Poems and Promiscuity

All Songs By John T. Wurzer

C1991 Help Yourself Music

Are We Gonna Feed the Piggies

Open Up Your Eyes

Paula Blue

Don't Fuck it Up With Love

"SEX, TV, AND ROCK AND ROLL"

Where's the Sun

The Road Less Traveled

We Gonna Slide

Just My Size

First Impressions of a Would Be Goddess

Stupid Things That I Say

Everyone is going to war

Are We Gonna Feed the Piggies

By John T. Wurzer

What you gonna do when the rent comes due

And you're on your own

How you gonna act when the deck is stacked

And you're all alone

Are you gonna shine my shoes

Are you gonna play the blues

Are you gonna stand there looking at me

As if you're been refused

Or are we gonna feed the piggies

Feed the ducks and geese and kangaroos

What will I say when you're looking my way

And I'm on the moon

What will I think when it's time to drink

Will I think too soon

Am I gonna break the glass

Am I gonna right the past

Am I gonna stand there looking at you

Saying "This won't last"

Or are we gonna feed the piggies

feed the ducks and geese and kangaroos

Are we gonna feed the lions

Are we gonna feed the bears

Are we gonna talk for hours

And then say "Who cares?"

Are we gonna feed the rabbits

Are we gonna feed the birds

Are we gonna feed a feeling

Too strong for words

Or are we gonna feed the piggies

feed the ducks and geese and kangaroos

What we gonna find for a piece of mind

On the bedroom floor

Are we gonna make the same mistakes

That we made before

Are we gonna turn to stone

Are we gonna sweat and moan

Are we gonna stand there looking at each other

And then go home

Or are we gonna feed the piggies

feed the ducks and geese and kangaroos

Open Up Your Eyes

By John T. Wurzer

Imagine it was you

Walking through the zoo

Nothing but the dew on your thighs

To open up my eyes

Imagine it was me

Setting you so free

My good hand on your knee to sympathize

And open up your eyes

Well I don't know where I'm headed

But I'm headed toward your face

I don't know why I'm breathing

But of breath, there's still a trace

And it whistles with the wind before it dies

So open up your eyes

Imagine it was us

Making such a fuss

Pausing as we must to let out sighs

And open up your eyes

Imagine it was now

With kisses from your brow

Down to where you'll allow my bedroom lies

To open up your eyes

Paula Blue

By John T. Wurzer

I want to want you Paula Blue

I got this urge to be with you

Every time I see you smile

My heart starts beating out of style

Beating on this old guitar

And wondering where you are

Tonight......Paula Blue

Ever since the night we met

Your eyes have made my insides sweat

Your body, like the perfect song

Inviting me to sing along

Hiding underneath this hat

And wondering where you're at

Tonight......Paula Blue

You're like lightening to a dying fire

A fuse box for this wandering wire

You're the best thing that I've seen in years

Brought new moisture to my dustbowl fears

you're getting underneath my skin

Hey! What kind of mood are you in

Tonight......Paula Blue

I'm just another lonely and desperate man

Who got caught in the crossfire when the shit hit the fan

You gave me a look that could've started world peace

I got this feeling for you I can't get no release

I keep thinking bout you Paula Blue

No matter what I say or do

Imagine you inside my arms

Setting off the fire alarms

I can't stop thinking bout you

What the hell am I supposed to do

Tonight......Paula Blue

Don't Fuck it Up With Love

By John T. Wurzer

In a supermarket express lane line

Thinking everything that I had was mine

I ran into a lady in a bright orange dress

She looked at me and she had to cough

She said, "Hey, dude." Where do you get off.

Looking so happy when my life is still a mess.

I looked at her and I had to say

"I wouldn't have it any other way."

I've got no one to push, no one to shove

So go away

And don't fuck it up with love.

