are you doing from now until who knows when?”

And I’d say, “I’m not lonely enough to start loving you again.”

Yes, you could ask me, “Hey Johnny! What are you doing from now until who knows when?”

And I’d say, “Life doesn’t such enough to start loving you again.”

I’ve got the small town blues

I write a country song

The kind that leaves a bruise if you sing it too long

I drive a beat up car

I rent a worn out house

I end up at a bar with a cook named mouse

We’re shooting pocket pool

At a dime a ball

He thinks I’m someone’s fool, and then I run them all

tomorrows come and go

The future isn’t clear

I shovel ice and snow, and drink generic beer.

And if I saw you at the Handi-Mart driving your Mercedes

I’d whisper to myself, “She’s just like all the other ladies.”

And you could ask me, “Hey, what are you doing from now until who knows when?”

And I’d say, “I’m not lonely enough to start loving you again.”

Yes, you could ask me, “Hey Johnny! What are you doing from now until who knows when?”

And I’d say, “Life doesn’t such enough to start loving you again.”

Them Things

By John T. Wurzer

I met a girl just south of east St. Louis

She walked into my life like someone’s dream

Her silk guitar and visions of redemption

Her glassy thighs that billowed clouds of steam

Her martyred look, her tale of lasting struggles

Her visions of the things that might have been

She asked me if them was the things I longed for

But them things isn’t things I want again

Them things ain’t as good as what I wanted

Them things ain’t as good as feeling free

Them things ain’t as good as the things I think I should have

And them things just ain’t good enough for me..

I met a woman breathing like a vulture

Inside a nest of fading scattered poems

In search of love and platitudes of culture

To lead her into someone elses homes

Writing in an absent Christmas diary

And borrowing a thought from Jesus Christ

Doing unto others all of them things

That them guys should have done if them was nice

I said:

Do a getta feel your warm breath by my bedside

Do a getta throw the sheets off of your back

Do I getta watch the love as it descends from high above

Upon a frozen night near a rusty railroad track

Them things ain’t as good as what I wanted

Them things ain’t as good as feeling free

Them things ain’t as good as the things I thought I should have

And them things isn’t things I want for me.

There is softness in her eyes when she’s discovering

All the hidden recollections in my mind

What she’ll never understand is I’ve been hovering

Between taking her and leaving them behind

I watched this country angel for a whole year

But couldn’t find a line of senseless verse

I was fixing to depart, she said, “Do I getta keep your heart”

I guess them things could have ended plenty worse.

A Haven For the Blues

By John T. Wurzer

I saw the weather freezing muddy puddles in my yard

Some days are warm and willing, and some days life is hard

There’s water in my basement, there’s ice inside my veins

There’s very little sunshine when you’re gone it mostly rains

I checked the morning paper, hoping that I’d find some news

But nothing ever happens in this haven for the blues

I can hear the freight train whistle from my living room at night

And I wonder where it’s heading as it rumbles out of sight

So I pluck another love song from this broken down guitar

As the evening turns to morning and I wonder where you are

I checked the weather channel, kind of hoping for a storm

They said it’s getting cold again before it’s getting warm

I’ve been creeping through a nightmare, wishing I could find a map

Crawling through the swamplands, with a suitcase and a cap

While a scientist is scheming in a straw hut near the beach

About to make a breakthrough, though the answer’s out of reach

I checked my cheap alarm clock, kind of hoping it was broke

It told me to wake up again, before I ever spoke

I saw the weather freezing, I prayed that it would stop

I heard the freight train whistle, I watched the sandal drop

I felt the chilly whisper of a lover from my past

Who moved too slow, then had to go, then went away too fast

I checked into this hotel, knowing someone had to lose

But nothing ever happens in this haven for the blues

Breaking the Camel’s Back

By John T. Wurzer

I had been drinking all day

I had been drinking all night

I had been drinking, avoiding all thinking, and thinking of something in spite

In spite of the lessons I’ve learn

In spite of the lessons I’ve taught

I met you again, and we answered a yen, then I left saying forget me not

I looked at the lady in red

I looked at the lady in blue

I looked at the lady who was looking so shady, and all I could think of was you

I asked her to close out my tab

I looked at the lady in black

Awe, but that was the straw in the drink at the bar that finally broke the camel’s back

Hump….Hump…a hundred days without water

Hump….Hump…doing the things that I oughta

Hump….Hump…All I could think of was you

And that was the straw in the drink at the bar that finally broke this camel in two.

