Inside Straight

All Songs Written By John T. Wurzer

C1996 Help Yourself Music

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Inside Straight

By John T. Wurzer

Stand back and tell me how it feels

Look at the cards, question the deal

This hand was dealt in black and white

I anted in, and lost my sight

I smoked a cheap cigar last Tuesday

You sat and waited by the phone

I can't believe the things that you say

When I always wander home alone

I'm still missing one card in this hand

An inside straight; not what I planned

The dealer throws a silent glance

Upon your breasts, a circumstance

You act as if he's drawn a card

The waitress laughs, says life is hard.

My palms are sweating like a beer can

Fresh from the ice in the August sun

If there's a God I'll draw the thin man

Before he notices what he's done

I'm still missing one card in this hand

An inside straight; not what I planned

The queen of hearts sits at my right

She just arrived, she'll stay all night

She says I've seen you here before

Up on the stage, or on the floor

I tell her she must be mistaken

You tie a noose around my throat

And all the while my heart is aching

As the bouncer passes me a note

I'm still missing one card in this hand

An inside straight; not what I planned

Stand back and tell me what to do

Stay in the game, or leave with you

A lifetime's wages on the line

I call the bet, and check the time

It's twenty seconds after midnight

The moon is rising, life is tough

I here the echo of tomorrow

Dealing the cards as it calls my bluff

It's an ace of clubs and now I can't stand

I walk away……not what I planned.

Cajun Waltz

By John T. Wurzer

We go on and on and on and on

That’s all we do Diana

We go on and on and on and on

Halfway to Louisiana

Take another drink and if you think it clogs your sink

Then you’re chasing an absent bouquet

Think another thought that ought to be forgotten

Kiss me one time before you go on your way

On an empty street everyone you meet

Says, “Push him away, Diana”

On a moonlit lawn you could touch the dawn

Like a rock climber in Montana

The Milkyway dresses your sculpture tonight

As long as I think when I breathe

I’m kissing your ankles and making it right

As long as you won’t let me leave

The pen just stops as you set my clocks

Saying, “This time I’ll find Nirvana.”

A bloodstained wrist and an emerald kiss

In a hot southern cheap cabana

Oh so many nights have been filled up with Christmas lights

That I feel like I’m living a dream

Walk with me awhile and climb inside a smile

That gets feeling alright when it’s headed upstream

On the edge of time with a love divine

Send me a sign Diana

Is it now or not? Can it get this hot?

On the beaches of north Havana

Dress me in silence and cover your ears

That’s what it takes to be mine

Think of the men that you’ve known through the years

And pour me a glass of that sweet bitter wine.

Get on Back to Your Man

By John T. Wurzer

I can’t believe that I saw you today

In a hot black skirt and a black beret

Was it some kind of come on? Was it some kind of master plan?

And although I’d like to get close to you

There’s only one thing that you have to do

That’s forget about me, babe.

Get on back to your man.

Because it wasn’t me who brought you this far

Who taught you to dream and to live on a star

It wasn’t me who taught you to love

Hey! What are you thinking of?

Get on back to your man.

We’ve taken our love as far as it will go

I’d tell you about it but you already know

It was a story I heard once, getting high with Peter Pan

You could live in a dream world of diamonds and laughter

But nothing gets saved for the morning after

Go away

Get on back to your man

And it’s not that I don’t want to hold you twice

Love you once, make it three times as nice

But this isn’t a love song, It’s more an emotional scan

You’re more to me than a face in the wind

But it’s more important just to call you friend

I can sympathize

But get on back to your man

Mine is a life of terror and disease

And all I can ask is that you get off of your knees

Look to the sunrise and realize how it all began

With a traded phrase and a worn out line

Sooner or later it’s closing time

It was a beautiful rhyme, babe

Get on back to your man.

A Glimpse of the Summer

By John T. Wurzer

The night was a shattered illusion

Her breath was a tear on the floor

When I looked in her eyes, I was hungry and wise

But I knew that I was looking for more

She was stardust that lights on the snowfall

Before the trucks come to plow it away

I was trying to breathe, there was blood on my sleeve

Where the ropes burned from dragging this sleigh

Is it dawn, or just a glimpse of the summer

Was I wrong to start feeling this way

Am I deaf paralyzed, half-blind, or just getting dumber

Whenever I hold her in my arms, I’ve got nothing to say.

