Songs From Inside the Freezer

All Songs Written By John T. Wurzer

It Sure is Cold in Here

Wondering What Made You Wonder

Nothing But the Blues

Looking in the Mirror For the First Time

No Place Left To Go But Heaven

Valentine

How Can You Say That

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Human Sacrifice

It Takes Too Long To Get to Know You

Disposable Income

I Just Call Her Flo

Just a Little Bit of You

It Sure Is Cold In Here

By John T. Wurzer

It's the start of a brand new book

You've got to leap before taking a look

You've got to go before checking the map

You've got to sleep before taking a nap

And when your passion fades and your world dissolves

Into another beer

You kind of notice these frozen fingers

Cause it sure is cold in here

It's the start of a brand new morning

Don't you wait for the flash flood warning

Just drive your heart down to the river

And pretend that you meant to forgive her

With the dying mesquito and the crippled spider

And that bug that she put in your ear

I kind of wish I was an exterminator

Because it sure is cold in here

It sure is cold in here

Look at that sky it's crystal clear

It sure is cold in her

I'm drinking Irish coffee instead of beer

I've been reading the news and getting the blues

Instead of that Christmas cheer

You know, they talk about global warming

But it sure is cold in here

And when you look toward the tired evening

half alive and barely breathing

You've gotta convince yourself that truth

Was just an imagining of youth

Something that you hid in your closet long before

Your heart shed its first tear

Don't think I'll ever be taking this coat off mama

Cause it sure is cold in here

Wondering What Made You Wonder

By John T. Wurzer

If the mirror of enchantment drives a tune around your tears

And wheels of life's revival call a love song to your ears

Then remember what it felt like to be shallow and aloof

When you'd have rather been a poet sitting praised up on the roof

Staring at a vibrant constellation in the sky

Wondering what wonder made you stop and wonder why

If today was just a puzzle that tomorrow I could solve

The I'd straighten out my tie and watch the silent night dissolve

Into freedom and resentment, like I'd felt it twice before

When the morning brought a teardrop to the paper on my door

Staring at a vibrant constellation in the sky

Wondering what wonder made you stop and wonder why

Several ears have heard the ringing of the bells inside my brain

Several answers brought new questions and they drove me half-insane

The motion of your spell that made me dizzy once before

Is now just a stolen memory that ties you to the floor

Staring at a vibrant constellation in the sky

Wondering what wonder made you stop and wonder why

Nothing but the Blues

By John T. Wurzer

Take it out of the oven, I don't need your loving

Because I ain't got nothing but the blues for you

No, I ain't got nothing but the blues for you

Because it's been so long since we did the things that we used to do.

You could touch me once, you could touch me twice

You could touch me three times, I'd say, "It feels pretty nice!"

But I ain't got nothing but the blues for you

You see, it's been so long since we did the things that we used to do.

You can say that it's only a memory, of what our love was meant to be

You can look at it that way, babe, but I don't have to

Because I ain't got nothing but the blues for you

It's like it never was here, I'm sure that it left

Like the escape of the viper, silent and deft

It's probably locked in a cave, babe, somewhere off in the zoo

Because I ain't got nothing but the blues for you

Bo ahead and lock yourself back in that Mercedes Benz

There ain't nothing worse than a love that pretends

We could never be lovers, and you tell me that your friends are few

And I ain't got nothing but the blues for you

Do you remember the night, do you remember the song

Is it obvious now, that the magic is gone?

When I ain't got nothing but the blues for you

You see, it's been so long since we did the things that we used to do.

Oh, so long baby, let's keep in touch

It's hard to believe, I could've loved you so much

Let's go to breakfast, order coffee, do the crosswords, and talk until two.

And then I'll go home with....nothing but the blues for you.

Looking In the Mirror for the First Time

By John T. Wurzer

If I saw you again for the first time

Then we might find another answer

As for the moment, it dies like a flower

In the teeth of an overweight dancer

If I looked toward your soul like a virgin

Then I might see a glowing goddess

But as for the moment, I can't find the lights

And your soul knows nothing about us.

Where did the mirror get broken?

Were you shipping it off to the coast?

Did you pack it in overused love songs?

Was it dropped on the deck by a ghost?

Are you sure that it told you the truth when

You asked it for answers to life?

Were you thinking that time didn't change things?

Were you asking to pose as my wife?

If I spoke to your heart for the first time

Then you might be still hearing me rhyme

But as for the moment, my voice has been stolen

What a timely excuse for a crime

If I kissed you again without thinking

Then I might be at odds with the night

But as for the moment, my lips are too dry

And it's clear that our love has no bite.

Where did the mirror get broken?

Was it there in the back of your mind?

Were you living a lie on the edge

of the universe we left behind?

Is the masterpiece left for descendents?

Or destine to rot in the earth?

