A World Full Of

All Songs Written By John T. Wurzer

C1988 Help Yourself Music

A World Full of......

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A World Full of…

By John T. Wurzer

I told myself once I was crazy

Crazy enough to be sane

In a world full of madmen, investors, and whores

I would play the white angel

And never feel pain

In a circle of time I was drifting

Drifting through mountains and mills

In a world full of vagabonds, tourists, and whores

I was sure I'd found sanctity

Here in the hills

To the edge of volcanoes I wandered

Wandering aimless and free

In a world full of housewives, career men, and whores

The edge of volcanoes

Was the right place for me

But the time soon tore into my body

Like lost love tears into your heart

In a world full of prospectors, finders, and whores

I had lost my position

And had no place to start

Now I'm older but hardly much wiser

Less crazy but still half insane

In a world full of prophets, soothsayers, and whores

I will live for the music

And let the others explain

For Awhile

By John T. Wurzer

I've got a bloody rendition of a song, coming on, through my head, and my mind won't leave it alone.

I've got a burning in my heart, and it touches, every part, of my head, can't relax or unwind in this zone.

Burn the twilight and the day, don't you carry it away, find another game to play and act your age.

Try to stand upon your stool, without falling in the pool, don't forget it is un-cool, to be un-caged.

Give my best to Lisa North, she lives in east Fort Worth, so afraid to go forth when people smile.

In a stare at the wall, there are some who will call, and say give me your all for awhile.

REFRAIN

For awhile when you're singing in the shower, they will ask you for the power to devour all the things that you love.

And on the lighted divide, between humility and pride, you'll admit that you tried to smile.

For awhile.

Are you just dancing on the sand, in my hand with a band, around your fingers wound with hair.

Sometimes I'm sure that it's real when I feel that a deal is something that you never share.

Give my best to Sara Brown, she's a dancer in this town, handing clothes out with a frown, she pays her bills.

And when she tells you you're a man, it's a line they ought to ban, like the diamonds on her hand, bought with cheap thrills.

And when the chilling summer night takes another winter bite out of your dreams so out of sight and out of style.

Throw your passion into waste, it is something I can't taste, my desire is misplaced, for awhile.

REFRAIN

I see the world go off to work, like a jerk, with a quirk, I go berserk, and curse their clothes.

I'm throwing houseplants at their cars, while the stars, put in jars, the vicious scars, I find upon my toes.

Give my car to anyone, who can look upon a gun, turning failure into fun, and building dreams.

Take your status symbol back, to societies racetrack, where the toothpaste fights the plaque, for baseball teams.

When humanity dissolves, dismantles and evolves, evolution still revolves, in times of trial.

Destinations are unclear, I wonder why I'm sitting here, sipping on my seventh beer, for awhile.

REFRAIN

Headed For A Fall

By John T. Wurzer

In a moment I was startled

When you told me how you felt

I thought you understood that we were lovers

Guess I burned out the inertia

That had held us close together

Even though we never met beneath the covers.

REFRAIN:

Just hold me once before you leave

I have no more to give

A simple man with no reprieve

And no place else to live

No place else to go....at all

Guess I knew that I was headed for a fall

When you went back to your homeland

I was crushed and almost broken

But I held on to a dream instead of lying

To myself and my emotions

And a silly dream of freedom

Guess the dream is on the edge and finally dying.

REFRAIN

The final beer has passed my lips

My life is cold and blue now

Like the memory of a Christmas lullaby

Our love is cold and empty

Like the temperature this morning

Like a frostbit winter's night that don't ask why.

One More Year Without You

By John T. Wurzer

Now the desk lamp is a flickering and the walls have turned to tears

I'm remembering the times we spent, wasted on the beers

In the quiet of a desert night it gets hard to think about you

I'm not living to be wrong or right

I'm living one more year without you

Changing patterns in my feeble mind are getting harder to decipher

I thought it was a one-night stand, it turned out to be a lifer

It's an empty room in paradise and I have no one to shout to

And every time that I roll the dice

They come up one more year without you

I'm responsible for many men, and I keep them in the money

I don't care about myself unless my life gets rather funny

This tollbooth I keep running through tells me I was a fool to doubt you

And for the lack of something else to do

I'm spending one more year without you

Death has never scared me much, I know it can't be worse than living

And the people that I dare to touch, they never do enough forgiving

It was long ago in a silent cave when you held my soul about you

And my soul is still on hold tonight

I'm living one more year without you

Sentimental Rag

(My whole life is a bar)

By John T. Wurzer

You took an airplane to an old place. You try to get your kicks by,

by showing off your attitude, to people who have none.