The skies muttered something in thunder

Without letting the rain hit the ground

They told me to run, saying, “Much too much fun

Is too much for a victim of sound.”

She was everything I ever needed

Wrapped up in what I didn’t want

A hundred degrees of, get down on my knees

And please give me something to haunt.

Every friend tried to tell me to leave her

Every memory strangled my mind

Every thought that I taught to say, “Touch me not.”

Kept biting my heels from behind.

I was bellowing limericks and love songs

From a branch where the snow couldn’t freeze

An icicle slept in the places I wept

I was begging, someone tell me; please!

One Hundred Thousand Egos

By John T. Wurzer

One hundred thousand egos in a pocket sent away

Where the wishing well can’t touch them and they ask you to obey

And lay yourself upon a stolen treasure that was lost

One hundred thousand egos hardly seems worth have the cost

One hundred thousand egos soon descended on the scene

Making sense of ignorance and acting half obscene

Poking at each other like twin boxers in a ring

One hundred thousand egos and a chance to sit and sing

One hundred thousand egos hoping that they’d grab the prize

Insulted by the evening and in search of strange goodbye

Falling from the ceiling like a feather on the breeze

One hundred thousand egos in a land of make believe

One hundred thousand egos in the desert start to thirst

Remembering which one is last but wishing each was first

Banking on forgiveness when they reach the great beyond

One hundred thousand egos never touched a magic wand

Born Again Stranger

By John T. Wurzer

There’s something incredibly perfect about the way that she enters a room

All noise and all motion just vanish, the first time you smell her perfume

And they say that you can’t find redemption inside a cold bottle of beer

But you’ll swear you’re a born again stranger, the first time she kisses your ear

There’s something divinely erotic about the way that she answers the phone

When most of the time on a cold Sunday morning you’re lying in bed all alone

And they say that you can’t find religion by staring a hole in the sky

But you’ll swear you’re a born again stranger, the first time she catches your eye

There’s something exquisitely dangerous about the way that she touches the mirror

Whenever the night starts to tremble, whenever the songs disappear

The room is a clamor of silence as shadows throw light on the floor

And you’ll swear you’re a born again stranger, the first time she knocks at your door.

Written All Over Her Body

By John T. Wurzer

It was written all over her body

A story that no one could tell

A yarn that had yet to start spinning

A wish that had drown in the well

She flashed me a glance from the corner

Like lightening exploding at dusk

Her face was enchanted illusion

That glows with a shadow of trust

It was written all over her body

The things that she wanted to say

Like, “I love you mother” or “Peace on Earth Brother”

“Hey, sister have you something to say.”

“Meet me tonight by the light of the light

Out of sight in a far away place.”

It was written all over her body

And it was written all over my face

It was written all over her body

Something too dangerous to say

A spell far too lethal for casting

A game far too easy to play

She moved like a cat in the garden

Tracking a field mouse at dawn

The closer she came to my table

The more I found words to this song.

It was written all over her body

A message too stylish to read

A whisper of what might be coming

If you’re warm and alive when you bleed

She sat by my side for an hour

Invading my personal space

I couldn’t find the words to invite her

But they were written all over my face.

It was written all over her body

And it was written all over my face.

Wrapping It Up

By John T. Wurzer

Can you listen to this story as I speak it?

Off key and out of breath don’t touch the dial

And if I spill a secret please don’t leak it

Because I’m bathing in a hot tub of denial

Eventually my brain fills up with nonsense

A sacrament of warped defenseless style

If you’d wrap your crooked legs around my finger

I’d wrap my crooked heart around your smile

The wise man and the preacher met this evening

In a swamp outside the courtroom for awhile

As the poet and his mistress started breathing

In a place where blind ambition went on trial

There were twenty thousand spiders in the rafter

As the snake slithered across the bathroom tile

And she wrapped her crooked legs around his finger

And he wrapped his crooked heart around her smile

Tomorrow isn’t really such a bad place

Today whispers, “There’s something to believe”

When you’re hiding all your love inside a suitcase

And storing all your memories up your sleeve

Our futures like an artist’s empty canvass

Our past like bags of garbage in a pile

If you’d wrap your crooked legs around my finger

I’d wrap my crooked heart around your smile

But the question, “Is there something here worth wrapping?”

