Cancerous Etchings

All Songs Written by John T. Wurzer

C1987 Help Yourself Music

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Self Portrait

Written by John T. Wurzer

When they paint a portrait of my life, they'll say he wasted a thousand words.

When they burn a candle to my name, they'll say his dreams were cut in thirds.

They'll say, at first he was true to the life he had to give.

But then again still he knew that his loved one had to live.

And though a friend is an anchor to a boat adrift at sea.

There isn't time to satisfy all three.

Though he tried like hell to be.

When they take the stories from my mind, they'll say he must have been quite strange.

Getting caught in buried scenes of rhyme, and hoping others still could change.

They'll say, at first he was lost like a dog without a trail.

But then again through the frost, he would burrow like a snail.

And though a friend is a naked slave to comrades running free.

There isn't time to satisfy all three.

Though he tried like hell to be.

When they paint a portrait of my soul, they'll say it never passed their lips.

Fearing that a life could still be whole, they'll dip their potato chips.

They'll say, at first he was a fool to try to open up his eyes.

But then again he was a child because he acted much to shy.

And though a friend gives his troubled time to change your history.

There isn't time to satisfy all three.

Though he tried like hell to be.

Piles of Manure

By John T. Wurzer

Well I went down to the bakery store just to watch the bread rise.

It never left the checkered floor so I closed up my eyes.

All this middle-class erotica so profound and so pure,

It fills my mind with thunderstorms and piles of manure.

Now I'm breathing in my latest breath and the air tastes like soap.

I'm a watching twenty businessmen as they struggle to cope.

They're all sure they're headed somewhere but none of them are sure

Is it paradise or someone else's pile of manure?

A four year old Chicano girl who flies like a bird,

And a wrinkled man of sixty-two, he yelled and she heard.

She smiled and waved her arms a bit; then he gave her a cure.

And now she crawls along the ground through piles of manure.

Now I've been staring at the headlights of three hundred cars.

While the housewives try to figure out which ones just left the bars.

They stand upon their soapbox saying Christ will endure.

Then they bathe their minds in Falcon Crest and piles of manure.

Now I've been reading in the headline news and getting quite upset.

The politics of politics are deceit, loss, and regret.

It's like shopping for a used car that's supposed to be newer.

You end up stranded on the highway with a pile of manure.

Now you can hide it in your closet,

You can bury it at noon,

You can put it on a spaceship and send it to the moon.

But no matter where you send it it'll still be in the air.

And every time you take a step you'll know that it was there.

And so I open up my eyes again and the bread is growing mold.

Reflected in the window is a child who's growing old.

He's humming strangled melodies that have little allure.

And he's wondering if this song is just a pile of manure.

Well I went down to the bakery store just to watch the bread rise.

It never left the checkered floor, so I closed up my eyes.

All this middle class erotica so homespun and pure.

It fills my mind with thunderstorms and piles of manure.

Terminal Disease

Written by John T. Wurzer

I've got a terminal disease, oh yeah.

I've got a terminal disease, oh yeah.

I can feel it flowing around my ankles, I feel it running up my knees,

And it echoes in my earlobes like an infant crying please.

And it frightens me to think there're more important things than these.

That could leave you all alone with a terminal disease.

Oh yeah.

I've got nobody to relate to, oh yeah.

I've got nobody to relate to, oh yeah.

And the only consolation that I find in this here zoo.

Is a picture of the paradise that I couldn't build for you.

With its jewels and tiny diamonds held on by pauper's glue.

It could leave you all alone with nobody to relate to.

Oh yeah.

No they don't have to give me a baboon's heart or a monkey's piece of mind.

Or hook me up to a computer while my illness is defined.

They can take their strange technology and boil it in a pot

Cause I don't need no diagnosis, cause I know just what I've got!

I've got a terminal disease

Oh yeah

My mind has scattered and dissolved, oh yeah.

My mind has scattered and dissolved, oh yeah.

I see a world of violent shoppers, I don't want to get involved.