Your heart is in the right place, but your mind's in Nicaragua.

You're wild about excuses for the saber and the gun.

I'll tell you about the assholes that you find here down in Texas

They'd trade their second daughter for a German sports car.

And it's true that I still live here. I don't know how I’d get along

Without my sentimental rag cause my whole life is a bar.

I am sure there is conviction in your quality of diction,

And regardless of the friction, you'll be strictly demure.

In search of other answers; you'll discover unknown cancers.

To make me worry and enhance your empty wallet so pure.

While I'm pouring out the poison to the little girls and boys and

encouraging their toys to maybe wish upon a star

You fly right into town, giving me another round,

of my sentimental rag cause my whole life is a bar.

I wonder how we got so different. One elitist, one delinquent,

Meeting you is so infrequent, I'm not sure where you're at.

Don't make judgements when you're sitting on

The ones that you've been spitting on,

The friend that I remember never did things like that.

So let's get on with having fun, go find a pizza with a bun,

Get nirvana by the ton without driving your car.

Don't go messing with my future, with a scalpel or a suture

Just play my sentimental rag, cause my whole life is a bar.

Broken Man

By John T. Wurzer

Like a teenager in love I sat there waiting by the phone

On a Christmas night with sorrow in my spine

You see I closed the pathways to my heart, to reconstruct those roads

So overused from shipping heartbreak down the line

REFRAIN:

Girl, you're a heartache on the highway

And it hurts too much to drive

Across the river of my melted tired mind

I know I'll never have it my way

At least as long as you're alive

Why don't you find somebody else

And leave this broken man behind

So I open up a package from my brother in New York

Always so proper with the finest gifts to give

But that phone still sits in silence, like a broken-down old car

While I wonder where it is that you must live

REFRAIN

A message or an insult, a kind work or a joust

That's all I seek as I sit silent in the dark

But that phone ain't gonna ring, I hide my head inside my hands

And wish these perfect pangs of sorrow would depart

REFRAIN

The room gets icy cold and spirits seep in through the walls

They're laughing hard at the exhaustion in my face

I'm driving thoughts of you from my overactive dreams

Because I know I'll find a better loving space

You were a heartache on a highway

That it hurt too much to drive

You were a river in my melted tired mind

Now I've got to have it my way

And forget that you're alive

Why don't you find somebody else

Another broken man to blind

All Have You

By John T. Wurzer

I met a girl in a barroom slum back in nineteen ninety-seven

She was thirty years old and her heart was cold, she was halfway gone to heaven.

She gave me a line about doing time with a man whose heart was dead.

Then she asked for my hand in a childish way, and this is what I said.

Teach me how the night turns black

When the days are hard to ponder

Tell me exactly how you feel

When you have the urge to wander

Take me to your paradise

And introduce me to

The lovers and friends that you say you have

After you've let them all have you.

She looked at me with the strangest face and told me I was absent

She buried her eyes in my throat and then told me I was half-bent

She told me of her greatest love, and of all the tears they shed

Together in their hours of youth, and this is what I said.

Teach me how the night turns black

When the days are hard to ponder

Tell me exactly how you feel

When you have the urge to wander

Take me to your paradise

And introduce me to

The lovers and friends that you say you have

After you've let them all have you.

Well, the last time that I saw her it was two-thousand and twenty

Her hair was gray and her eyes were sore, she said that she'd had plenty

In her barroom place, with an aging face, so undone and so misled

I looked at her like a wanderer, and this is what I said.

Going Down

By John T. Wurzer

Last night I dreamt the strangest thing

that all the world was a boxing ring

and I in stripes, the referee

and you with gloves on, next to me

Fighting against a man in black

he'd knock you down and you'd jump right back

and I tried to stop his strange attack

but he stole your treasured crown.

and I fear you're going down.

REFRAIN:

No time for inspiration, respiration, or renown.

No wealthy doctors laughing as your blood drips to the ground.

