Twelve Too Many Love Songs

All Songs Written By John T. Wurzer

C1991 Help Yourself Music

City of Sadness

The Quintessential Fool

The Curse of the Cockroach

Blind Man's Bluff

The Icewoman Cometh

Feeding at the Fire

I Wish That I Could Love You

Probably a Joke

What Did They Do That For

One More Blues Song

I'd Rather Be With You

Honey I Forgot

City of Sadness

By John T. Wurzer

Where in this city of sadness

Where in this cradle of sin

Where in this city of sadness

I thought we had this figured out

Now, where do we begin?

She's just another raped and bleeding teenaged hooker on the street

Looking for a fix to make the empty night complete

She picks herself back up and limps off slowly through the rain

Undoes another button on her shirt to hide the pain

And she says, "Trust me, I'm a good lay!"

My God, there must be a better way.

He's just another homeless wino with a Jews harp and a box

His radio is picking up the ticking of the clocks

Saliva flavored dirt and cold indifference on his cheeks

He stumbles, drools, and coughs up tar and liquor when he speaks

And he says, "Trust me, I want to play!"

My God, there must be a better way.

They were a couple meant to couple for a couple times that night

In the corner of an alley where the rats would squeal and bite

A dark and dismal love affair, a mixing of disease

A passion hot and furious, a fire that you could freeze

Trust me, live for the day

There must be a better way

Somewhere in this city of sadness

Where in this cradle of sin

Where in this city of sadness

I thought we had this figured out

Where do we begin?

WHERE DO WE BEGIN?

The Quintessential Fool

By John T. Wurzer

Half a shot of tequila, half a shot of gin

Half of me is wondering, what kind of mood are you in?

You know I never intended to make you offended or to break any golden rule.

I just didn't want to be left here, looking like the quintessential fool.

You light another match babe, you light another flame

I write another love song, but it don't even know your name

You know I wasn't even trying on that rainy night when I lost all those games of pool.

I just didn't want to leave you there, looking like the quintessential fool

I smoked the fresh tobacco; I smoked the bleeding vine

I'll smoke almost anything that burns tonight

Because I know that you ain't mine.

And though we never made it love, still love was always dripping all over your stool

Making me appear to be, looking like the quintessential fool.

They tell me that I'm backwards, and hopelessly undersexed

Abused, misused, confused, in blues, Dylanized and underdressed.

They took my clothes, they bronzed my nose and then they chained me to the bottom of a swimming pool.

They were hoping I would drown there, looking like the quintessential fool.

I never wanted to love you. It was an accident.

It must have been that time of the month, because our love just came and went.

Now I feel just like a knight in tin-foil armor trying to bluff his way through a dual.

Lying on this battlefield, looking like the quintessential fool.

The Curse of the Cockroach

By John T. Wurzer

Sitting on this barstool

Acting like the poet

Still I've got a broken heart

But I ain't gonna show it

And I'm sure I'd be alright

I'd never shed another tear

If I didn't have this cockroach

Swimming in my beer

He's doing the backstroke,

He's doing the crawl

He's ordering pizza

He's yelling "Last Call!"

He's spending my paycheck

And I'm feeling slighted

He's throwing the world's biggest beer mug party

And I ain't invited.

You can have your sexy women

With their overpriced perfume

You can have the love I cherished

You can lock it in a tomb

You can have my songs, my sing alongs

My blues and my good cheer

If you'd only stop this cockroach

From swimming in my beer

Now time goes on forever

They say that all good things must end

But what about the bad things

The things I can't defend

You could blow the world to pieces

You could nuke it for a year

But still this cursed cockroach

Would be swimming in my beer

Blind Man's Bluff

By John T. Wurzer

I was sitting on your sofa, just the other night

You were standing in the kitchen, trying to grab a bite

You were whining bout your loved ones, like a kitten in the rain

When suddenly the lights went out, nobody can explain

It's pitch black, I'm half-blind, but I feel for you.

