Shedding One More Layer of Skin

All Songs Written By John T. Wurzer

C1989 Help Yourself Music

One More Layer of Skin

No Trial

Sign of the Times

"Baby, I'm Alright"

Portrait of a Two-bit Zombie

The Lala Song

Kentucky Woman

I Will Dwell

Waiting for a Train

Anthem of Love

Hitchhiker's Guide to Monogamy

Wondering Why

Just You

The Tail of the Crystal Butterfly

Killing Time

Scavenger Hunt

Nashville Nights

Samantha

One More Layer of Skin

By John T. Wurzer

I'm shedding one more layer of skin

Like a dying snake at the inn

And when the wheels begin to spin

They spin

I'm shedding one more layer of skin

I'm living one more life on the road

Like a princess in search of a toad

It's the sentimental mode

I'm in

I'm shedding one more layer of skin

I'm living two doors down from the world

With my hair unnaturally curled

And my smile relentlessly whirled

Into a grin

I'm shedding one more layer of skin

The mirror of spatial deceit

Gets cloudy again as I greet

The nightmares I once made retreat

From within

I'm shedding one more layer of skin

No Trial

By John T. Wurzer

The prophecy of history

Surprises me in dreams

Revenge so sweet for a thousand feet

Is never what it seems

In the long walk down the road

The weak keep getting weaker

The strong keep getting owed

While millions praise the speaker

The safety net erodes

They took an eye for and eye until they couldn't see

Beyond their cold hard cash

Fought fire with fire and found themselves living in a city of ash

Took a tooth for a tooth in a dentist's dream

And found that they couldn't smile

Holding a mouthful of justice

Without putting themselves on trial.

The news today, what did it say?

I almost can't recall

A shrubbery for the presidency

And a bird, if he should fall

And I hear them talk of peace

Spending their vacations

Shooting helpless geese

Imagining all the nations

They'll conquer burn and fleece.

They took an eye for and eye until they couldn't see

Beyond their cold hard cash

Fought fire with fire and found themselves living in a city of ash

Took a tooth for a tooth in a dentist's dream

And found that they couldn't smile

Holding a mouthful of justice

Without putting themselves on trial.

Help me, mama. Help me, mama

I've been singing the blues

It brings me down when you're not around

I got holes down in my shoes

And I hear you're stepping out

Footsteps on my forehead

My throat too sore to shout

The pace is growing torrid

It strangles me with doubt

Sign of the Times

By John T. Wurzer

Santa Clause, he's been getting ill

Sleigh insurance is getting higher still

Property taxes at the North Pole are on the rise

He's got three hundred hungry elves to feed

And at night every reindeer cries.

The Easter bunny with his cotton tail

Is being sued by an overweight teenage male

For bringing too much candy to his house on Easter day

"That rabbit's gonna pay for what he done to me."

At least that's what my lawyers say.

Now I heard the great pumpkin is about to retire

He caught his stem on an electric wire

Arrested for trespassing, caught in the act as it were

Conspiracy to commit a heinous fraud,

Paid witnesses seemed to concur.

Now the tooth fairy has been cast out

By a hundred angry dentists with no teeth to pull out

They say that children tend to sit around waiting for their teeth to fall

This type of patient behavior can't be tolerated

Let's nail that fairy to the wall.

Now, cupid's arrow and St. Valentine

Are being accused of making love sound fine

Spreading herpes, aides and syphilis all over the land

They say it's safer with a self addressed stamped envelope

And an affair with your own right hand.

Now Jesus Christ is on the gallows again

Preaching love thy neighbor got him eight to ten

The judge even called him a liberal subversive slime

Well all my heroes are desperate wanted men

I guess that's just a sign of the times.