Oh I fear, you're going down.

It started only yesterday

You said, "We've got this game to play.

Let's fight until the bitter end,

for lies we know we can't defend."

You said, "The world is paper green,

and beauty is a bit obscene,

if it can't be bought it hasn't been

proven to be found."

and I fear you're going down.

REFRAIN

This morning I awoke to find

That half the world is deaf and blind.

I only wish that they were dumb

perhaps they'd learn to listen some

To what I'm trying to say in rhyme

That life is not a mountain climb.

It's more a Sunday morning chime

that echoes through the town.

But I fear you're going down.

REFRAIN

Shuffling Along

By John T. Wurzer

(These are only sample verses. Verses should be made up as you go along.)

I'm just a shuffling along

I'm just a shuffling along, lord

Just a shuffling along

Just a shuffling along, lord

Just a shuffling along, I never do no wrong

I'm just a shuffling along.

I got a number for a name

I got a number for a name, lord

I got a number for a name and it's driving me insane

I got a number for a name, lord

I got a number for a name, don't wanna play this game

You know I'd rather just be shuffling along

First it's here and then it's not

First it's cold and then it's hot

First it's white and then it's black

It goes away and won't come back

First it's here and then it's not but they can't chain me to this spot

You know I'll wave good-bye and shuffle along.

A tiny midget gave me pills

A tiny midget gave me pills

A tiny midget gave me pills, sent me up a set of hills

In search of hundred dollar bills, lord

A tiny midget gave me pills, I told him commerce only kills,

and he'd be better off just shuffling along.

Someone Else's Life

By John T. Wurzer

Tired of this apple being dangled so far out from my face.

Tired of this ambiance, tired of the whole human race.

I'm wasted on the dream world that the advertiser's shoving down my throat.

I can't decide whether to reside in a million-dollar mansion or a moat.

Can you seal me off?

Can you shut me into a cage?

Can you shake me up?

Can you tell me to act my age?

No you can't. I'm just an actor,

Playing someone else's life out on a stage.

I'm tired of these cigarettes, burning hot and heavy in my chest.

I'm tired of twenty thousand whores on television trying to do their best.

I'm wasted on the empty sex, that lovers on a weekend can endure.

I can't decide if it's desert pride, or lust for something ignorant and pure.

Give me back my clothes!

Give me wisdom, sorrow and rage.

Give me ecstasy!

Give me conscience on the magazine page.

Or I'll be another dead man

Playing someone else's life out on a stage.

I'm tired of playing the vagabond, living out the whims that once were dear.

I'm tired of reaching yesterday, too late to recognize the coming year.

I'm wasted on ideas of the dragon, pushers, brokers and success.

I'd sell my soul for a worthy goal, but settle only for the very best.

Find a wholesome room.

Find a piece of the wheel to engage.

Find a lighted tomb.

Find a savior changing the wage.

Don't you plan to spend your whole life

Living someone else's life out on a stage.

Nose Picking

By John T. Wurzer

I was wheeling through a grocery store on the better side of town.

When I saw a lady in a halter top with her hair a hanging down.

Her shoes had probably cost her more than the car I drive to work.

She was a goddess in bank vault full of clothes.

But she exposed herself as a human being when I caught her picking her nose.

When I was at the bank this morning, I had to answer nature's call.

They ushered me into the washroom at the end of the bigwigs' hall.

As I entered I saw the president and keeper of the funds

Standing at the sink until he froze.

With his finger up his nostril, where I caught him picking his nose.

It's a sacred old tradition when you're driving in the car

Behind the wheel at rush hour and headed for a bar

And though man invented the Kleenex, God invented the fingernail.

And regardless of your place in life you'll use it without fail.

Since the start of time, without exception, from Abraham to Moses.

Winos, heroes, and average men have been constantly picking their noses.

I entered the church this evening with guilt inside my heart

I ducked into confessions about the times I came apart

The priest and I both bowed our heads in sorrow, guilt and pain.

He said, "You must repent, till kindness grows."

But I peeked during absolution and I saw he was picking his nose.

It's a sacred old tradition when you're driving in the car

Behind the wheel at rush hour and headed for a bar

And though man invented the Kleenex, God invented the fingernail.

And regardless of your place in life you'll use it without fail.

