Just Horsing Around

All Songs Written By John T. Wurzer

C1993 Help Yourself Music

It's Hard To Believe

I Became You And You Became Me

Never Gonna Get Rid of Your Love

What Made You Think?

The Blues In A Good Way

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Twilight Whisper (As The Pillow Breathes)

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"Beg, Beg, And Run"

"Dee, Fie, Doe"

Blues About The Clock

"Your Head, Your Eyes, My Heart"

It's Hard to Believe

By John T. Wurzer

It's hard to believe

This must be a house full of mirrors

I'm seeing your face once again in its place

While my face is missing the tears

It must be a dream

The cages have melted to slime

I'm looking at you like a child at the zoo

Think I'm falling in love one more time

REFRAIN:

Twenty-eight months is a long time

You'd have thought that the feeling would die

How can it be, that you're looking at me?

And I melt with a wink of your eye.

You're like an apple that bobs

In a tub full of cider or wine

Dropping into the drink, just when I think

That I'm halfway to making you mine

REFRAIN

I should've been wise

When I saw you arrive at my door

Guess the sorrow and pain finally washed down the drain

Cause I'm willing to risk taking more

REFRAIN

It's hard to believe

It must be a sorcerer's trick

We're lying in bed, with my lips on your head

And you're not even making me sick

I Became You, and You Became Me

By John T. Wurzer

A long time ago in the ice and the snow I was told that I shouldn't be wandering

That I shouldn't be thinking bout serving the drinking, that there are wealthier things to be pondering

And so into the night I escaped with a light and I set out for fortune and fear

So what's this I see, it seems you became me, and you're waiting to serve me a beer.

REFRAIN:

And I became you with friends that aren't true

But who always latch on for the ride

With their status and dreams of black limousines

And their trumped up illusions of pride.

When did it change, the horizon is strange

What is, and what isn't, will be

It's strange but it's true, that I became you

And in the meantime, you became me

I used to be free, with a song on my knee, and an attitude based on redemption

The money I made kept the creditors paid, and little was marked for retention

But the story reversed, when my cold lips were pursed, in spite and divisions of pain

Wonder what it all means, you wear t-shirts and jeans, and I wear dress pants and ties in the rain

REFRAIN:

You used to remark, as we'd sit in the park that the world was your oyster to grab

You'd reach for the ring while I'd bartend and sing of the knife and the wound and the scab

The last time we met, you were full of regret, admitting that you'd been mislead

Seems we're never in sync, come on, pour me a drink, and we'll toast to the living and dead.

REFRAIN:

LOOKS LIKE I'M NEVER GONNA GET RID OF YOUR LOVE

BY JOHN THOMAS WURZER

I was standing in my bedroom sorting clothes out on the floor.

Talking to the mirror just like a thousand nights before.

I was singing Leonard Cohen, and the song was bleeding pain

I was listening to the rooftop and praying it would rain

I heard a beating on my front door, a push, and then a shove

Looks like I'm never gonna get rid of your love.

I finally sold the heartache & I gave away the tears

I smoked up all my cigarettes and drank up all my beers

Sent the Salvation Army all my shirts and half my pants

Spent my next two paychecks on a girl who flew to France

I was standing there with nothing, Nothing I was thinking of

Looks like I'm never gonna get rid of your love.

Now I'm calling up the papers and I'm placing two page ads

Talking to long-lost friends, their Aunts, their Uncles, and their Dads.

Begging old musicians to use it in their bands

But no matter whom I plead with, they won't take it off my hands

I asked a Texas farmhand if the soil could use some of

What is now best known as fertilizer

Looks like I'm never gonna get rid of your love.

It sticks to me like peanut butter underneath my tongue

Or popcorn in my teeth, two days after the movie's already done

It rings inside my ears just like that noise inside the engine of my car

I don't know where it comes from, and I don't know where you are

The tell me you're the devil, disguised as another dove

Looks like I'm never gonna get rid of your love.

In a state of strange confusion, at the edge and on the wire

They told me to be patient with the trappings of desire

It was quarter past a nightmare, when the pillow sang it's song

A puff of smoke turned to a woman that I haven't seen in Oh so long

And I don't know what she's thinking, or what she's dreaming of

Oh my God! Is this the twilight zone?