Can’t be answered by the poet or the thief

While the audience stand ignorant and clapping

Blind faith squares off with the remnants of belief

As the trembling of a wine-sick shattered hobo

Puts a black mark on the savior’s spotless file

You wrap your crooked legs around my finger

And I wrap my crooked heart around your smile

That’s Enough of Me

By John T. Wurzer

You got your clothes they’re drying on the windowsill

A heart that won’t blink and a mind set to kill

A piece of your thigh on the brink of my mind

And a conscience that wishes that true love were blind

That’s enough of me, babe

I’d rather be lonely

That’s enough of me, babe

I’d rather be gone

That’s enough of this babe, there ain’t no need to carry on

I got a prison cell and a sentence that rhymes

And a piggy bank filled up with nickels and dimes

A piece of my finger that sticks to the strings

And a ghost in the closet who moans and sings

You’ve got a teardrop forming on your bedroom wall

That drops to the ground whenever I forget to call

A diary of passion and pain

That reads just like a newspaper caught out in the rain

I got a Christmas tree that ain’t got no lights

And a potpourri full of dangerous sights

I’ve done everything that I ever wanted to do

Except to make sweet love to a woman like you

The world gets amplified when the world gets cold

The world gets angry when the world gets old

Counting the candles on its birthday cake

And wondering why it can’t sleep when it’s awake.

You got my mind strung out on a backyard fence

I keep looking for an answer but it doesn’t make any sense

I see you when I touch you and the night comes rolling in

But whenever I’m alone I start to singing this hymn

I got a torn up heart with no place to go

And a worn out car that doesn’t want to drive through the snow

A backward mind and an evil glance

That sends a light through the shadow of circumstance

You could find yourself on a one-way path

Through a haunted forest or the grapes of wrath

While the emerald city and the yellow brick road

Keep concentrating on the feelings that we sold

I’m a wayward child in a mansion of mirrors

Whose thoughts grow cold whenever love disappears

I’ve got a piece of your memory taped to my wrist

In the very same place where it first was kissed

It’s a long way back to the place we’ve been before

With a smile at the window and a wolf at the door

With fire on my lungs and love on your breath

Halfway to heaven and halfway to death

I can still feel the dewdrops growing on the windowsill

When the day isn’t born it sets out to kill

So touch me once and then you can touch me again

Because I’ve got a song in my head and a disease in this pen.

Kind of Shady

By John T. Wurzer

Life ain’t black and white

You wake in the morning and walk through the night

Candles and kerosene

Meet in your nightmares just to borrow a dream

For all we know this feeling ‘s just a one act play

We’ve read these scenes before and gone our separate ways

I think this love song needs some time my lady

It’s kind of shady

Time drips away

The icicle melts until there’s nothing to say

Roses and valentines

Get locked in a drawer with tattered treasures and crimes

It seems to me our hearts are being held at bay

Caught in chains of sorrow fashioned yesterday

I think this fairy tale needs a line my lady

It’s kind of shady

Spring never comes

Off in the distance, native Indian drums

Beat like the pulse of your eyes

That stare at the fear that makes me clever and wise

We’ve seen these games enough to know that they just don’t pay

So why are we sitting in the rain in a French café?