Since the start of time, without exception, from Abraham to Moses.

Winos, heroes, and average men have been constantly picking their noses.

Now I know that the world seems full of men being better than the rest

And it's hard to see a welcome when you know you're a token guest

But regardless of their money, power, influence, or place

It's as certain as the wind that always blows

Nobody can withstand the urge to be constantly picking their nose.

Living on a Song

By John T. Wurzer

I don't listen to the music like I used to

Listen to the music when I used to

Listen to the music all night long

I can't stop from getting older like my brothers

Stop from getting older like the others

Stop from getting older rites from wrong.

I won't let myself put my time into a teacup

Just to give myself the time to keep up

With men who never tried to live a song.

I keep thinking of the highway when I'm dreaming

Thinking of the highway people screaming

Thinking that the highway makes you strong

When you're living on a song.

When you're living for the fears you can't resolve

Inside the cryptogram of life that you can't solve

The pieces jumbled, out of place, and half-insane

A hobo's paradise, that no one can explain.

It doesn't seem to matter what I look at

Doesn't seem to matter if the fat cat

Doesn't seem to matter when he's gone.

I keep hearing people screaming from the gutter

Hearing people screaming, "Send me butter."

Hearing people screaming, "Help me along."

I won't let the world put my hopes into a payroll

Just to get the things I want inside of my hole

Living with an object seems so wrong

I keep thinking of the highway roads a winding

Thinking of the highway sounds worth finding

Thinking that the highway holds the dawn.

When you're living on a song.

When you're living for the fears you can't resolve

Inside the cryptogram of life that you can't solve

The pieces jumbled, out of place, and half-insane

A hobo's paradise, that no one can explain.

Different

By John T. Wurzer

This morning I awoke to find a different set of dreams inside my head

The room was spinning awkward and my mind was running backwards in the bed

I heard you snoring loudly without patience or despair

Dreaming 'bout the ninety-seventh way to fix your hair

If only you were wide-awake we'd make the perfect pair, so underfed.

The world seems cold and violent when the minstrel and the poet try to sleep

My pillow made of quicksand and your mattress made of rivers running deep

The crickets' songs are piercing through a hole inside my brain

The poems of the highway cars are driving me insane

No medical research can cure this haunting sense of pain

It's mine to keep.

I know there is no answer to the way our love keeps sneaking out the door.

Maybe if I knew you better, maybe if I tried to see you more

Maybe is a word I used the first time that we met

And it may be that your smile is something I cannot forget

I see it when I'm dreaming about the things that I can't get

Can't find the store.

I owe you many thanks but then again you owe me nothing more than dreams

My heart was in a pool of bloody anguish and despair back in my teens

You spoke to me of destiny and lovers on the wing

Explaining very softly that a singer has to sing

A lover has to love himself to love another thing

That's how it seems.

Solitude of Song

By John T. Wurzer

The wind as cold as January ice freezes teardrops on my face

I walk outside to grab the mail. The morning paper soaking wet.

And over cereal and toast, I add the bills up in my head.

I curse the checkbook and the phone. Write checks for more than I have made.

And when the money's gone as far as it will go, grab my guitar

And wonder where my life went wrong.

And, somewhere in the solitude of song, I find the will to carry on.

The worn-out car takes seven tries to start, as in the morning does my heart.

I'm off to work, another fight. A bout with sanity and fear.

Too many children dropping out because it's easy to give up.

I'm pouring poison by the glass. They're buying up whatever's left.

And when the clock strikes two-fifteen I grab my coat and limousine

To start a searching for the dawn.

And, somewhere in the solitude of song, I find the will to carry on.

Somewhere in the aching morning hours

When silence drowns out ulcered thoughts

I hear a music box of rhyme

With children laughing all the time

At the insanity of crime

And, somewhere in the solitude of song, I find the will to carry on.

And when I sleep my mind won't rest. Low-budget movies rape my eyes

A naked lady waking up, and purple monsters at my knees

Trite paranoia taking shape inside a pillow full of doubt

I wake up sweaty every hour and pace around an empty house

Until the time gets in the way. It's time to start another day

And exorcise the beast named Kong.

And, somewhere in the solitude of song, I find the will to carry on.