Looks like I'm never gonna get rid of your love.

What Makes You Think

By John T. Wurzer

What makes you think they'll take you back to New Orleans

What makes you think they'll take you back to New Orleans

You've got a hole in your pocket; you've got a hole in your jeans.

What makes you think they'll take you back to old St. Paul

What makes you think they'll take you back to old St. Paul

You've been there once and now they don't want you there at all.

What makes you think that they want you around this town

What makes you think that they want you around this town

Did pretty good for all those days that you weren't around

What makes you think they want you when you land in jail

What makes you think they want you when you land in jail

You get outside and you find that it's cold as hell

What makes you think they might want you when you're dead and gone

What makes you think they might want you when you're dead and gone

Ain't missed you yet, ain't gonna miss you for very long.

What makes you think I might think of you at night

What makes you think I might think of you at night

You must be thinking that I'm not thinking right

What makes you think I might land in your back yard

What makes you think I might land in your back yard

Last time I fell, I fell there pretty hard

(And I ain't going back no more!)

What make you think I might see you in my eyes

When I look in the mirror and I get a big surprise

The sinners are dumb, and I am deaf and wise

I can't hear your voice, I can hear you smile,

I can't see you baby when you're walking a mile away from me

When the long light comes on down

What makes you think that I think when you're not around

What makes you think I might look out my window at night

And think of the times that we spent in the candlelight

Light up that heater, baby, I think that I'm about to write

I can't resist when you come walking across my path.

I can't resist when you come walking across my path.

And though it ain't very funny, honey, I just got to laugh

Cause I've been writing inside of that hotel room

I've been writing about all the pain and gloom

I've been writing inside of those sleazy pubs.

I was thinking I could use just a couple hugs

What made you think that I would have you when you came back

Some say the blues ain't nothing but a good man feeling bad

Some say the blues ain't nothing but a good man feeling bad

And I must admit, those weary blues I had.

But they were long short, tall and thin

They were knocking me out as I was going in

You know the blues ain't nothing but a good man feeling bad

And I must admit those weary blues I had.

I had to admit I kinda liked those hollow nights

I had to admit I kinda liked those hollow nights

Sipping wine in poverty under the candle lights

There is nothing to hope for but you upon my knee

There is nothing to hope for but you upon my knee

Got no place else to go, no place else to be.

What made you think I might drink when you're at home

What made you think I might drink when you're at home

I can't find you on the TV; I can't call you on the telephone

So write me a letter, don't you send it to me by mail

So write me a letter, don't you send it to me by mail

Send it in care of the Birmingham jail

Cause I'm about to commit some long lost evil crime

Cause I'm about to commit some long lost evil crime

I can't have you for a nickel, baby, and I don't want to spend a dime.

What made you think I might want you when you're gone

What made you think I might want you when you're gone

What made you think I might miss you, when you've already been gone so long

The Blues in a Good Big Way

By John T. Wurzer

Let's do the blues in a big way before we head on down the road

Let's do the blues in a big way, it's time that we were owed

Let's wrap each other in lies and fear

Hold each other close and say I love you dear

Let's do the blues in a big way before we head on down the road

Let's break each other’s hearts before we head out toward the future

Look to the surgeon, ask for the knife, get the scalpel and the sutcher

Look out your window, don't see me, I'm gone.

Tell me that I've got to see you before too long

Let's do the blues in a good way, before we head out on the road.

Let's do the blues in a good way, and tell ourselves it's laughter

Talk about the hear and now, but hope for here ever after

Look in the cabinet and see what won't last,

Talk about the future, but live in the past

Let's do the blues in a good way, before we head on down the road.

Let's do the blues in a hard way, before we make it an easy life

Break each other’s hearts, make each other start to think of sorrow and strife

Wrap each other round each others fingers dear,

Hold each other close until we get too near

Let's do the blues in a good way, before we head on down the road.

I will always be emotionally yours in the afternoon

Come along sing me a good time song, and I'll sing you a good time tune

Let's take it to town, shoot some pool,

Break each other's hearts with the golden rule

Let's do the blues in a good way, before we head on down the road.

Let's hunt each other down, babe, before we tell each other NO!