Everybody wants a handkerchief now that Kleenex has evolved.

It's like a retard and his puzzle that the wise men haven't solved.

I'm happy this away, my mind has scattered and dissolved.

Oh yeah.

No they don't have to give me a baboon's heart or a monkey's piece of mind.

Or hook me up to a computer while my illness is defined.

They can take their strange technology and boil it in a pot

Cause I don't need no diagnosis, cause I know just what I've got!

I've got a terminal disease

Oh yeah

A Wink of the Devil's Eye

Written by John T. Wurzer

Where we came from was strange

We weren't out on the range

We were half lost, half found

Getting not so profound

And it was odd the way that the world would pass us by

And the things that we didn't eat we'd boil or fry

So we buried ourselves in the carbon dust

Of a life that we knew we'd never trust

Getting sleep with thoughts of forbidden lust

It was hard to even cry

Walking in the shadow of a wink of the devil's eye

What I wanted was cold

I never thought I'd grow old

Got advice from my head

And figured I'd wind up dead

Though I never thought that I'd have the chance to say

That most people choose a life that they throw away

While the winds of heat that I cannot touch

Touch the flesh and blood of another's crutch

They discuss what it is that they miss so much

About the taste of homemade pie

Walking in the shadow of a wink of the devil's eye

And the devil is laughing all day long

'Cause he didn't have to write the words to this song

He just hid in the dark with his costume on

While the creatures of God would carry on

No decision was made, no law was passed that said

Don't use your head.

When I sought out the good

In this new neighborhood

I was shocked by the trash

And the price of their cash

And they would arm themselves with the latest protective chimes

While they laughed at the victims of their undiscovered crimes

So I hid myself in the miner's coal

For I could not find any worthy goal

Illusion and disgust are on patrol

To tax your every sigh

Walking in the shadow of a wink of the devil's eye

911 Emergency

Written by John T. Wurzer

Now the night ain't black, it's just burnt-up gray

I'm tired and hungry for a place to play

The red lights flash and the sirens whine

Must be another disaster or a violent crime.

And somewhere out in the night the victim moans.

While the hurricane town goes out in search of its mobile homes.

You lock the doors, you drop the blinds,

You shut your eyes, you close your minds.

It's plain to see that after all this time you haven't grown.

I'll keep on knocking; you dial the phone.

The freight trains howl, the crickets scream.

I hop on a boxcar and relive a dream.

No the time ain't slow, it's just carefully spent.

When along comes a baron trying to charge me rent.

And somewhere out in the night a mother's breast.

Runs dry while the child is too hungry to get much rest.

You write a check, renew your lease.

You go to church, you pray for peace.

But it's plain to see, by how you feast,

You haven't grown.

I'll keep on knocking; you dial the phone.

In a city of smells, the train gets slow.

I hop off in an alley with a drunken hobo.

Then he pulls out a flask that he already drank,

When along comes a cop who throws us both in the tank.

And somewhere out in the night is a prison of hate.

Disdain for the old, the ugly, the poor, and the late.

You say it's clear, they haven't tried.

Got no ambition, they got no pride.

It's plain to see, your heart has dried,

You haven't grown.

I'll keep on knocking; you dial the phone.

Well they set me free in the blinding sun;

My chances of survival about a million to one.

No, the day ain't cruel, it's just over my head.

So I find my way home and then I go back to bed.

But somewhere out in the night a savior is born.

Every day, every night, with a message to which he is sworn.

You shoot him down, you say he's weird.

He laughs at wealth, he's to be feared.

It's plain to see, but for your beard,

You haven't grown.

I'll keep on knocking; you dial the phone.

Now the night ain't black, it's just burnt-up gray

I'm tired and hungry for a place to play

The red lights flash and the sirens whine

Must be another disaster or a violent crime.

Light Bulbs - By John T. Wurzer

Now I remember years ago and I wonder where they led,

I'd spend my time installing tiny light bulbs in my head,

While many burned with anger there were some that burned with love.

