When The Wine Was Better Than Ever Again

All Songs By John T. Wurzer

C1994 Help Yourself Music

The Day My Night Flew By

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The Day My Night Flew By

By John T. Wurzer

I forgot to have an idea on the day my night flew by

I was challenging a blind man, just to look me in the eye

At the corner of the circle where they ask the same old answers

I slept right through the nightmare, and I drown the dead romancers

I kept tunneling for darkness but I couldn't find the sky

It just hurt too much to love you on the day my night flew by.

I remembered to forget you when the sun came up tonight

I was thinking about nothing, and looking out of sight

Speaking up in silence, cause I had far too much to say

The priceless worthless poet, dressed in naked lingerie

Locked inside a universe where rules do not apply

It was just like I remembered it on the day my night flew by

The day, my night, kept whispering another name

Can't say, what's right, can't play another lover's game

The truth, was lost, the future put her hand in mine

My youth, got tossed, into a twenty dollar bottle of wine

I keep on learning from these lessons, but I often wonder why

I wouldn't listen to confessions, on the day my night flew by.

It was almost an illusion that was truer than the fire

Buried in confusion and lower now that we are higher

I couldn't see the vision that evaporates to rock

Engulfed by indecision and the ticking of a clock

I couldn't feel this feeling, couldn't find the tears to cry

As we lay there on your ceiling on the day my night flew by.

The day, my night, kept whispering another name

Can't say, what's right, can't play another lover's game

The truth, was lost, the future put her hand in mine

My youth, got tossed, into a twenty dollar bottle of wine

I keep on learning from these lessons, but I often wonder why

I wouldn't listen to confessions, on the day my night flew by.

I Do Not Like Green Eggs and Ham

By John T. Wurzer

I remember I was heading for a Seven Eleven, a Stop n Go, or Mr. M.

You were home drinking, and I was out thinking, It's probably either us or them

I tried to hail a taxi, but he shouted, you should fax, he screamed, You'd better get some R.E.M.

Sleep!

There ain't no use in waking, I ate up all the bacon, and I do not like green eggs and ham.

At the counter stood an Arab who was waiting on Cherub buying condoms and a can of Spam

He didn't play the lottery; just then it occurred to me, a lottery is what I am

I stood in line for hours with a six-pack and five dollars, like a mark awaits a two-bit scam

Felt like a creep!

The game that you've been playing, can't be won without me saying that I do not like green eggs and ham

And just as I was leaving, a lady of the evening, grabbed my arm and gently took my hand

She led me to a bedroom that had very little headroom, and she asked me if I had a band

I whispered to her slowly that I wasn't feeling holy, and she promised me a whole new land.

A place to keep!

I said, listen to me honey, I don't really have the money, and I do not like green eggs and ham

I finally made it back to where, you passed out in your favorite chair, cuddling with your tenth beer can

I carried you to bed where you kind of slipped into a nightmare, while I shook my head and whispered "Damn"

Lying there beside you, and feeling so outside you, I was thinking it would be just grand

To get some sleep!

And I still don't have an answer, but after all these years, I am sure, that I do not like green eggs and ham

Not in a house, not with a mouse, not in a car, not in a bar, I do not like green eggs and ham.

Not on a boat, not with a goat, on a train, or in the rain, I do not like green eggs and ham

I would not eat them here or there, I wouldn't eat them anywhere, I do not like them Sam I Am.

I put up with a lot of things, I bought her cars and Diamond rings, but I do not like green eggs and ham.

Sam I Am.

Do You Think You’ve been Betrayed?

By John T. Wurzer

Does the potion that you're drinking send your mind to ancient times?

When the last thing you were thinking tore the spirit from my rhymes

Did the song escape the pirate as he slit your southern dress?

Were you asking for an answer that no one else could guess?

Are the Christians hanging Christ up on a hillside where you played?

Do you feel at all uncomfortable? Do you think you've been betrayed?

Do the reasons that you're living soon collide with how you think?

Does it make you want to punch a wall or buy another drink.

Did you take your mind for granted, dark and dusty on the shelf?

When they gave you half a chance to make failure of yourself

Do the echoes of the silence disguise the promises you made?

Do you feel at all uncomfortable? Do you think you've been betrayed?

Are you looking for excuses for your anger and your fear?

Inside some empty romance where the reasons are unclear?

When you're trapped inside the motion of fixed unwilling trance

Do you tip a naked stranger, and then ask him for a dance?

When the prince becomes a bullfrog and dragon has been slayed

Do you feel at all uncomfortable? Do you think you've been betrayed?

