Songs From the French Quarter

All Songs Written By John T. Wurzer

C1986 Help Yourself Music

St. Ann Marie

Room of a Different Kind

Time Away

Free Me From Bourbon Street

Barbara Jean

Saint Ann Marie

Written by John T. Wurzer

Well it's just like a woman of mine,

To witness all this poverty and lose her head.

Should've stayed in bed, instead of being so well fed.

And it's just like a friend of mine,

To come tearing down her doors and tie her down.

He always wears a frown, his skin is diseased and brown.

And it's a crazy revolution, devoid of democracy,

That witnessed the bloody massacre of my Saint Ann Marie,

REFRAIN:

Saint Ann Marie, Saint Ann Marie,

I swear that sometimes there's a little bit of you inside of me.

Saint Ann Marie, Saint Ann Marie,

And though it wasn't even your birthday,

You did it for the hungry man's sake.

You offered the poor and the starving a little piece of you birthday cake.

Saint Ann Marie.

And it's just like an old cliche of the times,

To say you've got to keep your woman's mouth shut.

It'll get you in a rut and get her perfumed throat cut.

And it's useless to bargain with thieves,

You offer them cake and they tell you that they wanted fillets,

Served on gold-plated trays and it'll catch up to you one of these days.

And when they've finished eating', they'd of wanted it all for free,

Plus a night of romance and rapture, with my Saint Ann Marie.

REFRAIN

And it's just like a drunk in a pool hall,

Shooting straighter than he stands up upon the floor.

Next to his latest whore, having put down a pint and then he asks for one more.

And it's just like a Lays potato chip,

When you eat one and then ask, "Are there anymore to eat?"

You try to escape the heat, but they keep throwing you tenderized meat.

And you've lost all your money at eight ball, so you nap beneath the shade of a tree,

And dream about touching the stockings of my Saint Ann Marie.

Room of a Different Kind

Written by John T. Wurzer

I can hear the droplets leaking from a scarred and bloodied heart,

And the postman isn't bringing any good news when we're apart.

It's a matter of firm discussion. It plays havoc with my mind,

As I rest my limbs while the moonlight dims,

In a room of a different kind.

I've seen a jazzman playing keyboards, I saw guitar using drums.

I've seen a man with a banjo stare through a wall,

And a stripper who stands on her thumbs.

But I ain't seen no one compared to you, who could make my eyes go blind.

And it's painful to wake in this polluted lake,

In this room of a different kind.

REFRAIN:

And this room has never seen you, and these walls will never know,

The way you wrap yourself around me, how your soft eyes start to glow,

The way our love makes simple phrases, into waterfalls of rhyme,

The way it turns a cheap apartment, into a room of a different kind.

I smelled the rotting garbage in the alleys, I smelled the sweat of a hundred guitars.

And I'm still not sure if it's possible to get drunk in twenty-five bars.

I was touched by the lady in the green dress, and she asked me if I'd let her unwind.

But I'm short on wealth, and so I'm left with myself,

In this room of a different kind.

Now they say that it's just like Paris, but I touched it and it all fell apart.

There are secrets that hide in the alleys, and they're ugly whenever they start.

It's a lesson in what not to pray for, an essay that adds bump and grind.

And the feelings dig deep when you're trying to sleep,

In a room of a different kind.

Now someday the tide in reversal will sweep away all of this zeal.

And the people won't know if it's part of the show or a disaster that seems too real.

And the folks who played vulture and victim, who slept while the wedding bells chimed

Will find out the pain can drive you insane,

In a room of a different kind.

REFRAIN

The way it turns a cheap apartment into a room of a different kind.

Time Away

Written by John T. Wurzer

Now it's strange how I'm so much more in love whenever we're apart.

You're all I ever think about, and obsession with my heart.

And it shows in my eyes I'm a lonely man, you can take me to dreams in the sand.

It's like writing a song for and orchestra, that gets played by a one-man band.

REFRAIN:

So give me some time away babe,

I'll come back with a stronger love.

Let me empty my head of self-righteousness,

Let me put on a velvety glove.

'Cause I could love you forever when we're not together,

You’re the only thing on my mind.

So give me some time away babe,

When I come back, like what you find.

Now when we're together, I feel so much stronger, and I think it's because I'm wise.

I don't give you a thought in the morning,

At night I turn from your eyes.

And I bring home the bacon and French-fries,

And I tell you that I've got to be free.

But as soon as you leave I get lost in a song,

And I'm not even sure that I'm me.