Get on that sled; go down that hill, until we find that there ain't no snow

Walk across the river, deep and wide; meet each other crying on the other side

Let's do the blues in a good way, before we head on down the road.

Hearts breaking, time making, it too hard to get past

Eyes leaning towards what their cleaning until they tell you that love's gonna last

When you finally recover from a one time lover, you're gonna find your heart in a cast,

And do the blues in a good way, before we head on down the road.

Somehow I knew that this wasn't finished, somehow I knew it would come back around

When I was lying at your feet with my heart so beat, staring at the cold cold ground

I was looking through the earth towards the face of the sun,

When, somebody said, "You've come undone."

So let's do the blues in a good way before we head on down the road.

Let's do the blues in a good way, before we head on down the road.

Silver turns to silver, rust turns to rust, sometimes gold never turns to gold.

Walk down that highway; look in the mirror,

The only thing you see is our time getting clearer,

So let's do the blues in a good way before we head on down the road.

What Would You Write?

(If You Could Write)

By John T. Wurzer

What would you write if you could write?

If you could make the darkness turn into night

If all your passions was coffee or tea

Would you stand naked lost in the sea

Would you stay homeless, lost on the street?

Or would you breathe fire at the edge of my feet

What would you say if you could say?

All of the words that still scare you away

What if the verses trapped you in pain?

Watching the wizard cast spells toward the drain

Would you believe in the virtue of fate?

Or flatten my heart with a song that says, "Wait!"

Who would you call if you could call?

The motion of the shadows down from the wall

Who would you dream of when prayers disappear

When all of life sits on the crest of a tear

Inside the aquamarine, sucking the sun?

Who would you call when your world comes undone?

Where would you spin if you could spin?

Time in a vacuum, life with a grin

Where would the breeze strike you down with ice?

If we once had what we almost had twice

Would you be chained up, feeling so free?

Or would you just give in, and finally love me?

What would you write if you could write?

Twilight Whisper

(As The Pillow Breathes)

By John T. Wurzer

In the whisper of the twilight, amidst the fallen leaves

I imagine that you and I embrace the pillow as it breathes

While wisdom traces footsteps halfway up and down my eyes

You turn to say, "It's time to play. I finally realize."

The night got thick and crawling with the instincts of the past.

A glimpse of what our love was like when we thought that it would last

The air was filled with warm and willing pieces of the wheel

That spin to rhyme of harder times, when both of us could feel

The drapes were dripping passion, drops of blood and inner pride

Your face was torn empty, flipped back, promises that died

In the whisper of the twilight, amidst the fallen leaves

I imagine you and I embrace the pillow as it breathes

Tap Shoes in the Corner

By John T. Wurzer

Tap shoes sitting in the corner covered in dust

Most of my life is a garden of lust

Most of my time is a willow that weeps

Tears on the poem before the song sleeps

Broken romance on the wings of a smile

Tired eyes retreating while love is on trial

I cannot demand what I cannot envision

I loaded this black empty heart like a prison

Beyond what I live for, tapestry drifts

Just like that mansion up on the cliffs

Where it all ends we soon will discover

The world is an atom, and I am your lover

Back in the swirl of history's hand

Feeling like I've got a place in the band

Boasting to empty rephrasing of fate

It might be a long time, but it's never too late

Shake down the pauper. Take his last dime

Witness to Jesus, blind to a crime

Back in the moisture of yesterday's pain

Time twists an ankle and I make it home

Home is a place that you make for yourself

Lost in a canyon or up on a shelf

Most of my love is a mirror of trial

Not on the jukebox or telephone dial

So pull up a chair and I'll spin you a tail

Of where we once wandered when I was in jail

Tap shoes sitting in a corner covered with dust

Most of my life is a garden of lust

Most of my time is a willow that weeps

Tears on the poem before the song sleeps.

Evaporating Blues

By John T. Wurzer

The song evaporated right before your eyes

The ways of the world left you tender and too wise

The things that you questioned were answers in themselves

The man in the window, the stars upon the shelf

The portion that scattered like weeds in the wind

The maid and the butler, the lies you rescind

The same old distraction might be taking its course

The limelight is stolen, and I'm straight to the source

Where you and I crumble like statues in the dust

The winter explodes with a deep hollow rust

Where will you find me, when the time is growing wild?