And others simply filled the spaces on the ceiling up above.

And as time goes on I wonder what has happened to these lamps.

Are they still there burning brightly, being fueled by seven amps.

Or are they dark and useless like a night without a song.

I'd check them out and change them, but it would take too long.

Now it was seven days from Christmas and I was feeling warm and cold.

I couldn't make my mind up about the things that I was told.

I heard an ancient story about a party and some wine.

They saved the best till last and it was considered quite a crime.

The winery indignantly insulted everyone.

They called the host polluted saying our wine is the one.

A child tucked in the bedroom, he dreamt of fish and bread,

And watched as another light bulb burned out inside my head.

I can still recall a story about a man, who built a ship,

To house the helpless creatures in a world about to slip

There were two of every species and a thousand tiny minds,

And while the populace was chuckling this man would drop his blinds.

Well the rain it came on Friday, but at dawn the sun came out,

And forty days had passed before the sky had cured this drought,

They hung this man for treason and all the money that he misled,

And I felt another light bulb burn out inside my head.

When I think of all the people that I knew when I was free.

It makes me grab an aspirin and howl with misery,

They never spoke of answers, but they always had a point,

And if the night got cloudy, they'd light another joint.

We had parties to remember, and we had parities to forget,

We had parties to discover things that I haven't found out yet.

And it was at one of these parties when someone yelled the keg is dead.

My mind snapped as a light bulb burned out inside my head.

When I first felt love and rapture with the one I call my wife.

I got wild with strange sensations of the ghetto and the knife.

My head got thick and puffy and my arms were falling off.

My ankles were collapsing and I couldn't seem to cough

It was all so new and violent, so descriptive and confused.

Like a child whose mind is hammered, who doesn't know he's been abused.

I was sure I'd found religion, when a thief up above my bed.

Stole another light bulb that had burned out inside my head.

And now I search the hardware stores, you know I'm looking for a sale.

I'm looking through the Sunday ads and the coupons in the mail.

I've even thought of stealing, but it seems a bit extreme

Maybe I should borrow one, or maybe I should scream.

Because I know there is no answer and I'm sure there is no cure.

But I know I won't stop searching, because the quest has such allure.

Well I guess I'm in the dark now, all the blood is dried and bled,

And I need a couple of light bulbs just to brighten up my head.

Yes I need a couple of light bulbs just to brighten up my head.

Journey without End

Written by John T. Wurzer

Now I'm pausing just to find an image in my mind

Of such a lovely lady, in a world that stood un-mined

It was there just yesterday; I don't know how it got away

But I'm sure that I can find it, if you're with me along the way.

REFRAIN:

So take this knife out of my teeth, it makes it difficult to breathe

Rest your love against my chest and watch the tension wander west

I cannot vow to be your savior, but I can try to be your friend

And together we can make the time we spend

A journey without end

As a child I faced the anger of the warden and his wife

While I placed my dreams in cupboards, and I locked them up for life

And with ropes around my hands, I made my private stands

And I'm sure that they're still out there though they lie in foreign lands.

REFRAIN

As a young man I was free and I bellowed my decree

Blazing trails through caves and caverns, staying up till half past three

And with a suitcase and guitar I chased the rising star

And I'm sure that it's still out there running fast and going far.

REFRAIN

Getting older was a crime, and I found no true design

To match the crazy patterns, or to trace the crooked line

And with a woman by my side, I discarded ideal pride

To grab respect and money, on a lifetime circus ride

REFRAIN

No Aim

Written by John T. Wurzer

There is no aim; with the banjo and the knife.

There is no aim; in that portion of my life.

I cannot fry; like the others I've seen drown

In a vat of boiling oil, burning circles on the ground,

Getting lost in all their toil, 'til they cannot hear a sound.

If this is what they call direction, then it isn't what I've found.

There is no aim to the faces that I've seen inside these places,

And the miracle of waste is that they don't know what they taste is

Just a sample of the paste as it will taste as it goes down.