Baby, I'm Alright

By John T. Wurzer

Don't want to make you suffer

Don't want to make you bleed

Don't want to make you wonder what it is that I might need

Don't want to hear you calling in the middle of the night

So take this message to your heart

Baby, I'm alright

Might be that I'm still angry

Might be I'm slow to heal

Might be that I can't touch the places where you want to feel

Might be that when you hurt me, I was blinded by the light

Believe me when I'm screaming

Cause baby, I'm alright

Stages of life are ladders

Stages of mine are dreams

Stages without an audience are fruitless hollow screams

Stages without a spotlight are a blind man's search for

night

Don't question my intentions

Baby, I'm alright

Alone in a hall of danger

Alone with a hundred doors

Alone I'm still exploring life's wallpaper and floors

Alone I'll face the devil and the lord with all my might

And tell them as I've told you

Baby, I'm alright

Portrait of a Two-bit Zombie

By John T. Wurzer

Keep on talking, I'm not listening

Keep on smiling, I'm not here

I'm married to the season

Divorced from every year

A castle in the darkness

Is the home that I have built

The flowers round the moat

Let out a sign before they wilt

The graveyard vines keep crawling

To the back door without cause

I beat them back with love songs

Still, I've never know applause

And I'm standing in the tower

With a keyboard and guitar

Gulping in the moonlight

And coughing up the tar

Smoking on a cigarette

And whistling to the bats

A song about the hobo

Who is saving helpless cats

Trading useless friendships

For the solitude of truth

Explaining that I've lost my eyes

But found an extra tooth

Keep on talking, I can't here you

Keep on touching I can't feel

Cause I'm married to the season

Living for the nearest meal

A castle in the darkness

Is the home that I have built

The flowers round the moat

Let out a sign before they wilt

The La La Song

By John T. Wurzer

Imagine you and me, for so long it's been a dream, but now it's come to be

Living in a house surrounded by another house that's now a part of me

I guess it goes to show you never know which wind will blow apart your fantasy

Targets for the vultures and the poachers with their falsified bureaucracy

La la la. La la la

I check the bank account for the amount of money left to pay the piper man

I find there's nothing there, the cupboard's emptied out and bare. The shit has hit the fan

The piper sends his son armed with a gun to give me one more chance to make amends

I tell him I've got better things to do than worry about the world that he defends

La la la, La la la

I wrote the president and I asked him why he spent so much on doomsday toys

He said the enemy is surely twice as bad as me so please stop making noise

Now I'm wondering out loud and I'm drawing quite a crowd asking what's it worth

Why don't we turn the warheads into billboards on our foreheads saying "Peace on earth.”?

La la la, La la la

Kentucky Woman

By John T. Wurzer

Kentucky woman, see you burning

This vagrant lust I have is turning

Into the beauty of your soul

Is there an avalanche of rapture beneath the coal?

Kentucky woman, live and breathing

Is it a wonder that I'm leaving

The barren desert of my heart

Were you a prisoner to capture at the start?

Kentucky woman, with your bluegrass

Fireworks and morning dew to caress

Upon your wanting vibrant skin

I'm aching to explore you from within

Kentucky woman, you invite me

Your innocence and texture to recite free

Until the landscape fades away

And your harmony ignores another day

Kentucky woman, go away!

I Will Dwell

By John T. Wurzer

I'm gonna tell you a story about Adam and Eve

In the Garden of Eden, man, you wouldn't believe it

Everything was perfect until they cut the umbilical cord

But me, I don't eat no apples.

I will dwell in the house of the Lord

Refrain:

I will dwell, I will dwell,

I will dwell in the house of the Lord

I will dwell, I will dwell,

I will dwell in the house of the Lord

You can have your temptation, your knife and your sword

But I will dwell in the house of the Lord

Now Moses was a desert man, living of the sand

He was in search of a place called the Promised Land

He brought down the Ten Commandments, lost his faith

And then he smashed them to the floor

But me, I've never broken nothing.

I will dwell in the house of the Lord

Now David and Goliath, are fighting all the time

While Judas turns in Jesus for a politician’s crime

And Thomas keeps on doubting all the things that

He was sure he had adored

But me, I'm plenty supernatural.

I will dwell in the house of the lord

On the TV you see the preacher, as he's raking in the cash

Filling foreign bank accounts, and piling up a stash

He's got twenty Rolls Royces and a

Cellar full of wine that ain't been poured

Me, I'll just hitchhike into heaven

And then dwell in the house of the Lord

Waiting for A Train

By John T. Wurzer

Ten more miles of walking down the road today

Ten more miles of living on a song

Ten more miles of wishing it was yesterday

Ten more miles seems so long

Nine more distant souls that need a rope to climb

Nine more people tired of my face

Nine more alphabets that have no place to rhyme

Nine more miles from that place

Eight more porters standing on the platform today

Eight more cigarettes upon the floor

Eight more trains arrive before the one that will stay

Eight more miles, what's the score?

Seven stranded sailors all in suits of silk

Seven simple Simons by the seine

Seven seasick salamanders slurping milk

Seven miles, where's the train?