At the edge of the bedroom that houses the child

I'm seeking the answer inside of a puzzle

The pandas and kittens are too close to nuzzle

Where can you find me? I'll never tell

Sometimes I'm in heaven when life is pure hell

When bastions of heartaches grow strange on the wall

Mostly I'm asking if you want to fall

Into my arms one time for the night

I promise to love you, but it doesn't seem right

Just Like Seeing A Ghost

By John T. Wurzer

So 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

And I’ve been spending my life in a coma

Expecting the least from the most

Yes, you finally arrived

Found out I’d survived

Yes, it was just like seeing a ghost

My heart was adrift on the skyline

My feelings were lost in a book

I’d just given in to the feeling within

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

The candles were burning the incense

And the incense blew out toward the coast

Out there in the dark

You lit 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 the way of disaster

You work far too hard for to play

I was walking a tightrope to nowhere

While you played the ultimate host

You’ve taken my mind

I almost went blind

It was just like seeing a ghost

The Last Page

By John T. Wurzer

The last page

In search of a sense of completion

The plastic keeps smiling. You’re always beguiling

Resources are craving depletion

The face of a mountain

In search of a place it might crumble

Two lovers at will on the top of the hill

In search of a place they might stumble

The final frontier

Where nobody knows what’s ahead

The best of the living forgiving

And giving it all up for dead

The end of the trial

Where the weekend escapes from the light

Adrift on the edge of the hammer and sledge

The wrong things that always see right

The step that you took across the line between you and me

The shoreline and the raft

The salty summer sea

The only time that we loved each other when wisdom had dissolved

Into what they can’t ponder and the puzzles we can’t solve

Last call down the same old hall that we used to walk down with anticipation and fear.

I guess it’s better left unsaid. The L-word sheds a tear

The last page

In search of a sense of completion

The plastic keeps smiling. You’re always beguiling

Resources are craving depletion

The Wilderness

By John T. Wurzer

Way out in the wilderness you were gone

Way out in the wilderness you were gone

I've been feeling this way for so long

Way out in the night you call my name

Way out in the night you call my name

Hoping this time you don't drive this poor boy insane

I've been up on the ladder baby

I've been up on the shelf

Everything I do exudes mental health

Strung out

Hung out

I'm in search of wealth

Thought that's what you wanted

But that wasn't what I had in mind.

Nuther Man Done Gone

By John T. Wurzer

Another man done gone

Another man done gone

Another man done gone down to New Orleans just to sing his song

Another done right

Another man is tight

Another man is wrong

Out on the lonely road

Searching for a toad

He’s never been owed

Another man done gone down to New Orleans, you know they done him wrong

It ain’t much of a tune

By the light of the moon

For you and I to croon

Another man done gone down to New Orleans just to sing his song

Another day goes by

Hits you in the eye

And you wonder why

Another man done gone down to New Orleans just to sing his song

The ashtray’s full of butts

The beer is full of munchies

Pretzels chips and nuts

Another man done gone down to New Orleans just to sing his song

The highway’s full of pain

In the driving rain, makes a main insane

Another man done gone down to New Orleans just to sing his song

And the blues ain’t good

They never treat you like they should

You know the blues ain’t good

Another man done gone down to New Orleans just to sing his song

I loved you once or twice

It was pretty nice

But you were cold as ice

Another man done gone down to New Orleans just to sing his song

Babe, whatcha going to do

When I’m through with you

And you’re feeling blue

Another man done gone down to New Orleans just to sing his song

Let the chips fall down

On this one horse town

Falling on the clown

Another man done gone down to New Orleans just to sing his song

Whatcha going to say

On our wedding day

When you want to play

Another man done gone down to New Orleans just to sing his song

Beg Beg and Run

By John T. Wurzer

Talking to the moonlight

And crawling up my leg

Baby, when I see you

I just want to beg beg beg.

Out there on the waterfront, fishing for some perch

Baby, when I saw you, you said you were on your way to church

Driving up and down this same old mountain road

Trembling as my nerves went into overload

Talk to me tomorrow, don't talk to me today

Baby, when I see you,

I've got to run run run away

Run run away

Dee Fie Doe

By John T. Wurzer

Cigarette burning in that lonely tray

All Night, through the morning, till the break of day

Cigarette burning inside of my heart

Nicotine, in-between, tears you apart

Reminds you of a time, and a flawless foe

You were asking for guidance, they said, "Dee Fie Doe"

You answered the phone, said, "What does this mean?"