I start to think I've touched you, cause I'm feeling something warm

When a brilliant bolt of lightening flashes freshly from the storm

It was a crazy revelation, nearly knocked me off my feet

What I was holding was a vacuum cleaner, in the middle of the street

It's pitch black, I'm half-blind, but I feel for you.

With my arms around your body, I always start to pant

You tell me that you love me, then you tell me that you can't

You tell me that you're lonely, but still you want to be alone

You tell me I can call you, but you don't even have a phone

It's pitch black, I'm half blind, but I feel for you.

Then you say that you might see me, some night when I'm at work

But you tell me not to look for you; I must look like a jerk

Walking around the barroom with my eyelids pasted shut

Wondering why I've got this empty feeling in my gut

It's pitch black, I'm half blind, but I feel for you.

So I finally got to sleep, with my kitten in my bed

When I started hearing voices saying, "Look at him, he's dead"

I tried to wake my heart up, but it couldn't hear a sound

It's buried in a casket, almost six feet underground

Where...It's pitch black, I'm half blind, but I feel for you.

So you're setting up the candles while I'm turning down the light

And we're sitting there stark naked and I'm thinking that we might

You look into my eyes and say you're ready for some screwing

When I suddenly realize that I don't know what I'm doing

It's pitch black, I'm half blind, but I feel for you.

Sometimes when I'm dreaming I can see the sun come up

But it turns into a nightmare when the whole damn thing blows up

The stars begin exploding, and I'm lost in outer space

And no matter how I try, I just can't see your face

It's pitch black, I'm half blind, but I feel for you

The Ice Woman Cometh

By John T. Wurzer

Ice woman froze the road tonight and I barely made it home

Frostbit, snow-blind, lost my sight, couldn't find a telephone

Baited, berated, humiliated, while I prayed for ecstasy

Ice woman froze the road tonight when I was hoping that she

Was gonna melt all over me.

Ice woman laughs in the face of fire with her catlike crystal claws

Can't have sex when there's no desire, no religion and no laws

She'll buy you steak and roses, and promise to be true

Ice woman laughs at her empty bed, when there's nothing left to do

Ain't gonna melt all over you.

Ice woman can I ask you this? How did you ever get so cold?

Did you freeze your veins with December rains?

Does it stop you from growing old?

Is it true, the things I do for you, are a hopeless lover's play

Ice woman can I ask you this? If the sun comes out today

Are you just gonna melt away.