I had been trying to sleep

I had been trying to dream

I had been trying, and girl I’m not lying, but things aren’t the way that they seem

A fantasy entered my mind

A fantasy blew up in smoke

A fantasy lingered, and no one was fingered, I thought it was some kind of joke

My pillow beat into my fist

My pillow beat into my heart

My pillow was beating, my thoughts wouldn’t cheat and somehow we weren’t even apart

A vision of teddy bear trains

Pierre and a comfy haystack

Awe, but that was the straw in the drink at the bar that finally broke the camel’s back

After all of the years, the exhaustion and beers, I’m far too in love to attack

I guess that was the straw in the drink at the bar that finally broke this camel’s back

Hump….Hump…a hundred days without water

Hump….Hump…doing the things that I oughta

Hump….Hump…All I could think of was you

And that was the straw in the drink at the bar that finally broke this camel in two.

It Takes A Lot of Rain

By John T. Wurzer

It takes a lot of rain to grow a rose

God knows, it takes a lot of rain

It takes a lot of rain to cause a flood

Written in blood, it takes a lot of rain

It takes a lot of rain to wash you out

No doubt, it takes a lot of rain.

Did you ever try to cross an endless desert

In a pair of worn out sneakers and some jeans

With a sunburned thumb and someone’s favorite T-shirt

Trying hard to figure out what heaven means

Watching ladies in imported shiny sports cars

Ask you if you need a ride or something new

When a simple glass of water and compassion

Is all you really need to get you through

It takes a lot of rain to grow a rose

God knows, it takes a lot of rain

It takes a lot of rain to cause a flood

Written in blood, it takes a lot of rain

It takes a lot of rain to wash you out

No doubt, it takes a lot of rain.

Did you ever try to climb forbidden mountains

That haunted you in nightmares as a child

When it seemed you’d never make it past the evening

When they hung you out to dry before you dialed

Did it seem like there was too much left to conquer

Did the fire block you way and burn your eyes

From the desert to the mountain, headed nowhere

Drop the curtain, take a bow, and realize

That it takes a lot of rain to grow a rose

God knows, it takes a lot of rain

It takes a lot of rain to cause a flood

Written in blood, it takes a lot of rain

It takes a lot of rain to wash away, another day

It takes a lot of rain.

On the Borderline

By John T. Wurzer

There’s a song out there in the frozen air, and it echoes in the breeze

While the wanting souls with their useless goals, dry and fall like autumn leaves

As I claw my way through another day, like a leper on his knees

On his knees, on the borderline tonight

They can lock me up in a prison town and then sentence me to die

I won’t protest. The warden’s not around, and I have no urge to cry

Though the walls get damp, while a homeless tramp traces fire in the sky

In the sky, on the borderline tonight

They can chain my limbs to the empty hymns that I sang when I was nine

In a Catholic church that the fascists searched, drinking sacramental wine

Ripping out a heart, that was torn apart, just a pulse from feeling fine

Feeling fine, on the borderline tonight

They can bury me on the lone prairie, shovel dust upon my grave

When the summer sun weighs a half a ton and I ask you to be brave

When the windows close and the spiders doze to awake a housefly’s slave

Another slave, on the borderline tonight

There’s a looking glass, in the dewy grass, that reflects the morning sun

Toward a window pain, that cannot explain, what it whispered to the gun

While an aging toad, on another road meets a princess half undone

Half undone, on the borderline tonight

There’s a precious jewel and a lonely fool slipping slowly towards the dark

On the icy streets where the dealer cheats every snake that he didn’t mark

As the bride and groom, ride a witches broom, towards a love nest in the park

In the park, on the borderline tonight.