We ended up inside her room

A place of things that light to soon

Atomic blasts, a hundred reasons why

Not to care, not to stare, not to breath, newborn air

Nothing that I want to share,

But still I have to try

She looks at me, I look at her

Strange emotions start to purr

While the pussycat is chewing through my glove

So go away

And don't fuck it up with love

Me, I sit inside my face,

dreaming of another place,

Lifelong habits, fantasies and fears

Wondering if this tired guitar,

all strung out and Caked with tar

Could pave a road so filled with drying tears

She laughed at me

I fell apart

I lost my keys

She stole my heart

I told her, "Things are perfect now, don't need no message from above."

And whatever you do, don't fuck it up with love.

If you want to be my world tonight

Get rid of everything you're thinking of

And don't fuck it up with love.

Sex, TV, and Rock and Roll

By John T. Wurzer

Just give me sex TV and rock and roll

Don't need no holy bible to cure my soul

Don't need no mild women to latch onto

Sex TV Rock and Roll...

And you

When I was small, mostly from head to toe

And I began to knowing the one I know

I'd leave my eyes taped to an old scarecrow

Sex TV Rock and Roll...

And you

When I was grown, stupid, and in my prime

I used to make breakfast with a nursery rhyme

I used to beg, tremble, and watch the whole

of Sex TV Rock and Roll...

And you

But now I'm old, younger, and full of doubt

Don't think this big wig will ever figure it out

And when I die, Satan, will collect with my soul

Sex TV Rock and Roll...

And you

Where's the Sun

By John T. Wurzer

Clouds moving in, raindrops on the street

Walked into an empty bar, couldn't find a seat

Darkness follows every step, each day becomes the past

Endless and relentless, Life is overcast

Tempted by a moonbeam, I set out towards the sky

Feet that never touch the ground, orphans flying high

Faces in a thundercloud, and time moves much too fast

Twenty thousand feet above you, life is overcast

Started like a used car, tenuous at best

Went to be inspected, couldn't pass the test

Ended up abandoned, knew this wouldn't last

Twenty miles from home now, life is overcast

Set another record, talking to myself

Forty days and nights alone, a silent man of wealth

Never had a lover, who could touch me as she passed

Sweaty and exhausted, life is overcast

Time just rides the railroad, never has to pay

Dreams of new tomorrows, fade to yesterday

no one hears the minstrel, for he's hopelessly outclassed

Love songs bring the rain on, Life is overcast

The Road Less Traveled

By John T. Wurzer

I ain't been down this road before

But I have seen it in my dreams

In a time when no one asked for more

With everybody on separate teams

No guardian angel at my door

I ain't been down this road before

I ain't been down this road before

I never lived its highway lines

I'm spilling red wine on the floor

Disaster flows that way sometimes

I've heard it's half-priced at the store

But I ain't been down this road before

I ain't been down this road before

But it don't scare me like it should

A sly white princess at my door

Saying, "This ain't your neighborhood."

Too many things I must explore

I ain't been down this road before

I ain't been down this road before

In the middle of the night

When all divisions get obscure

And you get the urge to hold on tight

A violent meltdown at the core

I ain't been down this road before

I ain't been down this road before

It drives my earlobes to the ground

Like landing on a foreign shore

When only crickets make a sound

I have become what I deplore

I ain't been down this road before

I ain't been down this road before

I never held it in my arms

Too much emotion to restore

While fear was manning the alarms

Lost time, invisible and pure

I ain't been down this road before

We Gonna Slide

By John T. Wurzer

Oh baby we gonna slide

Across the river we gonna ride

Across the ocean we gonna fade

We got it all we got it made

Oh baby we gonna slide

Won't need no bus or tourist guide

Won't need no maps or second chance

We gonna sing our favorite songs and baby we gonna dance

Oh babe if we gonna go

Is there something about you that I ought to know

Is there something about me that's making you bleed

Is there anything else that we gonna need

Oh baby we gonna slide

Some things are gone, some just arrived

Some things are constant, how bout you?