And it's colder now

Than it's ever been before somehow

I'd kneel and bow

But my knees are aching

My heart is breaking

My limbs are shaking

And it's not worth making a start

When your heart is frozen anyhow

Feeding at the Fire

By John T. Wurzer

Like a swarm of killer bees around my heart

That's what your love is

That's what it seems like

When you start

To take away all that you've given

To set out searching for the crown

Guess you were just another bandit on the street

And I was just a bus stop on your long road out of town

Like a vulture drawing circles around my soul

That's what your love is

That's what it seems like

When you roll

In and out of my existence

In and out of what I am

Guess you were just another dreamer at the war

And I was just the lion, lying down once with the lamb

Like a love song breeding goblins in my sleep

That's what your love is

That's what it seems like

When you creep

Around the outskirts of contentment

Around the borders of desire

Guess you were just another candle in the night

And I was just the kerosene feeding at the fire

So what's the point in me rehearsing

for a love I can't inspire

Guess you were just another lantern in the wind

And I was just the kerosene feeding at the fire

I Wish That I Could Love You

By John T. Wurzer

I wish that I could love you but I don't even know your name

I wish that I could kiss you but you're playing another game

I wish that I could feel you in my arms tonight

I wish that I could hold you when you're not uptight

I wish that you could see that both of us have always felt the same

I wish that I could love you but I don't even know your name

I wish that I could touch you but you seem so far away

I wish that I could reach you but my arms are short today

If you examine all the things that came and went

You'll find that our love was just an accident

And everything we spent went from red to amber gray

I wish that I could love you but I don't even know your name

I wish that I could hurt you, but I'm tired of feeling ill

I'm tired of feeling angry and I fear I love you still

You're always feeding me the pieces of the things we shared

And telling me you shot me down because you cared

You had to let me go because you didn't want to climb up hill

I wish that I could love you but I don't even know your name

I wish that I could free you but I don't even have a dime

There's a bounty on your head and you've committed some evil crime

I wish that I could buy you, but I'm short on cash

You're no longer on the market, but you're bound to crash

And if I lived my life for money, I'd only be wasting my time

I wish that I could love you but I don't even know your name

I wish that I could venture into sleepwalks that you take

In your shiny robes of satin, 'neath the stars, out by the lake

But somewhere in your psyche there's a bank vault door

Denying me quick access to your tender core

You look like an angel of God, but you act like a snake (Lucifer)

I wish that I could love you but I don't even know your name

I wish that we were sitting on a rooftop drinking wine

Instead of wishing I was yours, and wishing you were mine

It's obvious to almost everyone I meet

That you and I were meant to touch each other’s feet

We're an army of indifference and we're never gonna cross that line

I wish that I could love you, but I don't even know your name

I wish that I had met you when my eyes were cold as steel

For years I had the power to resist the things I feel

You caught me at a time when I was weak with doubt

And I didn't have the sustenance to keep you out

You were holding all the cards and I was praying that you would deal

I wish that I could love you but I don't even know your name

Probably a Joke

By John T. Wurzer

This must be a night dream. It all seems so unreal.

Your face aglow. It's hard to know if I feel the way I feel.

It's probably the alcohol. It's probably the smoke.

I've probably been fooled again. It's probably a joke.

Pinch me and I'll wake up, and you will disappear.

The echo of the music keeps on ringing in my ear.

I must be half insane now. I'd speak but I'd just choke.

I can't believe you're sitting here. It's probably a joke.

I could swear I'm wide awake dear. I could swear I'm not asleep.

You turn your eyes to look at mine. A tingle starts to creep.

Moving from my ankles to the place my heart was broke.

This can't be reality. It's probably a joke.

It feels just like a movie that I sat through once before.

The sound of someone's tender hand is rapping at my door.

A temptress on a moonbeam, who wears a scented cloak.

It might be resurrection, but it's probably a joke.

I've lost my sense of humor. I'm not laughing anymore.

Nothing here but lust and fear. It strikes me at the core.

I've bloodstains on my fragile heart. It still needs time to soak.

Nobody is giggling, but it's probably a joke.

In the hour of illusion, with your body in my arms

My strong barbed-wire defenses are sounding the alarms.

I almost say, "I love you." But I'm glad I never spoke

Actually I'm scared to death; it's probably a joke.

You're leaving now. I kiss your cheek and finish my withdrawal.

I close the door and ask if you were ever here at all.

I'm laughing like a psycho whose been snorting too much coke.

It might be real, but still I feel it's probably a joke.

What Did They Do That For

By John T. Wurzer

I saw a man with a basket of tears, leaking all over the floor

He said he hasn't had a bucket for years, then he walked on out my door

I saw a woman with a purse full of blood, her eyes were cold and hard

Like a dancer with her feet in the mud, trying to dance in my front yard

I guess they must have met there, out on the street

I heard some angry voices, slamming car doors

What did they do that for

I saw an lion with a thorn in his ear, tortured by sounds in his brain

King of the jungle with a terminal tear, that no love song could ever explain

I saw a church-mouse with a necklace of gold, went outside for to play

She had an attitude of stories untold, and things she didn't want to say

I guess they must have met there, out on the street

I heard some angry voices, slamming car doors

What did they do that for

I saw the savior with a drink in his hand, talking to a two bit whore

Teen aged lord Jesus and he plays in the band, with a solo that cuts to the core

Sweet Mary Magdalene was sipping her punch, curious glow in her eye

She said, "I'd like to have him right after lunch" and then left without saying goodbye

I guess they must have met there, out on the street

I heard some angry voices, slamming car doors

What did they do that for

One More Blues Song

By John T. Wurzer

I got me a beer. I got a fresh pack of cigarettes. I got me a candle and a damp dark room. I got me a new woman and I don't have any regrets about the ones that went before that said goodbye too soon. I sit in this apartment at night and I wonder why it is that I can't get out of my head. I got me a black car, the side view mirror is broken off and the aerial is bent. And I still wonder about the things that I had.