Six more tickets sold before the train arrived

Six more anxious passengers await

Six more minutes before six men contrived

Six more miles, it's getting late

Five more times I'll tell you that I'm not afraid

Five more times my love will be denied

Five more cigarettes and a Gatorade

Five more miles, I've never lied

Four distinguished guests are swapping childhood lies

Four for four they rearrange the past

Four more trains the boxcars lay heavy on your eyes

Four more miles, in a cast

Three, the holy number cast in iron and steel

Three, the moon is closing down the sky

Three, the respirator has to come off soon

Three more miles, wondering, why?

Two young lovers parking by the tracks tonight

But two remains the number of their lives

A pair of drunken hobo's by the campfire light

Two more miles, and it arrives

One more train, the pretty women twitch and sigh

One more train, finally getting home

One more railroad tie to cross before I die

One more mile, one mile to roam

Here it is, the music plays in fire and steam

Laughing like seed aloft at birth

Worth the wait? Well, maybe not quite that extreme

Here it is. What is it worth?

One less life, the world has willed, to sing the blues

One less rock and roller, one less gun

One more song about a man who paid his dues

One more mile, Roy Orbison.

Anthem of Love

By John T. Wurzer

Hasten the anthem of love to my ransom

I'm kidnapped and can't take a bath

Heroes are rising in places, surprisingly

Graceful the way that they laugh

A dollar a song, still no place to belong to

My face filled with plaster and smoke

And if I weren't so sure that this was the cure

I'd be sure it was some kind of joke

Point me toward daylight, I'm tired of the dark night

My plight is with blindness and scenes

The rest of my story gets violent and gory

I'm sorry that’s just how it seems

I know now that anthems of love when you chant them

Just shoved me inside of your cloak

And if I didn't know that someday you would go

I could show it was some kind of joke

Drawn by your beauty, you silently wooed me

Till I fell asleep on your heart

Begging for mercy you ponder and nurse me

Until I can't stand on the cart

A long time ago, before stages got slow

I envisioned the future and spoke

It's looking to me, like the things that I see

Just might be some kind of a joke

I took off my hat, said "hello" to the cat

I did all that you asked me to do

And still in the night, I can tell you're uptight

And the sight of me makes you feel blue

But darling believe that someday when you leave I'll be

Halfway to heaven and broke

And it didn't take long, to find I was wrong

That this song was some kind of a joke

Patience and laughter are things that I'm after

And you've taken both from my soul

Teardrops and trinkets, you've left by the sink

At the brink of the cereal bowl

In times without passion, we mimic the fashion

And breathe right before we should choke

It isn't the same when you're playing a game

That you claim might be some kind of joke

Hitchhiker's Guide to Monogamy

By John T. Wurzer

She's a back street walker in stockings and heels

She's a bad ass talker when she's making her deals

With her eyes wide open and a gun in her purse

She got a little black magic and an heirloom curse

We met one Friday by the side of the road

My tire went flat and I was hungry and cold

She said, "Hop in." Then her foot hit the floor

She gave me a light and put a lock on the door

Driving for miles without a word to the wise

I fell asleep until she opened my eyes

She straightened my tie, and brushed back my hair

"Las Vegas, Nevada. We're already there.

With her short leather skirt and her bundle of cash

We checked into Caesars with a wink and a flash

After unpacking she told me to strip

Then she tucked me in bed with a peck on the lip

With my eyes still open, I watched her undress

Then she shut off the light and said, "Don't even guess."

She said a prayer to the Lord that put a tear in my spine

Then she lay herself down in the bed next to mine.

Wondering Why

By John T. Wurzer

Sitting in a strip joint on the second moon of mars

Wondering why this lonely town has only seven bars

Watching the Martian women in their cosmic lingerie

Wondering why I fly so far to find a place to play

A pink banana hits the floor and a purple man is lost

The manager with his seven heads is adding up the cost

While my drink is growing colder in the heat of all I've seen

I'm wondering why I fly so far to find out where I've been

A girl whose name is Milky Way comes dancing on my plate

She's taming my libido while I'm pondering my fate

Bending at the waist she draws a circle on my thigh

I'm wondering why I fly so far to find a reason why

The Milky Way has vanished and the music's getting loud

I'm just another face inside a burned-out vacant crowd

The lights are swirling faster and I'm losing all control

Wondering why I fly so far to plagiarize my soul

Sitting in a spaceship, halfway back to earth

Dreaming of the dead zone, cursing rites of birth

Tearing out my eyes so that I'll never have to cry

Wondering why I fly so far and never say good-bye

Just You

By John T. Wurzer

CMAJ7///C13///DM7///G7/// (TWICE)

CMAJ7/AM7/DM9/G13/C

Time is just a looking glass; I see it in your eyes

(Taking its toll)

Another day will pass; you'll master your disguise

(But I'll be alright)

(Tonight)

No other dreams, just you

The velvet claws of pain caress a memory inside

(Begging for tears)

My naked heart, a mess, takes refuge in my pride,

(But I'll be alright)

(Tonight)

No other dreams, just you

There'll be no nightmares filled with darkness

No creatures from beyond the tortured sea

There'll be no wizard's incantations

Just a place for you and me

Tonight

There'll be

A soft surrendered valentine, a love song in the rain

(Soaked to the skin)

Another glass of wine, I'm telling you again

(I'll be alright)

(Tonight)

No other dreams, just you.