REFRAIN

Now it's easy to see you're mistreated, and it's easy to see I was wrong.

Now I'm shaking my head in amazement, and I'm writing a whole different song.

Like a wino who wakes in an alley, like a prisoner not sure of his crime.

It's a love song and an apology, I'm trying to raise myself out of the slime.

REFRAIN

Free Me from Bourbon Street

Written by John T. Wurzer

Make me a drink bartender. Make it play hell with my brain.

Make sure I don't write when I'm sober.

Make sure that I sleep again.

REFRAIN:

But free me from Bourbon Street,

Free me from Bourbon Street,

This isn't where my road lies.

Free me from Bourbon Street,

Free me from Bourbon Street,

The dealers and whores, the beer joints and stores,

Are tearing the retinas right out of my eyes.

Pinch me a bit of the spice love. Pinch me when I'm wide-awake.

Pinch me a smile from your warm tender lips,

And pinch me when I start to shake.

REFRAIN

Cool off the lust in my soul dear. Cool off the fire in my eyes.

Cool off the hot-blooded thoughts of your love,

And cool off a man of my size.

REFRAIN

Play me a song about rapture. Play me an old-time refrain.

Play me the one where we fly to our hideaway,

play me and I won't complain.

REFRAIN

So make me a drink bartender.

Barbara Jean

Written by John T. Wurzer

Now she grew up fast, and she grew up wise, in a city of lust, with a wink in her eye.

She wore a baseball cap when she went to school, and she made a hundred dollars shooting uptown pool.

Now she wanted to be another Lois Lane, another Barbara Walters, and she knew that game.

She started out on the street, with a paper and pen. She wrote about people who get up at ten.

She tried to sell the news, ran a front-page ad, but the truth don't sell unless you shade it bad.

She got stuck in a job that tore her castles down. She went to see the boss, he said, "Get outta town!" Barbara Jean.

So she left that place, she hit the streets again, she saw a dark cafe, with a red-light den,

She had a thought in mind, she stayed awake all night. She had to find enough money to make things right.

She bought a tight black skirt, and twenty brassieres, some high-cut panties and studs for her ears.

She hit the disco beat, in her high-heeled shoes, and she'd reach for the ceiling with rhythm and blues,

She'd caress the floor with her tender wrists, and then roll on over and stand on her fists.

She kept it up all night, just for drinks and tips, and when the clock struck two, she'd let you brush her hips.

Barbara Jean.

REFRAIN

Oh, Barbara Jean, Barbara Jean,

I gotta know, I gotta know, just what those initials mean.

Mmmmmmmmmmmmm, Aaaaaaaaaaaaha, Yeah Barbara Jean.

She's a girl of the eighties, she talks a lot, because her mind's on fire when her body's not.

I heard her yesterday, she said she's tired of games, she doesn't want to go through all those changes of names.

First it's Vivian, and then it's Barbie dear, then it's Bridget Joann or maybe Mrs. King Lear.

She said, "It takes too long, it's not worth the wait, besides working like this makes it hard to date,

And if I know what I want," she said, "I grab it fast, and I never expect any love to last.

Besides the past three years I haven't met anyone who cares more about passion than chewing their gum."

Barbara Jean

She wants a long vacation, she wants to travel alone, she says she likes it that way, you don't have to answer the phone.

She wants a twelve-day cruise on an ocean of love and a ten-day lover with a white satin glove.

Then she drifted off talking about all these scenes, got lost in herself and put on her jeans.

She flashes one last smile, then she turns to go. Well, I have to admit it was my favorite show,

And I wonder if someday, she'll get off the floor, put her dress back on and end up at my door.

Or maybe in jeans and that baseball cap, she'll come looking for me when I'm taking a nap.

Barbara Jean

REFRAIN

But that's the city of New Orleans, it's cake and it's gruel. It can make you a wise man, it can make you a fool,

And it made me sad to see how they shattered the dream, of my bright-eyed goddess named sweet Barbara Jean.

They took all of her, and they turned it into fire. She lost a pound of respect for an ounce of desire. Barbara Jean

REFRAIN

Oh honey Barbara Jean won't you come to me once, honey Barbara Jean won't you come and eat lunch,

Honey Barbara Jean won't you come to me twice, I want to see you girl, I want to make things nice,

I want to be with you all night, and see you all day, and when you're through with me I'll let you run away.

Barbara Jean

And when you come to me, won't you get down, Barbara Jean