They cancelled the show and said, "You'd better come clean"

They brought you a child and you turned her away

Looking for something younger today

She was nude in the driveway. You were shoveling snow

Frostbite, all night, Dee Fie Doe

Don't look in the mirror, don't turn yourself around

Don't go looking for heaven some place underground

Don't go looking for hell some place in the air

You can live in your dream world; I won't be there

You can water this plant, but you won't see it grow

It belongs to the ministry of Dee Fie Doe

I said Fee Fi Foe Fum

I smell the blood of a hot luscious one

Trading the future for an all night show

Singing words that don't make any sense like Dee Fie Doe

Broken Illusion, Circular rhyme

Half of the feeling, half of the time

Half of the teardrops, starting to fall

Half of my heart getting swept down the hall

Half of the dice, that I'll never throw

Buried in lines like Dee Fie Doe

Fee Fie Foe Faddle

Play with your head and listen to it rattle

Trade all your treasures for what you can't know

And Sing Dee Dee Dee Fie Doe

Taught myself what I could not learn

Set on fire what I could not burn

Turned into ice, what I could not feel

Cut all the cards that I could not deal

Introduced everyone to the seeds I can't sow

Opened the book, it said "Dee Fie Doe"

Fee Fie Foe Freaky

Looks like her love is getting to sneaky

Looks like I'm holding an infinite glow

Why don't you Go Go Go Dee Fie Doe

Blues About the Clock

By John T. Wurzer

Last night I went a wandering down the alley just to see your loving smile

You were there; it was alright for awhile

You held me once in the evening

The morning never came

Held me once in the nighttime mama, and we both prayed for rain

You came an hour to late

What's past is great

What's gonna be is gonna be the same.

Looked at the clock this morning

It wouldn't tell me the time

It was playing some kind of game

Laughing at the rain

Acting like an impoverished mime

Wonder where the night comes in

Child

Looked at the clock yesterday

It told me it was tomorrow night

Looked at my wrist, clenched my fist

And hit myself upside the head just right

Knocked on the floor with anger no more

I've got a feeling that something ain't right

Looked at the clock last month, dear

It told me that it was last year

Looked in the refrigerator

Looking for orange juice

But all I could find was beer

Don't know where it stops; don't know where it ends

But I know that you've been dreaming here

Looked in the closet Thursday

Found Friday's suit of close

Laughing at the window like a man with nothing to do that nobody knows

Looked at the clock this evening

It says, "Her love just grows and grows"

Haven't got down with a blues man since 1988

Haven't got down with a blues man, because I ain't that filled with hate

Ooh, wonder when the morning comes a smiling

If you wanted me to wait

I will wait

Wanted to look in your eyes, babe

Clock wouldn't tell me you were alive

It was all for the best

You could never be my guest

You've got some other kind of funk and jive

Living your live in the suburbs,

Oh my God, I hope you're barely alive

Your Head Your Eyes and My Heart

By John T. Wurzer

You crawled in right out of the woodwork

Like passion crawls into a drunk

Like memories and fresh molded letters

That you find in a hope chest or trunk

While rummaging round in the attic

Of what we once meant to each other

Don’t call me a friend upon whom you depend

Cause I’ll call you a once melted lover

The heat gets me violent and whimsical

And I break at the sound of your voice

I turn to the wind and the places I’ve sinned

Where destiny left me no choice

I waded through lifetimes of magic

Just to touch you again on the wire

It doesn’t retreat. The feelings I greet

When you and I start to retire

Where is the magic starvation?

That littered our past with intrigue

I look at it now with sweat on my brow

And answer in love and fatigue

The Christmas tree that we once treasured

Is now biodegradable pine

No matter the place I look at your face

And I wonder could your face be mine

So take me toward all that you hope for

And drown me in where we once lay

Another refrain starts to wash down the drain

I’m too scared and too frozen to play

So you crawled in right out of the woodwork

Like passion crawls in with a spark

This game one more time with you lips on the wine

Your head and your eyes and my heart.