Shattered and Burned

By John T. Wurzer

I could’ve been crazy, yes I could’ve been sane

I could’ve watched your love wash down another drain

I could’ve been useless, I could’ve been wise

I could’ve dissolved all of those tears in your eyes

I could’ve been heartless, I could’ve been cruel

I could’ve been one who never touched the golden rule

I could’ve watched you escape from the promises you made

I could’ve stayed wide awake, could’ve watched my heart fade

I could’ve drown in the love that I thought I had earned

I could’ve watched as the memories shattered and burned

I could’ve been star-struck, I could’ve been blind

I could’ve watched as the vipers took a hold of my mind

I could’ve been angry, I could’ve been tossed

I could’ve been searching, for what I once lost

I could’ve been famous, I could’ve been dirt

I could’ve been sewing extra buttons on this shirt

I could’ve spilled my seventh drink and then wiped it from you house

I could’ve laughed like a mouse who was living in you blouse

I could’ve scoffed at your feelings and never returned

I could’ve watched as the memories shattered and burned

I could’ve been Cupid, I could’ve been Zeus

I could’ve been tight and I could’ve been loose

I could’ve been Jason, I could’ve been Hera

I could’ve been myself, but I didn’t want to scare ya.

I could’ve been righteous, I could’ve been weak

I could’ve melted in your bedroom when you kissed me on the cheek

I could’ve given up the promises I made when I was free

I could’ve asked myself to be the man you wanted me to be

I could’ve bellowed out a bitter song and acted unconcerned

I could’ve watched as the memories shattered and burned

But I’m not that kind of man, you know

I’m not that kind of squirrel

I don’t say that I’m in love with you when you’re not my kind of girl

And though I knew that pride would lead you into someone else’s bed

There were undone stolen promises still breathing in my head

And I could’ve been better, and I could’ve been worse

I could’ve searched your bedroom drawers, I could’ve emptied out your purse

But you and I are different, and if there’s one thing that I’ve learned

That you’ll watch, but I won’t as the memories are shattered and burned.

A Girl Named Rachael

By John T. Wurzer

I met her at the car wash, she was cleaning out her Chevy

In a dirty faded T-shirt, forty miles from the levee

She was emptying her ashtray, I was scraping off the tar

She asked me for a quarter, I checked my penny jar

I handed her some loose change, and it slipped right through her hands

We picked it up, upon our knees, comparing wedding bands

She asked me if I’d meet her, and I asked “Is this a game?”

She said, “There’s something missing. I don’t even know your name!”

She was a girl named Rachael

A girl named Rachael

She had a hundred dollar facial, and a thousand dollar pure bred cat.

We headed towards the airport with our credit cards and lust

Praying that we’d never have to promise, love, or trust

The red-eye to Las Vegas, Caesar’s Palace, what’s in store?

There’s an empty headed dreamer near the window at my door

At the airport, at a slot machine, we won a hundred grand

Bought us a Mercedes, and drove off through the sand

Checked into the bridal suite and melted down our rings

Bet it all on ignorance, blind love, and other things.

She was a girl named Rachael

A girl named Rachael

She had a hundred dollar facial, and a thousand dollar pure bred cat.

It ended like it started, only pennies and some dirt

I’ll never clean her memory out, I’ve got lipstick on my shirt

I made it back to Texas, ended up in the Midwest

Still trying to discover what it is that she does best

With her magic laugh at midnight, and her thoughts in outer space

The frozen night denies her eyes, she’s wearing purple lace

I can almost feel my arms around her heated willing waist

She offered me a lifetime, I settled for a taste

She was a girl named Rachael

A girl named Rachael

She had a hundred dollar facial, and a thousand dollar pure bred cat.