Get out your smile; make it an answer to my prayer.

Get out your smile; just pretend that I'm not there.

Pretend you sweat; like an animal obsessed.

In a lair it claimed it's own, that the Pope had never blessed.

Like a private dial tone, that says I have a guest,

And pray that the apple orchards never put you to the test.

Get out your smile when I'm singing 'bout the bells that are ringing

Songs of someone’s beginning while my blood is still thinning

And the medals are pinning tiny holes in my skin

Although it's thin I'll do my best.

And in the night,

I get to dreaming of a song.

And in the night,

It turns to right from always wrong.

I have a dream,

Where the pauper takes the queen,

From a castle that she owned, to a place she'd never seen.

In a moment as she groaned, the world turned olive green.

Her diamond rings are empty, there are echoes on the scene.

And in the night when I follow, other men who get hollow,

It gets difficult to swallow, I go reaching for the towel,

I play the martyr and wallow,

Like a strange and ancient fellow, never tell, though I've come clean.

Lady of Love

Written by John T. Wurzer

It was two in the morning and the bars were all closing,

My cigarette burned to the tips of my nails.

I was watching the skies while my limericks were dozing,

With the hum of the night and the silence of snails.

I had turned toward the churchyard and sharpened my consciousness.

Took a deep breath and exhaled bitter helplessness,

Two doors away from my lady of love; let me find her.

REFRAIN:

She's been listlessly watching the fire as it sputters and hisses in rhyme.

She's been vaguely remembering a place, I've committed the same senseless crime.

And it seems just a glimpse of the past would make the colors all blend.

But that's not how it ends.

Now the churchyard was pavement and the doors to the building

Were locked like a fortress preparing for war.

I just sat on the doorstep and stared at my shoelace

And dreamt that this place was a house of the lord.

I buried my face in the hands of a vagabond,

Pressed on my temples and whispered to far beyond,

Two doors away from my lady of love; let me find her.

REFRAIN

She's been listlessly watching the fire as it sputters and hisses in rhyme.

She's been vaguely remembering a place, I've committed the same senseless crime.

And it seems just a glimpse of the past would make the colors all blend.

But that's not how it ends.

It was three in the morning; the circles were growing

'Neath eyes that were tired of pursuing a ghost.

I stood up with a vague resolve, dried the tears flowing

And set out expecting the worst from the most.

I lifted my arms to the branch of a chestnut tree,

Tore off a leaf and proceeded relentlessly,

Two doors away from my lady of love; let me find her.

Hungry For You and Me

Written by John T. Wurzer

It's quarter 'till two and the TV has died,

I'm thinking of you and how hard you had tried,

At a time when I carried a truckload of pride,

And kept my emotions all locked up inside,

And it's nobody's fault but my own that you tried to get free.

I'm hungry for you and me.

And when I think of the times you sat there alone,

While I was out working on a life of my own,

It freezes my heart and I pick up the phone,

Then stop at the first sign of a dial tone,

Hang up, punch the wall, and let out a groan consciously.

I'm hungry for you and me.

REFRAIN:

And when I'm making the bed I wonder why it's so bare.

When the morning has burned off all the wet silent air.

There was a dream in my hand and now it's only a song.

I've got a hole in my stomach that says I could've been wrong.

I've no cravings for wealth. I'm not hungry for muffins or tea.

I'm hungry for you and me.

Soon I'm out on the street kicking pebbles and weeds

On a slow trip to nowhere, but I know where it leads.

Like an Eskimo grandpa whose been stripped of his beads,

I'm just trying to find out why the loneliness breeds,

And why the rest of the world has such mysterious needs, but not me.

I'm hungry for you and me.

REFRAIN

REPEAT FIRST VERSE

Fat Women In Bars Alone

Written by John T. Wurzer

I got to thinking yesterday as I sat there by myself

In a smoky midnight barroom with an alcoholic elf,

There are many things in life I cannot stand to be around,

Like the ugliness of hypocrites or the heavy metal sound,

But there's one thing even scarier than all the others I have known.