Are we laughter and love in the morning

Or children who die before birth?

If I held you again without knowing

The strange ghosts we locked in the past

I might be absorbed by your body

But now I'm removing the cast

If we did it all over again love

I fear it would end up the same

I with my scrapbook of love songs

And you with your sick silly game

It's hard to believe I've grown empty

so quickly this time by your side

We know how to capture the moment

But not how to go for the ride

I wish upon wishes too often

I wish I could change how I feel

I'll never be sure if you were the cure

Or if both of us grew too unreal

No Place Left To Go but Heaven

By John T. Wurzer

The start of the night

The end of the song

A feeling so right

That it couldn't be wrong

I don't know what I'm going to do

Credit card bills

Are giving me chills

Reaching for pills

On my window sills

I don't know where I'm gonna be the next time I see you

But there's no place left to go but heaven

After the Hell you put me through

Back in the days

Of sinister ways

The wandering clown

Sucked up the praise

It didn't matter if love was true

Painting his smile

Mile after mile

Into a smile

That cries for awhile

I don't know where he's gonna be the next time I see you

But there's no place left to go but heaven

After the Hell you put us through

You loved me at times

I love making chimes

Ring in the night

Like nickels and dimes

When the color of the light is blue

You buried your heart

And left me no chart

Split us apart

Before we could start

I don't know where I'm gonna be the next time I see you

But there's no place left to go but heaven

After the Hell you put me through

No place left to go but paradise

I've spent my share of time with fire and ice

Sitting down with Gabriel and buying him a shot

The patron saint of sleep is out buying me a cot

I don't know where I'm gonna be the next time I see you

But there's no place left to go but heaven

After the Hell you put me through

Valentine

By John T. Wurzer

It's a grapefruit world when you're working nine to five

It's a beer-stained rug when you've taken leave

It's a cheap cologne that'll last till closing time

When you're wiping lipstick off your sleeve

I could never be the one you're looking for

I could never choose the proper wine

I hope I never see your eyes upon my door

Cause you could never be my valentine.

It's a junkyard heart that decays and rots away

It's a midnight love song I'll soon forget

It's a fiery dance that only burns the hurt away

Until you're left with what you ain't found yet

I could never be the one you're looking for

I could never choose the proper wine

I hope I never see your eyes upon my door

Cause you could never be my valentine.

It's a holy book that you read and soon denied

It's a diamond bracelet upon your wrist

It's a fragile flower that the hailstones set aside

When your painted lips become a fist

I could never be the one you're looking for

I could never choose the proper wine

I hope I never see your eyes upon my door

Cause you could never be my valentine.

It's a sign I saw when the tears had dried and gone

The answer to a prayer, and I said, "Amen"

The ashes in the fireplace where your letters burned

Promise me we won't do this again

I could never be the one you're looking for

I could never choose the proper wine

I hope I never see your eyes upon my door

Cause you could never be my valentine.

How Can You Say That

By John T. Wurzer

How can you say that you don't love me?

When I keep popping up inside your dreams at night

And distract you when you're out there on the highway

And the sight of me makes you feel uptight

When I'm in your mind at the breakfast table

And at night when you go rolling in the hay

How can you say that you don't love me

When I make you feel the way you feel today

How can you say that you don't want me

When I'm burying you desire inside a box

And you see my face on a Sunday evening

In the sink as you stand wringing out your socks

When I'm stealing all your choicest tender memories

And filing them away inside a drawer

How can you say that you don't want me

When I make you feel like you've never felt before

How can you say you'll live without me

When I'm the only reason that you want to live

When I'm more than anything you ever asked for

When I leave you there with nothing to forgive

On the cold side of a thought that dies tomorrow

I was whispering a love song in your ear

How can you say you'll live without me

When you want me close enough to hold me near.

How can you say you'll never say it?

How can you say that it isn't true ?

How can you say that you don't love me Honey?

When you know damn well that I'm still loving you.

It's Cold Again

By John T. Wurzer

It's cold again

I can't believe that a boiling heart could be frozen just like that

I'm feeling old again

So I'll wash my face, and forget to shave, and put on the minstrel's hat

And I'll wonder through my wanderings if love was ever felt

Or was it just a fantasy of wishes, when I knelt

so close to you and all your stories of the cards that you'd been dealt.

I guess it's hopeless to believe it could be whole again

Because it's cold again

It's difficult

To convince myself that paradise is more than make-believe

I see the same result

Every time I let my heart drift from my insides to my sleeve

So I'll realign my ventricles and insulate my head

Just like I've done a thousand times before, when I was dead

I'll let the world be my example, and I'll smile, though underfed.