I think this cocktail needs a lime my lady

It’s kind of shady

Shadows

By John T. Wurzer

Shadows of the past creep through the stars

Life glows like the neon signs in bars

Will this thing we have start wilting now

Now that spring can’t find the rain

And love breathes like the echo of a song

Searching for harmony again

He loves me

She says these words out loud

Or does he

Or is he just too proud

Tomorrow is a long way from the wishing well

And she hopes he still believes his drying pen

While her eyes laugh at the hole inside his song

Searching for harmony again

Shadows

And the library is dark

Dust grows

On the one who set the spark

Her poem on a bookshelf whispers softer still

Softer than the love he can’t explain

Backwards and upside down his song

Searching for harmony again

I’m Coming Back For Your Love

By John T. Wurzer

I’m coming back for your love

It seems like a hundred years ago, you came walking into my life

Quoting from the Reader’s Digest, playing with a bowie knife

The wickets sat like tombstones as we tried to play croquette

You got a rusty baton, a nose for the dawn, and a closet full of lingerie

So I tried to tell you three times that you weren’t my cup of tea

I tried to get lost, but no matter the cost you always ended up next to me

My eyes go in a hundred directions, but it’s you that I’m thinking of

You’d better wash all those stains of pain from your brain, because I’m coming back for your love

Where did you come from, Mama, where were you hiding out?

Wherever it was, it happened because, you make me want to scream and shout

When the candlelight is exploding and I’ve got wax upon my thigh

You’re kissing my wrist and I start to exist and it’s making me want to try

There are some that say you can’t get away, can’t ever step out of the tomb

Without wondering how, and starting to bow at the feet of the bride and groom

But you can choose your personal savior, you can choose your destiny

You can shop at a store where they give you much more than a money back guarantee

I can almost feel you in my arms tonight even though you’re miles away

It’s hard to believe that we’ve grown this tight, having met just yesterday

I always see you in my nightmares, it’s always you that I’m dreaming of

And I can’t get enough of that incredible stuff, so I’m coming back for your love

I’m coming back for your love.

The Ballad of Morgan Carol

By John T. Wurzer

In a bar on the north side of boom town

At a table of diamonds and stone

I happened upon a princess of dawn

Who was feeling alive but alone

She flashed me a smile from the edges

Of a galaxy far far away

Tickled my neck demanded respect

And said, “Hey, listen, I’ve got something to say.”

She asked my why god made the dinosaurs

When he knew that they’d wither and die

And she asked me if God first made Adam and Ever

With a warm salty tear in his eye

And I wondered if god had an answer

To save this young lady from peril

But all could say

Is it happens that way

When your first name is Morgan or Carol.

She quoted me words from the bible

And danced like a candlelit room

Performing a masked inquisition

Like a weaver weaves lace from a loom

Baring her thoughts and her nightmares

Without checking first behind her back

A dollar a thought without being taught

To retreat when she ought to attack

Her eyes were a whisper of evenings

On a lake with a blanket of stars

Her fingers were sculptured emotion

Tracing a pathway to mars

Her lips were a river of memories

That flows through a piece of my mind

I couldn’t believe that with a tug of my sleeve

She would leave what she was hoping to find

When it came down to saving the moonlight

In a jar on the top kitchen shelf

She posed all the ultimate questions

And laughed at the keepers of wealth

She emptied a warehouse of riddles

Then laid all her cards on the table

The story line written, the poet was smitten

Carol Morgan, Morgan Carol, I’m able.