Fat women in bars alone.

It's like seeing Aunt Jemima with a pancake in her hand,

Ordering a daiquiri and staring at the band,

Winking at a stranger passing by her straining stool,

And licking on her fingers trying to lure a lonely fool.

It's enough to make you want to only drink when you're at home.

Those fat women in bars alone.

I've been hard up for excitement many times in my young life.

I've resorted to some awful things. I even took a wife.

I've visited the strip joints and dressed in lingerie.

I've purchased porno magazines, and dialed the numbers that they display.

And there's only one thing worse than sex on the telephone,

And that's a fat woman in bars alone.

While their bottoms maul their barstools

Their chubby chins get wild,

And the more they drink

The more they are a menace to the mild.

And it may not seem so awful

When you're in a drunken haze,

But if you ever leave with one

You'll regret it all your days.

You will regret it

Fat Women in bars alone.

Fat Women that take you home.

Fat Women in bars alone.

Fat Women that you don't own.

So you'd better keep a clear head and learn to distinguish the dog from the bone,

Or you'll wake up with the memory of fat women in bars alone.

Time To Go Numb

Written by John T. Wurzer

It's crossing my mind that I can't decide

Between staying in the combat zone or taking a ride.

She rode into town on a mysterious breeze,

Coming out of the forest just to plant a few trees.

She lingered in silence, but she never shut up.

She was hooked on the coffee, but she hated the cup.

She would change her point of view when her mind was made up,

And I can't say that I fell in love.

But it's crossing my mind that I slipped someplace,

Then recovered in time to go numb.

It shows on my face that I got lost someplace

Between the start of this story and the end of this case.

Wandering into a house with those sparks in the air.

Ducking out of the rain, I met a comical stare.

She answered my glance with a multiple smile.

She breathed through her eyes as she stepped 'cross the tile.

And as soon as we touched she was gone for awhile,

And I can't say that I fell in love.

But it shows on my face that I slipped someplace,

Then recovered in time to go numb.

You can see by my stance that I've been caught in a trance,

Between the color of riches and a poem from France.

I awoke one morning and all that I saw

Was a lady aglow in a springtime thaw.

She had buried her husband in a grave by the sea,

Took a freight train ride just to set her free,

And when I last saw her she was looking at me,

And I can't say that I fell in love.

But you can see by my stance that I slipped someplace,

Then recovered in time to go numb.

It's been shaking my head that I'm almost dead,

Living lies of the innocent while laying in bed.

If she'd leave me for good, I could bring into focus

The rhymes of the crickets and the plague of the locusts.

But she comes and goes like the IRS

She drops by every year and she takes off her dress.

She straightens my closet while she's making a mess,

And I can't say I fell in love.

But it's been shaking my head that I slipped someplace,

Then recovered in time to go numb.

But It Made Me Blue

Written by John T. Wurzer

Girl, I didn't mind it when you left me but it made me blue

To find you cleaning out my kitchen cupboards and stocking up on my beef stew

Well, I've been with you so long, I used to sing you this song

And you would answer ooh, ooh, ooh

I didn't mind it when you left me, girl, but it made me blue.

Well, I was never one to argue with your dreams or criticize

You have always been the apple in the gleam beneath these eyes

But now you've got my stereo and my TV to go and it comes as no surprise

That I was never one to argue with your dreams, girl, or criticize.

Rain against the window in the morning always makes me wake

It gets thrown upon the streets and yards in a flooded virgin lake

But when the sun comes out, I always get up and shout, there are promises still here to make.

Rain against the window in the morning always makes me wake.

Well, I guess I'll learn to live without you, you know time goes by

I won't get too excited if your wrongs are all righted, and you come crawling back to cry.

Because there's little to say about love anyway, and it hurts too much to try

I guess I'll learn to live without you, you know time goes by.