Somewhere in the aching morning hours

When silence drowns out ulcered thoughts

I hear a music box of rhyme

With children laughing all the time

At the insanity of crime

And, somewhere in the solitude of song, I find the will to carry on.

Traipsing

By John T. Wurzer

Traipsing through the early morning hours

Without a friend to share the crime

I've got no reason to be sour

Except that I'm running out of time.

And time is running out of me

Just like the tears flow out your eyes

It stains a sloppy tapestry

Upon a master of disguise

Disguising black and tender fears

Beneath a sheet of powder blue

I'm looking in and out of mirrors

That keep reflecting sounds of you.

Traipsing through the days that make up weeks

Inside the months that turn to years

Slow pounding footsteps turn to leaks

That turn to hurricanes of tears

And tears that hurricane from me

In swirling gusts of paper song

Shouting that one man can't be three

Unless the other two are wrong

And, as for me, my other sights

They seems to know more than I do

When music fills the empty nights

That keeps reflecting sounds of you.

Traipsing through a life I know as trial

A constant struggle to be free

I watch the people go in style

Collecting things that I can't be

And being things I can't collect

Like treasured debutantes and kings

Who rape the world of self-respect

And give society its flings

Flinging frozen tutored smiles

At anyone whose heart is true

And wondering through their empty miles

Why I'm reflecting sounds of you.

The Gap

By John T. Wurzer

There's a gap out in the flatlands. I'm a going there to find it

For my true love lies behind it, and she calls my name out low

There's a field of bloodstained diamonds on the doorstep of her cabin

I'm not sure now how it happened, but it happened long ago

Long before the gap was opened by a flood of doubt and sorrow

I forgot about tomorrow and started living in my mind

And before I knew to stop it; she was slowly drifting westward

And I was singing in this dungeon to the curious and blind

REFRAIN:

Singing, hey little Laura, hey little Laura, hey little Laura,

hey little Laura, where have you been so long

My eyes are turning around back to the sound

Of your heartbeat, girl but it takes so long

God just to find you

The band had taken leave then, to kill another pint of whiskey

When a gentle breeze, it kissed me, right behind my better ear

It whispered of a maiden; she's a waiting my arrival

By a cabin door in a yonder town, at the closing of the year

Half a mile outside the city, I could here her voice a calling

Calling love I fear you've fallen and I fear I've done the same

Or was that just an echo of the screams that I've been thinking

On a sweaty windless tired night, with no one else to blame.

REFRAIN

I'm camped out on the edge now, of the gap that I've been seeking

My eyes are sore and leaking, tears of close but far away

I can hear my love a singing, but I can't make out the verses

So I practice my rehearsals, and I bow my head to pray.

REFRAIN

I Wanna Be in Love

By John T. Wurzer

I wanna be in love

Said mama, wanna be in love

The way that you're moving in the barroom night

A subtle little glance and your dress so tight

Your hands on your hips and my reflection in your thighs

You've got my attention mama, temperature's on the rise

I wanna be in love

Said mama, wanna be in love

In the mayhem of a Vegas night with the windows open wide

The crazy neon lights a flashing, another man has died

You're sitting there across the room, sipping on champagne

I can see right through your negligee and I don't even know your name.

I wanna be in love

Said mama, wanna be in love

I can see you moving closer now, you turn the lights down one by one.

You're looking at me like a new used car, you say you're gonna have some fun

My mind is spinning pieces of songs, mostly hard-core rock and roll

With the wink of an eye, you're shifting gears, and I'm about to lose control

I wanna be in love

Said mama, wanna be in love

Wanna hold you tight

Wanna feel your eyes in my heart tonight

Wanna knock down all the walls between my deepest thoughts and your love machine.

Wanna show you there's a better life

You could be my friend, You could be my wife

We could let it go. We could feed the fire

We could burn the night. We could walk the wire

I wanna make you talk, because I've heard you scream

I've got messy slate. I wanna wipe it clean

I wanna see you once, just trust in something; something from above

I don't just wanna make love to you

I said mama, I wanna be in love

I wanna be in love

But the morning breaks, yeah, the sun comes up and you're nowhere to be found

I'm a lying here in an empty room in pieces on the ground

In a city of lust, I was such a fool, to seek what wasn't there

Oh fly me out of this desert, lord, I've just got to find some air.