Sometimes I walk around the streets and I wonder why the sun don't come out, and then it does and I wonder why it won't go away. I walk down to the bakery store to buy myself some crescent rolls and an English muffin, and then I get home and I call it a full day. About twice a month all my clothes get dirty. I head off to the Laundromat and I buy me some soap. I put them in the washer and I wonder why I'm almost turning thirty, and my pocketbook is empty, and it's getting harder to cope.

I feel kind of lonely doing this without my friend Steven around. When he and I were younger we used to sing all night. And sometimes the meaning wasn't quite clear, but we were sure that we were doing something right. Now we go out to the tennis courts and the golf course and we put on our best clothes. We spend more money than we've got just to look like the others that we've seen. We say we're moving up the ladder, but then again, who knows? I guess it's much harder when you're coming clean.

They're flying their flags now on just about every house up and down the street. They got yellow ribbons on their porches; they got bracelets on their feet. They're buying trading cards with famous generals on the front. I don't know what's happening in this world. Looks like it's coming down to a rabbit hunt. We're pushing everybody around. We're calling it the New World order. We're firing guns and ammo over the border. We say we're only minding our own business, why don't you leave us alone. But then they're asking for donations on my telephone. And I'm asking them why?

Mostly I go grocery shopping when I get bored and need something to do. Mostly I go away, and then I come back to you. Sometimes I wonder why I keep going around in circles like this. It must have been something at the beginning that I missed. We were going to be living out in the country in a house with a porch, staring up at the summer sky and wondering why we don't ever care about anything else except us, our baby children, God, the garden out front, and a lighted torch. Oh baby how come we didn't end up there.

Let's sing one more blues song just for the hell of it. One more blues song, we'll play it for the band.

One more blues song, though you might not like the smell of it. Let's sing one more song before the shit hits the fan.

I'd Rather Be With You

By John T. Wurzer

I want you to know that I'm doing alright

I've got people and places to see

I'm paying my bills and getting my thrills

I'm the man that I wanted to be

I'm living and loving just like I ought to

And writing the songs like I do

I sing them to women, and they're always giving

But I'd rather be singing to you

With a battered guitar, and an overpriced car

I go out on the town for awhile

In my soft cotton shirt, I'm a hideous flirt

And I can't seem to wipe off this smile

Ignoring the dangers, I'm talking to strangers

And telling them all that it's true

That I feel the same, when I'm playing the game

But I'd rather be playing with you

Now it's three in the morning, there's no one adorning

My bedroom, cause I sent her home

I'm adding up faces, and soft quiet places

And reasons to ramble and roam

I'm free from the chains of the north Texas rains

And I'll sleep well tonight, but I'm blue

I feel quite at ease, and I'm easy to please

But I'd rather be sleeping with you

Honey I Forgot

By John T. Wurzer

I've got nothing better to do tonight, than shut off the light and be by your side

There's no place else I have to be. No other train that I have to get on and ride.

I've been thinking about you day and night. I tried to write, but the letters always got too hot

And there was so much I wanted to say to you,

But honey I forgot

You feel just like an angel when I feel your warm breath tugging at the back of my neck

And you're speaking like a poet without letting on that there's something that you expect

But that's alright with me tonight I'm happy just being here, it don't matter what

If there was something about you that frightened me,

Honey I forgot

And I can't remember anything, but I'm here to sing so let's let that clock unwind

Just wrap your arms around my waist, you can fill the empty space up in my mind

At one time I was sure that there was something wrong with this but now I'm not

Whatever it was, it don't matter, anyway,

Cause honey I forgot.

I wish that I was an actor. I could memorize the words that would make you melt

But they'd be a part of some other lover's games, they wouldn't be exactly the way I felt

So I guess I'll keep my mouth shut because I never meant to put you on the spot

And there was so much I wanted to say to you

But honey I forgot