I'd Ask You To Dance...But

By John T. Wurzer

I'd ask you to dance, but I don't know your name

On the south coast of France, when we're one and the same

Every time we get close, we end up apart

They've closed all the highways that lead to your heart

I'd ask you to dance, but I'm not very good

I get caught in a trance; I can't do what I should

Whenever my heart, gets close to the fire

I stop what I start, and I shut out desire

I'd ask you to dance, but I don't know the steps

I'm kind of tired of romance; I'm kind of tired of regrets

I keep on looking for love, without closing my eyes

I'd ask you to dance, but it wouldn't be wise.

I'd ask you to dance, but the question is wrong

There's nothing left to enhance, except the end of the song

This bloody retreat, from the valley of death

With ice on my feet, and fire on your breath

Well, I'd ask you to dance, but I never learned how

I was up on the stage, and you were taking a bow

I gave up looking for love, and still I can't find my keys

And I'd ask you to dance, but the words always freeze

I'd ask you to dance, but I don't know the steps

I'm kind of tired of romance; I'm kind of tired of regrets

I keep on looking for love, without closing my eyes

I'd ask you to dance, but it wouldn't be wise.

A Dozen Reasons Not to be Alone

By John T. Wurzer

One more time I'll stroke the stolen evening

And escape the frozen pulse of love

Like the junkie as he's staring at the needle

Or a pilot who keeps falling from above

The words seep slow like conjured poison

From a ten-cent pen that holds a curse

When living with myself is angry torture

And living all alone is even worse

Two more times I'll smile through foggy teardrops

Pretending that the smoke just hit my eyes

Like the happy clown who's crying at the bucket

Wearing clothes that measure twice his size

The words are stranded checkers on the patchwork

Of a song that keeps on begging for a verse

When living with myself is strained indifference

And living all alone is even worse

Three more times I'll dip into the nightmare

And watch its liquid fantasy dissolve

Like the valet just outside the nightclub

As he watches lesser creatures hearts revolve

The words are bits of corn chips beneath the sofa

Talking to the loose change from the purse

While living with myself becomes a challenge

And living all alone is even worse

Four more times I disagree with feelings

That come and go like motion in the breeze

Like dreams I treasured young and restless romance

Before my perfect lover took my knees

The words are eating holes inside the fabric

Of a scene that I can not reverse

While living with myself is still a struggle

Living all alone is even worse

Five more times I drained her lonely kisses

Until they whispered, "Hey, there's nothing here."

Like a muse who flees alone without the poet

In a time of constant flux and measured fear

The words are molding breadcrumbs on the sidewalk

That cross the road to justify the hearse

While living with myself is still amusing

Living all alone is even worse

Six more times I washed the nonsense from a

Brain that melted twice before it breathed

Like a dirty piece of laundry in the closet

Or the empty drop of vengeance as it seethed

The words get tired and empty after midnight

Rolling from my tongue in senseless verse

While living with myself is breathing sulfur

Living all alone is even worse

Seven is a solemn sacred number

Without form or function in my heated veins

Like the moisture on your lips at first belonging

Or the liquor as it hits the rusty drains

The words a buried treasure to the dentist

As he goes looking for a tooth that he'll immerse

Living with myself is anesthesia

And living all alone is even worse

Eight times I existed on the left side of your mind

Like the wind that blows a romance out of reach

Searching for an altar after midnight

Running towards a place that I can't reach

Afternoons are drifting into mornings

While mornings bring a light and gentle curse

Living with myself is little solace

And living all alone is even worse

Nine more shifted eyes control the evening

The goddess takes her footsteps from my face

Ignoring the arriving and the leaving

She says she's got to find another place

The words are breaking up like ancient sculpture

In a room where every artist starts to thirst

If living with myself is an illusion

Then living all alone is even worse

Ten times I woke up and found the morning

Dancing like a shadow on your cheek

Giving me the future in a heartbeat

And tempting you to feel instead of speak

The words are like electric drops of passion

Sent down my throat until my insides burst

While living with myself becomes religion

Living all alone is even worse

Eleven burning embers held the fireplace

In a place where other men had held your eyes

Exhausting all the threats and poison memories

That lit up as she bared her tender thighs

The words are only ice and fading love songs

The answer is the question getting terse

As living with myself is putting up with

Living all alone, it's even worse.

Twelve times and we crate an even dozen

Sell it to the traders and the thieves

Living in the bold and evil oven

Seeking out a heart that still believes

That the words are treasured pieces of my insides

While I'm hiding love that's awkward and diverse

Living with myself, a convicts sentence

But living all alone is even worse

In-between Our Last Hello and Our First Goodbye

By John T. Wurzer

When the sunset on our morning without warning

And breakfast, lunch, and dinner burned to ash

We burst the red balloon of all our wishes

With a sword of checkbooks, credit cards, and cash

You looked inside your soul of tortured reason

And found the strength to build another smile

I looked inside my soul of lust and anger

And found the strength to live another trial

I remember screaming loudly at the ceiling

While you froze another beer and touched the sky

In-between our very last, "Hello dear."