I WANT TO BE IN LOVE

Mind Slip

By John T. Wurzer

Looking out over the flatlands

between the mountains so high

Baby, gotta see you one time. Gotta live before I die

Turning back all the pages. Can't think of anything to say

Guess I'll look out the window

Let my mind slip away

Let my mind slip away, into the cold black night

You know the room's getting hotter

It's getting harder to write

You know the lights getting brighter

Can't see beyond where it shines

Let my mind slip away, and I'll run so far behind

Try to look out to the horizon

But you know it's too far to see

Try to tell my friends and lovers that they can't depend on me

Tried to get on that old airplane and get these thoughts out of my head

Try to let my mind slip away from me while I'm lying in your bed.

Let my mind slip away, into the cold black night

You know the room's getting hotter

It's getting harder to write

You know the lights getting brighter

Can't see beyond where it shines

Let my mind slip away, and I'll run so far behind

Went to the cashier this morning

Found that the money was gone

Came into town in a Cadillac, by a freight train I'll be gone

Couldn't lose these thoughts of you, though I lost most all the rest

I let my mind slip away from me, putting it to the test.

Let my mind slip away, into the cold black night

You know the room's getting hotter

It's getting harder to write

You know the lights getting brighter

Can't see beyond where it shines

Let my mind slip away, and I'll run so far behind

Long Gone Into Wrong

By John T. Wurzer

Talking about freedom

People talking bout justice

People talking bout people

Anyone you can trust is

Probably hiding their secrets

And withholding their taxes

I tell you baby, I'm a wounded man and I can't relax.

Is it just you

Or is it part of me

Is it just one more place that I don't wanna know

One more face that I don't wanna see

And every time I finally get to that place, the place where I think I belong

I find I'm getting long gone into wrong.

I got caught in the act of

Seeking the future

A fistful of money

Yeah, I knew I was too sure

A man in a blue suit

He handed me paper

Told me to sign it

Took my money and told me to wait there

Is it just you

Or is it part of me

Is it just one more place that I don't wanna know

One more face that I don't wanna see

And every time I finally get to that place, the place where I think I belong

I find I'm getting long gone into wrong.

I got stuck on an island

I thought I was dead when

A beautiful native

Cradled my head then

Kissed me all over

I thought it was heaven

I fell asleep and when I awoke

they were throwing me in the oven.

Second Wind

By John T. Wurzer

And Oh ain't that the wind that howls your name

And Oh ain't that the grass that’s turning black beneath your feet

And doesn't this man still look the same

After turning his heart into boiling flesh

Beneath your torrid heat.

And they tell me it's spontaneous thought

And that the clocks wind that way

And that the girl in the red dress at the diner last May was nothing more than an illusion

A fantasy in a red light

With a shadow

And a man

No, No, a boy

Searching for a place that he might find that inner light an blow his brains out with revelation.

Tomorrow is the paradox

The next day a parody

Today a comedy

And yesterday a mime

I thought of that one day sitting in a bakery with lots of rising dough.

It was the yeast I could do under the circumstances

And the wild wind blew around me in swirls of flour and sugar

And I wrestled myself for awhile and cursed the miracle of my birth

And I threw my arms up in the air because I knew this wasn't a story

And I knew you once, for awhile, I think it was back in Colorado,

in the sixties with a peace pipe and nudity

And you were mending clothes in a Taylor shop on Brackenridge street where the wind always blew dust on your aging smile

We met because the dead cat in the street drew us together in sorrow and resolve

And a certain usefulness without which even we might have drown in the sewer.

And there were good friends and wild species and strange men and vampires along the way

But we managed to stay away from the wind that was slowly strangling strangers

And built ourselves a reason to say I love you

But the tear gas is flying now

And your eyes are glassy with doubt

And I know on the outside it seems like I'm a vagrant and a fool

But inside, where the wheels have been spinning I'm obsessed with the wind and the way that things change so unexpectedly

So don't curse me when I'm down and ugly

Curse me when I'm dapper

With smiles

And antics

And barometers of ecstasy, charm, and allure

'Cause it don't hurt so much then.

When the trees burn

And the sky melts

And the brain leaks images of tropical scenes and drains

And the wind is like sulfur

And it burns a hole inside my universe.