Skinny Little Woman

By John T. Wurzer

It scares me to death that you can hear my thoughts

When I don’t even know you that well

We’ve never weathered a storm together

We’ve never traveled through heaven or hell

Still I’m feeling a hazy connection

Like no feeling that I ever knew

And I’m wondering what games I could send up in flames

With a skinny little woman like you

It scares me to death that you can hear my thoughts

When I don’t have a clue what you think

At the end of th4e day, when it’s too late to play

And you’re waiting to serve me a drink

I can’t keep my mind on the poetry

And there’s nothing that I wouldn’t do

To discover the taste of a trip to the waist

of a skinny little woman like you

It scares me to death that you can hear my thoughts

I’ve grown accustomed to being alone

I don’t have any songs, to set right all the wrongs

If you called I wouldn’t pick up the phone

Still there’s some kind of scent in the evening

If I asked would you answer on cue

What would it take for my heart to escape

With a skinny little woman like you

A Day Late

By John T. Wurzer

I awoke too late to wake myself up

It’s obvious to me

When they roll up the sidewalks and close down the bars

There isn’t a whole lot to see

In this dirty old town while the rain’s pouring down

And I’m carving my name on a tree

My sneakers are wet, I’m just tired, not upset

Why is everyone staring at me?

Take me away, to a ballroom today, where the band wants to play out of tune

May I have this waltz, my intentions are false, but we’ll dance by the light of the moon

When the clock’s striking twelve and the fairy tale elves, interrupt us and start holding court

Saying, “Time is still money. You two dance kind of funny.

And you’re a day late and ten dollars short.”

We already knew we were two months past due, and this fantasy had to abort….cut short.

I awoke last night, with the sun shining bright

Upside down in bed

With my head at the foot and my feet on the pillow

My eyes blinking blue and bright red

In a mid-western space with a cynical trace

I wish I weren’t feeling so dead

It’s a comical book, let me take one last look

Why is everyone inside my head?

Take me away, to a ballroom today, where the band wants to play out of tune

May I have this waltz, my intentions are false, but we’ll dance by the light of the moon

When the clock’s striking twelve and the fairy tale elves, interrupt us and start holding court

Saying, “Time is still money. You two dance kind of funny.

And you’re a day late and ten dollars short.”

We already knew we were two months past due, and this fantasy had to abort….cut short.

Soft and Naked

By John T. Wurzer

The soft curly hairs on the back of your neck

and the way you can kill with those eyes

It kind of reminds me of where we once slept

When the nights weren’t so full of good-byes

When the morning came warm through the window

And the questions that mattered were few

A soft naked day without love in the way

It kind of reminds me of you

It kind of reminds me of how you could blind me

When the nights were too cold and too long

It kind of undresses how all these successes

End up on the right side of wrong

The sweet poison thoughts that you place in my mind

And the way that you’re chewing your gum

Kind of brings back a memory of frostbite

And the moments we spent deaf and dumb

With romance that dripped from your ceilings

And incense that floated light blue

A soft naked night, feeling loose and uptight

It kind of reminds me of you

The motionless stare that you send through the air

When you’re trying so hard not to care

The portion of you that escaped and then flew

Towards a sterilized segment of air

Where they sucked in the stars and spit out the bars

Just to prove that you and I wouldn’t do

A soft naked life, no magic, no life

It kind of reminds me of you

Dagg…Gone….Blues

By John T. Wurzer

The bedroom is empty, and so is my beer

Her coffee is brewing, but still she’s not here

A half finished puzzle, gets thrown in the trash

My ashtray is aching, for a piece of her ash

And they tell me when you got nothing, you got nothing to lose

And it’s true I got a whole lot of nothing baby,

But still I got these Dagg gone blues.

I can’t play this guitar, I can’t play these drums

Can’t play with my fingers, they feel like they’re thumbs

I can’t live the night life, I get tired of the days

There’s no other woman, that I want to phase

And they tell me that absence makes a heart want to fuse

And I’m feeling a whole lot of absence baby,

Cause I got these Dagg gone blues.