And the chill that laced our very first, "Goodbye."

As we finished off the last thing that we started

By the edge of an unending piece of pain

The laughter turned the tears into a river

That was swelling from a cold October rain

You tried to tell me twice how I still loved you

I refused to listen to your empty praise

We came and went by accident on purpose

And consequently went our separate ways

It was just like breaking up a perfect pattern

Or cutting out the retina from my eye

In-between our very last, "Hello dear."

And the chill that laced our very first, "Goodbye."

I talked to you about the lack of silence

Your arms embraced the tension in my limbs

We never found the common ground or freedom

That it takes to make a symphony of hymns

You tried to save the melting icy sculpture

That was once our perfect romance; but you drown

The fire kept on welding us together

But together we lay useless on the ground

I remember moving furniture and love songs

From our house of broken dreams that went awry

In-between our very last, "Hello dear."

And the chill that laced our very first, "Goodbye."

In-between our last hello and our first goodbye.

One Bad Rat

By John T. Wurzer

This is the tale of one bad rat

With little feet to move his fat

He's gnawing at the lace edge of your slip

With his bloody eyes and foam upon his lip

This is the tale of one bad rat.

It's midnight, Halloween, and he crawls upon the scene

As his head jerks back and forth from side to side

His beady eyes are red, his conscience almost dead,

Yet he creeps on through the alley full of pride

His tail drags on behind him like a virgins wedding train

His chubby sides vibrating like an awning in the rain

You'd better watch your step tonight, and hide your welcome mat

You don't want to make his acquaintance, because he's one bad rat.

A woman stands by the dumpster dressed in leather silk and lust

She's been searching all her life for a simple man to trust

With a needle in her forearm and a dagger in her heart

He eyes her tender ankle like a misdirected dart

He tip-toes up behind her and bites her on the calf

As she screams and stumbles backwards he breathes an evil laugh

As she's writhing in the trash bin, covered up with grease and fat

He revels in the mayhem, because he's one bad rat

He scampers off towards Main Street where the dealers are wearing chains

As they slide their bits of poison towards the lifeless morning rains

The theater is letting out. Society is wet.

He's waddling up the gutter toward a painted virginette

She's flagging down a yellow cab and he hops in through the door

He crawls up on her thigh and she wails like someone's whore

She passes out; he snickers, as he's nibbling on her cat

The driver runs a red light, because he's one bad rat

The cops then pull the cabby to the side of Seventh Ave

They're putting him in handcuffs saying, "What else do you have?"

A virgin in your backseat, a kilo in the trunk

It's obvious you've had a few, It's obvious you're drunk!"

The cabby is laying face down and the cop screams, "Not a move!"

The rat crawls up the cabby’s arm and bites him very smooth

He throws both arms up toward the sky and gets shot there lying flat

With a princess on his floorboard, cursing one bad rat

The sun is peeking out behind a fountain in the park

Young lovers sit and touch again pretending it's still dark

The birds are tuning up again for one more symphony

The buses start to fuming while there's no more moon to see

There's a half-bit piece of hot dog on the sidewalk like a bait

Emerging from the bushes for some breakfast, he can't wait

The trash policeman sees him, getting careless getting fat

And clubs him with a broomstick, enough of one bad rat.

Looking For Satan in the Promised Land

By John T. Wurzer

And so it ends

The way that it started

With one lonely candle and an ocean that parted

A night in the desert with no one to warm

The place in my heart that weathered the storm

A climb up the mountain where something's on fire

A new list of laws to temper desire

At the edge of a cliff with a pen in my hand

Looking for Satan, in the Promised Land

And so it is over

Just like it began

In the wink of an eye like a flash in the pan

At the brink of disaster, in line with the night

A blind man on crutches who's losing his sight

In the alley of death with a bottle of rum

Some soggy newspaper and yesterday's gum

Blood mixed with sweat as it dries on my lips

Swollen blue eyes that once tasted her hips

At the edge of a puddle of ashes and sand

Looking for Satan, in the Promised Land

And so it's completed

Just like it was christened

With a melody aching when nobody listened

With a song in the night and nobody singing

The church is on fire, but the bells are still ringing

The sermon is over. The message has died

Stranded in silence, the truth even lied

To the prince and his dog, buying time from a fool

While the princess gave up and broke every rule

At the edge of a nightmare, unborn and unmanned

Looking for Satan, in the Promised Land

A Basket of Fruit and a Bottle of Wine

By John T. Wurzer

Excuse me for asking, but is that really you?

Can I buy you a drink and a distillery too?

Will you bear all my children and sit by the fire

On an ice covered night wrapped in Christmas desire?

Excuse me for asking is this how you are?