Some faded away, not much I could do

Oh baby we gonna slide

From where we're at straight to the other side

I heard you calling out my name

When it all comes down who are we gonna blame

Oh babe if we gonna go

Is there something about you that I ought to know

Is there something about me that's making you bleed

Is there anything else that we gonna need

Just My Size

By John T. Wurzer

Slinging out the drinks about one fifteen

Saw the prettiest woman that I've ever seen

She ordered cold vodka, said squeeze in a lime

She threw me some money, said come see me some time

She was five foot three, but I was on the rise

I said look at you, girl, you're just my size.

Went out on the town, shooting pool in a bar

Watched her moving around, she was going too far

A couple of shots, and eight or nine beers

I hadn't felt that way in nine or ten years

One more cigarette, and when it was lit

I said look at you, girl, you're the perfect fit.

Went back to her place, we lay on the floor

I looked into her eyes, and said give me some more

She struggled inside with her will to survive

Pit up against her will to still be alive

When she finally gave in, she said, “Oops, look, surprise!

We’re holding each other and you’re just my size!”

You're just my size

You got real skinny thighs

Got a real skinny waist

Come on and give me a taste

Don't ask me no questions, don't tell me no lies

Awe, you're just my size

Stop looking at the other guys

these are words to the wise

You won't find any other

tailor-made lover

You'll come to discover

This ain't no disguise

You're just my size

First Impressions of a Would be Goddess

By John T. Wurzer

Tammy is an aging pickup artist with her checkbook and her pen

She hits the town

With a shot of Cuervo Gold and a beer in the other hand

She's never known what it's like to be loved by the one she was loving just last night

She finds it hard

To be thinking that tomorrow's drinking might be bringing her a new life

Could it be love?

She says she'd settle for anyone who'd stick around

Is there a place

For a woman like her to feel safe and settle down?

Tammy, I don't know.

Tammy sleeps alone in a queen size bed with Einstien on the wall

It was a gift

From a west coast buyer of art that she slept with just last fall

He left her thinking of things like diamond rings and a kitchen with a built in range

She finds it hard

To be hoping that tomorrow's coping will be bringing some kind of change

Tammy winds her clock every Monday morning, like her grandpa used to do

Before he died

With the little hand on the twelve, and the big hand on there too

He said the clock held the secret to paradise, all you have to do is care

She finds it hard

With her thumb on the pendulum, to believe that there's something there

Stupid Things That I Say

By John T. Wurzer

Out on the island of rainy day people there's a small boy scratching his head.

While up in the mountains, the goddess of passion is breathing although she looks dead

The desert is filled with the ones that she's killed

The animals aren’t being fed

Something else must be said

Friend

How are we gonna mend that broken glass

Super glue, or heavy plaster cast

The things we threw away traveling much to fast

They ain’t gonna stay

If you have to be leaving oh so soon

Won’t you leave me an un-blown-up balloon

Big enough to be filled with your perfume

And the stupid things I say

Out on the planet of destitute sailors there's a strange girl counting her feet

I left her alone, said, "Get out" you don't own any property here on this street

The craters are wide from the tears that I cried

The magnetic attraction is beat

No feeling could ever compete

Friend

Lost in the void of the viable future there's a feeling dripping with fire

Turning the flowers and plants into the selfless ash of desire

A carriage of pain, is importing it's grain

Through a traitor who sings in the choir

No love here for us to admire

Friend

Everyone Is Going To War

By John T. Wurzer

Everyone is going to war

Everyone is going to war

Everyone is making

Time to be taking

A journey to a foreign shore

Everyone is going to war

Everyone is hiding their fear

Everyone is hiding their fear

Everyone is wishing that they were out fishing

Instead of missing what's not here

Everyone is going to war

In Latvia, they're killing you

because you want to leave them

In north Kuwait, they lie in state

And swear that you deceived them

When everyone was going to war

Everything is turning to rock

Everything is turning to rock

Things were getting softer right before I lost her

It came to me as quite a shock

Everyone is going to war

It's what you say, not what I want

or you and I will crumble

It's what I want, not what you say

That causes me to stumble

When everyone is going to war

Nobody is thinking about love

Nobody is thinking about love

Tired of the dreaming

Everyone is scheming

Exploding in the heavens above

Where everyone is going to war