Halloween Nightmare

By John T. Wurzer

October leaves on the front porch damp and brown

Nobody breathes, but the screen door makes a sound

Haunts the night with a squeal and a clap, clap, clap

Comes to rest on the door jam and leaves a gap

That lets the wild dogs in after a mischievous night on the town

Inviting all of their friends to watch the king as he spins on his crown

He goes down; lying on the floor, he goes down

He goes down; he goes down and he spins on his crown

As the wild dogs are rumbling in

He goes down

October leaves in the back yard are blowing the most

Shirts and sleeves on the clothesline flap like ghosts

A chilly breeze through the bedroom window blows

The naked queen on the mattress can’t find her clothes

And she laughs at the king as he’s spinning on the hardwood slats

As the dogs start to sing while they’re trying on his favorite hats

She goes down; on a mattress divine; she goes down

She goes down; she goes down as she laughs at the clown

As the wild dogs are singing a hymn

She goes down

October leaves in the kitchen trace a path to the bar

A Pekinese and a Doberman wish on a star

Thawing out sirloin steak on a windowsill

Watching as the German Shepherd tries to fire up the grill

Until the prince comes in swatting flies with the New York Times

He sprays the dogs with Raid and recites his favorite nursery rhymes

He goes down as he chokes on the words; he goes down

He goes down; he goes down but he can’t find the ground

As the wild dogs are having a cow

He goes down

October leaves in the bathroom stick to the tile

The princess grieves and wants to lay in the tub for awhile

Turns on the water and falls asleep on the mat

Tub overflows and the water starts to wash her fat

Until it seeps out the door into a hallway full of fleas

Where the king and the queen have fallen down on bended knees

She goes down; she can’t turn it off; she goes down

She goes down; she goes down while she’s swimming around

Even the wild dogs are paddling now

She goes down

October leaves in a scrapbook sit on a shelf

He only sees his own nightmares, he sleeps with himself

A courtyard jester with a curious stream of demise

Mops up the floor with the memories that stick to his thighs

And he laughs at the royalty as they’re standing in line at the phone

“Who is that?” they ask. He says, “You really didn’t think that I’d come here alone!”

He goes down; with a quizzical glance; he goes down

He goes down; he goes down as he walks out of town

And the wild dogs have all run away

He goes down

But every wild dog is gonna have his day

But they weren’t really wild dogs anyway. Can anybody say what they were trying to convey from a cabin in Colorado to a mansion in LA? It only teaches you to learn that you’ve got to live for today. He goes down.

Loving Again

By John T. Wurzer

I spent some time on the back roads

I spent some time on the bars

I spent some time on the wrong girls

With my head in the stars

Married my own expectations

Rode out of town on a mule

My ass on an ass

My heart in a cast

It must be some kind of rule

I can’t get hold of the anger

I can’t get hold of the fear

I can’t get high on a stranger

I hope one doesn’t appear

Don’t ask the poet for answers

They never drip from his pen

I find it hard to believe that:

I’m loving again

You must have been like a dust storm

You must have been like the rain

You must have been like a tax form

Just asking me to explain

You never asked me touch you

I never looked like a fool

You shattered the list

Whenever we kissed

It must be some kind of rule.

It hurts to look at the future

It hurts to look at the sun

It hurts to look in the mirror when the long day is done

I wasn’t looking for answers

So many questions are cruel

I just can’t control all the strings on my soul

It must be some kind of rule

Just Like Seeing A Ghost

By John T. Wurzer

You finally showed up on my doorstep

After years of exploding my heart

I guess that’s just the way of the evening

Things end twice before they start

I’ve been walking a tightrope to nowhere

Expecting the least from the most

You finally arrived

Found out I’d survived

It was just like seeing a ghost

My heart was a drift on the skyline

My feelings were lost in a book

I’d just given in to that feeling within

That shouted, “You won’t get another look!”

The candles were burning the incense

While the incense blew out towards the coast

Out there in the dark

You set one more spark

Yes, it was just like seeing a ghost

Sorting out damp dirty laundry

In the back of a red Chevrolet

I guess that’s just the way they spell disaster

I work far too hard for to play

I’ve been spending my life in a coma

While you played the ultimate host

You’ve taken my mind

I almost went blind

It was just like seeing a ghost

Celia

By John T. Wurzer

Celia

Where did you go, I can’t feel you?

Whatever it is I can heal you

Don’t tell me that everything’s gone

Gone to a place where the laughter

Gets caught in the cobwebs right after

We’ve taken our meals and the master

Has turned out the lights to this song

But you,

You knew it all along

That the night came on too strong

And that you and I were traitors

And you, you left me on the stage

Where the spotlight tore its rage

Through a melody that wavers

And is never enough for the song

Celia,

It’s never enough just to steal you

You’re asking for something to real, you

You've got to give me a chance to get on

With my life as I know it I’ll hurt you

Can’t you see by the tears on my shirt you

Kind of hurt me whenever you’re gone

Somewhere

Down the road when you’re thinking it’s unfair

You’ll see through my eyes and you won’t care

It won’t matter whose right and whose wrong

It won’t matter at all

Celia,

You always knew it was part of the deal, you

Always knew as you stared at the wheel, you

Place your bets and then you pray for the dawn