Crystal Butterfly

By John T. Wurzer

Johnny went a walking to the fair

Johnny went a walking why?

Johnny went a walking to the fair

To win a crystal butterfly

He held that shotgun straight and true

And watched the ducks all die

The gave him a big stuffed panda bear

Not a crystal butterfly

Johnny went a walking to the mall

Johnny went a walking why?

Johnny went a walking to the mall

To buy a crystal butterfly

He pawned his only diamond ring

He sold his suit and tie

He gave up almost everything

For that crystal butterfly

He gave it to his own true love

A sparkle in her eye

She set it on her dresser top

That crystal butterfly

And on a night with fourteen beers

Her clothes began to fly

Her shoes flew toward the dresser top

And the crystal butterfly

And Johnny was a working miles away

When his dreams began to die

Inside his heart he felt the crash

Of a crystal butterfly

It lay in shattered emptiness

Upon the bedroom floor

The treasured crystal butterfly

No butterfly, no more.

Killing Time

By John T. Wurzer

I found her in the alley with her face growing white

Her heart had stopped a beating; life was drifting from her sight

I performed a little CPR

And then she asked what I'd been doing at the scene of the crime

I said I've just been saving people's lives, but killing time

I took her to a restaurant and introduced the cook

I decided that this goddess might be worth a second look

Our eyes locked on each other through a candle and domestic wine

Giving birth to eager romance, and killing time

She took me back to her place and started writing on the wall

Something about a man that she couldn't quite recall

Something about a song that she couldn't quite remember how to rhyme

Barking up the wrong tree and endlessly killing time

I bet her twenty dollars that she couldn't read my face

And she told a bedtime story of illusion and disgrace

And she said I'd have to suffer when I told her that I didn't have a dime

Taking it out in trade, I'm made for killing time

Scavenger Hunt

By John T. Wurzer

Baby can you find the ruins of my mind

I lost them in a snowstorm, and I'm feeling most unkind

It carries me to silent places frozen in the dust

I cannot breath, you know, I cannot leave,

But still I cannot trust

Baby can you find the color in my eyes

I lost it in a downpour of amazement and disguise

And I'm bored with seeing everything in shades of black and white

I'm feeling lame you know it's not the same

I've lost my will to fight

Baby can you find the smile upon my face

I lost it in a hurricane of tainted bedroom lace

And I'm angry at myself for staring vacant at the wall

When sorrow leaks; just grab my cheeks,

I have no one else to call

Baby can you find the man I used to be?

I lost him in and earthquake

He got shattered endlessly

And I'm tired of reading Braille requests inside my spotted heart

Don't shut me out, without a doubt

We'll make a brand new start.

Nashville Nights

By John T. Wurzer

Baby gotta find those Nashville nights

Looking through wax museums lights

Backwards staring down a one way street

Light in my head and dead on my feet.

I've been rustled, hustled, and decorpusled

Gotta find those Nashville nights

I've been baited, rated, and educated

By a silent dog who bites

Gotta find those Nashville nights

The princess was a turning sweet sixteen

It was the happening party, a swinging scene

She was courted by earls, lords, dukes, and kings

And no one understands the song she sings

Dina in a pool hall, handing out the brews

Running to the jukebox through construction crews

Living in the city, is like camping in a van

You can not see the forest, cause the shit has hit the fan

Samantha

By John T. Wurzer

Tear my heart out sweet Samantha,

For the nights are growing long

Take another lover's anthem,

And sing it loud and strong

Leave me destitute and bleeding,

In the back rooms of your memories tonight

You can't hurt me now Samantha

Cause I'm through with feeling pain

When I think of all you've done to me

I insulate my brain

Let your naked body warm me

In the back rooms of my memories tonight

Say goodbye my soft Samantha

We will never touch again

All the whispers never spoken, remain whispers in a den

With the hazy mist of love

That haunts the back rooms of our memories tonight