I guess it's ignorant to unwrap this old soul again

Because it's cold again

Tomorrow's there

Like an unwashed vagrant prostitute who wants to spend the night

I find I have to care

Because a man like me can't live it, if he doesn't think he's right

So believe me when I'm saying that I didn't give a damn

It's not the way I want to be, it's just the way I am

When I go looking in the freezer for leftover Christmas ham

I find it's caked with solitude and mold again

Because it's cold again.

But thanks a lot my friend

without your tender kisses, I wouldn't recognize the frost

I knew it had to end

But the moments of elation, overshadowed what it cost

And I'd do it all again, if I was given half a chance

I wouldn't do it any different, I'm addicted to romance

I've only one regret, I wish we'd had the time to dance

Guess it's time to play some empty rock and roll again

Because it's cold again

Melting Away

By John T. Wurzer

Look at that man in the beard over there

He must be the IRS

Saw him last night in a red neon light

and I swear that he was wearing a dress

Look at that girl in the dress over there

She must be with the CIA

Saw her last night when I was losing my sight

and I swear that she was melting away

Melting away...Melting away.......y

Melting away...Nothing more to say.

Look at that girl in the dress over there

She must be with the CIA

I saw her last night when I was losing my sight

And I swear that she was melting away.

Look at that dream on the dark side of life

Must be the deepest song

A tune you can't sing to the girl with the ring

A place that you've been dodging too long

Look at that tree in the desert sun

Must be a holy mirage

Saw it last night with the glimpse of a fight

When we mixed it up in the garage

Look at that smile that you hung on the wall

You won't find it inside of this poem

You can knock on the door, ask me for more

But you'll find that there's nobody home

Look at that heart with a stake through its soul

As it sits in a puddle of blood

You won't find it alive, it's lost all its drive

At best it gets covered in mud.

Look at that man in the beard over there

Probably the FBI

Lost every chance that he had at romance

And I'd swear that was a tear in his eye

So Much Has Passed the Well Tonight

By John T. Wurzer

What made you think?

You could compete with that

Your cheap guitar

and your worn out hat

Your boyish lust

And your manly spell

It was a foolish thought

An impossible sell

So much has passed the well tonight

Her emerald smile, her lava light

Her electric glow, in the evening air

She's a precious vase, beyond compare

so much has passed the well tonight

The ageless child, with her dress so tight

The baited hook with it's sharpened claw

So much has passed the well that never gets through the wall

What made you think; you could own that heart

Your broken verse; that always falls apart

Your shallow demeanor; with it's costly haze

Enough desire; Look! Your world's ablaze!

What made you think; you could win this game

With your barefoot style; and your eyebrows lame

Your dimpled grin; your moistened lips

Watching love; slip off your fingertips.

Down on the Floor

By John T. Wurzer

Look out mama I'm coming to get you, coming to get you once

Look out mama I'm coming to get you, coming to eat your lunch

Look out mama I'm coming to get you, coming to get you down on the floor

And if I can't get you down there, then I don't want to get you no more.

Look out mama I'm breathing again, I'm breathing again tonight

Look out mama I'm stealing your heart and I'm keeping it out of sight

Look out mama I'm coming to get you, coming to get you down on the floor

And if I can't get you down there, then I don't want to get you no more.

Look out mama I'm falling in love, falling right out of the sky

I ain't got no bungey cord, and I'm afraid that I started too high

Look out mama I’m coming to get you, down on the floor

And if I can't get you down there, then I don't want to get you no more.

Part of my heart keeps leaking out, I don't wanna start but there

ain't no doubt, I don't wanna stop, I don't wanna go, I just wanna know, can I call you Flo?

Look out mama I'm coming to get you, down on the floor

And if I can't get you down there, then I don't want to get you no more.

Look out mama the world is spinning, spinning out of control

I don't wanna breath, I don't wanna leave, I don't wanna save your soul

I just wanna find, some piece of mind, when I'm falling behind, lying there at your door

And if you won't open it up, pretty mama, then I don't want to get you no more.

Half of the days, half of the nights, half of your love could make me feel half-right

Half of me wants to touch you while the other half says you've touched her before

And if you can't make me whole tonight, then I don't want to get you no more.

Look out mama, I stole this song from the man that you desire

Look out mama, I'll be moving on if you can't feed the fire

Look out mama, I'm coming to get you, Coming to get you down on the floor

And if I can't get you down there, then I don't want to get you no more.

Human Sacrifice

By John T. Wurzer

Long gone into wrong again

A tired poem, a useless pen

A number that she played before

Her eyes up there, the empty floor

a kitchen cabinet, filled with spice

Another human sacrifice.

The Eskimos are calling me

They change the guards at half past three

They walk around the freezer walls

While silence whispers and power crawls

Through the ancient catacombs

Looking for the children who have no homes

Long gone into wrong again

A tired poem, a useless pen

A number that she played before

Her eyes up there, the empty floor

a kitchen cabinet, filled with spice

Another human sacrifice.