Can I buy you a drink or a small foreign car?

Can I use you at night when my fantasies dream?

About a valley that's fed by a fresh mountain stream

Where we lay on a blanket as the planets align

With a basket of fruit and a bottle of wine?

Excuse me for saying, whatever I say.

I haven't seen beauty like yours 'till today.

Tomorrow is meaningless now that you're here.

I have what I've waited for year after year.

Excuse me for saying that I can't find the words

To ask for your heart while I break mine in thirds.

One part for the past where it froze in its place,

One part for the magic that glows on your face

One part for a future with your hand in mine

And a basket of fruit and a bottle of wine

Excuse me for asking, but am I alive?

It feels like nirvana inside of this dive

With the light from your eyes burning inside my chest

Who would have thought it? Who would've guessed?

Excuse me for saying that we don't need to speak

Of memories that challenge and feelings that leak

All over the floors and the windows we share

I don't know the answers. The questions aren't fair

Let me break through your halo, my goddess divine

I've a basket of fruit and a bottle of wine.

Twenty Thousand Miles On Down the Road

By John T. Wurzer

Would you catch my eye again like it happened once before?

Would you capture my attention as you walk on out the door?

Would you scatter at my feet the moistened fantasies we sold

If we ran into each other twenty thousand miles on down the road.

Would we start to chart the galaxy in search of something new?

While I drift into a hypnotized haze of powder blue

Would the heat of Christmas passion freeze your heart and make it cold

If we ran into each other twenty thousand miles on down the road.

Would you carve my heart to pieces with a sword of might have beens?

As I rummage through my dresser for my seven favorite pens

Would you leave without a whisper; a phone call, nothing told

If we ran into each other twenty thousand miles on down the road.

Yes, it would probably end up the same.

The Way She Takes the Lonely from the Evening

By John T. Wurzer

I can't stop the flutter of her eyelash

As it drifts into a psychedelic trance

The way she takes the lonely from the evening

Or the way she makes me want to take a chance

The tired eyes that strangle all my feelings

Are sore from looking backwards through the rain

The puddles stick like icebergs to my ankles

And they drive the aging poet boy insane

To love her is to crave an absent feeling

To know her is to know how heaven feels

A portion of her magic strains my igloo

When I try to melt away what it conceals

The tight-necked tense and trembling hours

Burn a scar upon the left side of my heart

The mud that drips from four wheels on her pickup

Only stains the walls that keep our hands apart

I'll never find a way to kill her spirit

It runs thick through every nightmare that I seek

The way she takes the lonely from the evening

And the way she tempts a tender thought to leak.

I can't stop the flutter of her eyelash

As it drifts into a psychedelic trance

The way she takes the lonely from the evening

Or the way she makes me want to take a chance

A Straight and Crooked Song

By John T. Wurzer

Can you trace the crooked path that led me to this crooked bar

Can you sing a crooked song or wish upon a crooked star

Do you get a crooked feeling when you watch the crooked lines?

Running backwards on your ceiling piercing through our crooked minds

Can you feel the crooked heartache that we gave to one another?

And if the past were not so crooked, would you be my crooked lover

All these straight and crooked memories cloud my insides

They make it hard to mend this crooked heart

Your straight-laced style, my crooked innuendo

I still can't quite believe it fell apart.

Can you straighten out the past with one quick eyelash?

Fluttered straight towards all the wishes that we shared

Do your thoughts head straight into a nightmare

When you've straighten out the vices we compared

Is there nothing straighter than the farmer's daughter?

In her sewing room hemming up her skirt

My mind goes straight from there into a daydream

While your eyes still tunnel straight to where I hurt

All these straight and crooked memories cloud my insides

They make it hard to mend this crooked heart

Your straight-laced style, my crooked innuendo

I still can't quite believe it fell apart.

Eventually the Clock Winds Down To You

By John T. Wurzer

Eventually the clock winds down to you

The increments of time are rare and few

The cost of doing business with your soul

Can turn the frozen night into a hole

Where time does not exist or tick away

And weaker minds aren't tempted to convey

The feelings that we shared that never grew

Eventually the clock winds down to you

Eventually the clock stops on your tears

A place where tender fantasy appears

Exhausting every pulse inside your wrist

Before it has a chance to know it's missed

When time becomes a picture or a sign

Reflecting from a blushing glass of wine

My heart is deep red painted black and blue

Eventually the clock winds down to you

Eventually the clock gets hands of lead

What once moved on eternal now is dead

It tears the naked laughter from our lips

And stains my cold and callused finger tips

The wisdom that ran strangled and confused

Throughout the strange devices that we used

There's nothing left to question or work through

Eventually the clock winds down to you

And now that we are parted like the biblical Red Sea,

I feel okay,

But await the day,

When eventually...

The clock winds down to me.