The martyrs weep, the angels rest

The evil man wears a satin vest

The mirror falls, the spider creeps

The ice has melted, the ice cream seeps

The pistol smokes, as someone dances

The sheriff takes his second chances

Long gone into wrong again

A tired poem, a useless pen

A number that she played before

Her eyes up there, the empty floor

a kitchen cabinet, filled with spice

Another human sacrifice.

With an evil whisper and a troubled mind

A drunken heart of a different kind

A silly whale dries in the street

She's just like someone you might meet

At the end of time without a song

When you're long gone into wrong.

Takes Too Long To Get To Know You

By John T. Wurzer

It takes too long to get to know you

Don't know why the time goes by so slow

The pulse of what I thought was breathing romance

Turned out to be a dream that cannot grow

It takes too long to find a stolen moment

Don't know why the future melts before my eyes

The tears that only yesterday were rainstorms

Now feed the vines that grow to sympathize

It takes too long to figure out a reason

Don't know why I bother to inquire

Asking all those existential questions

That can't explain these trappings of desire

It takes too long to master all these dances

My feet can't match the footsteps on the floor

My ears shut out the pounding of the bass drum

And sweat drips from each and every pore

It takes too long to sing about the feeling

When everyone is bringing up the ice

Too much of what you're always stealing

To ever do the same song twice.

It takes too long to get to know you

I don't know why the night went by so fast

With poetry inside a swollen finger

And my healing heart inside a plaster cast.

Disposable Income

By John T. Wurzer

They call it disposable income because you throw it at the trash

With a credit card, a checkbook poem, or a wallet full of cash

The numbers on the statements are on a geometric climb

And you've got to spend this money before it's closing time

They call it disposable income, you've got to throw it away

They call it disposable income, don't save it for a rainy day

You've got a fresh line of credit

And a fistful of money

Find yourself a woman that you can call honey

They call it disposable income, you won't have it on judgement day.

They call it disposable income because it's likely to clog up your drain

If you don't stuff it down the kitchen sink and grind it up with the pain

The stocks and bonds are piling up and your broker is on the phone

Got to drink these liquid assets before you find yourself alone

They call it disposable income, you've got to throw it away

They call it disposable income, don't save it for a rainy day

You've got a fresh line of credit

And a fistful of money

Find yourself a woman that you can call honey

They call it disposable income, you won't have it on judgement day.

They call it disposable income because you stuff it in a plastic bag

And set it outside on the sidewalk when life becomes a drag

This mirror of enchantment still demands a hefty price

They call it disposable income, so go out and buy your favorite vice

They call it disposable income, you've got to throw it away

They call it disposable income, don't save it for a rainy day

You've got a fresh line of credit

And a fistful of money

Find yourself a woman that you can call honey

They call it disposable income, you won't have it on judgement day.

I Just Call Her Flo

By John T. Wurzer

Women start to tremble when she walks into a room

They clutch their only man, like the maid clutches her broom

She makes the snowmen melt with the flashing of her smile

The killer soon forgets that he's really still on trial

Some men call her princess of the only world they know

You can call her anything you want to...

I just call her Flo.

Some men have to call her a jewel from paradise

Some men call her fire that melts the January ice

Some men see her body and they find it hard to speak

When she's picking from their pockets and kissing them on the cheek

Some men call her passion when they've got no place to go

You can call her anything you want to...

I just call her Flo.

When you discover what she's come from you'll want to dress her in your arms

When you feel her naked beauty she'll be setting off alarms

When she wraps you in the poetry of what she has to say

You'll drink all night and pray to God that she'll never go away

Some men call her goddess right before she steals the show

You can call her anything you want to...

I just call her Flo.

Just A Little Bit of You

By John T. Wurzer

Just a little bit of you, to wind down the night

Just a little bit, it's true, makes me lose my sight

Just a little bit of wine, to make the room get warm

Just a little bit of time, before I face that storm

Just a little bit of you, to wind down the night

Just a little bit of hope, to make the day go black

Just a little bit of hope, before I make it back

Just a little bit of fire, to set my heart at ease

When you're staring at the choir, and I'm begging you please

Just a little bit of you, to wind down the night

Just a little bit of love, that's all we need

Just a little bit of love, that's all we need

Just a little bit of sex, to make you rock & roll

Just a little bit of sweat, to wash away my soul

Just a little bit of you, to wind down the night

Just a little bit of pain, that's all I can stand

Just a little bit of rain, before you take my hand

Just a little bit of dope, to bring your eyes to my ear

Just another way to cope, that's why you're here

Just a little bit of you, to wind down the night

Just a little bit, just a little itty, itty, itty, bit

Just a little bit, just a little, little, little itty bit

Just a little bit, not much, that's all that I want

Something I can touch, something you can haunt