Desperate Measures

All Songs Written By John T. Wurzer

C1990 Help Yourself Music

Drag that River

I'll Be Coming Home

The Boogieman

Desperate Measures

Dad

Where is Manuel Noriega?

Blues and Rhythm

Raise the Dead

Into Dust

What to do With You?

Drag that River

By John T. Wurzer

You can drag that river but you'll never find her

I buried her under the floor

Time and time again I would remind her

But she don't listen anymore

I'm talking about that piece of mind that hides there in my brain.

The part of me that kept me on the edge, not quite insane

I guess it's just as well that I am growing blinder

There's so much to ignore

You can drag that river but you'll never find her

She don't live here anymore

Take my money and my world of leisure

I don't need it anyway

Break my back and give my heart a seizure

I never really planned to stay

And when you've got the things that sent my life into a spin

I'll be standing destitute and naked, with a grin

I guess it's just as well that I am growing blinder

Because there's so much to ignore

You can drag that river but you'll never find her

She don't live here anymore

You can send your men into the endless desert

Strange oasis on a hill

Bend their ears to hear your evil whisper

Train their hearts to want to kill

And I'll be singing love songs to a bee’s nest in your throat

Right before the honey starts to flow, and you want a vote

I guess it's just as well that I am growing blinder

Because there's so much to ignore

You can drag that river but you'll never find her

She don't live here anymore

I'll Be Coming Home (Instrumental)

By John T. Wurzer

Written for dad, was supposed to have words, but it sounded too pretty to put my voice to.

I'll be coming home

I'll be headed back someday

I'll be there. I’ll stay for awhile

I'll be coming home

The Boogieman

By John T. Wurzer

The boogieman walks tonight

He's creeping around outside your window

With his face in cool green light

And his eyes locked against the way that the winds blow

And he's sticking his finger in a light socket

And he looks kind of like Gene Wilder

With a shotgun in his hand, and a switchblade in his pocket

While the wicked wind keeps blowing wilder, and wilder

And he's coming to get you

Yeah, he's coming to get you

Now

The boogieman slipped and fell

Broke his skull open on the back porch

Ambulance comes to take him away

Said they could put him back together with a blow torch

And now his lawyers are beating down your door

And they're asking you to settle out of court

Should've fixed that back porch step, that's for sure

Could've been raped, or strangled, or shot in several places

And they’re coming to get you

With a double barrel supeona

And the boogieman gets paid

Yeah, the boogieman gets paid

Desperate Measures

By John T. Wurzer

Blank thoughts, have nots

Red eyes and tired refrains

Long hair, a blank stare

Dirty water won't run down the drains

Drowning in data, I'm sure that you made a

Few promises you'll never keep

Struck twice by lighting, it gets kind of frightening

When you try but you just cannot sleep

Somewhere, out there,

There's a fireball of passion and heat

But right now, the same old plow

Is keeping me taped to the street.

Alone with a warped sense of pleasure

Half buried like some kind of treasure

It's time for a desperate measure

I'm here at your feet

A new start, a lost art

A quick vacant smile at the wall

Fresh lines, road signs

That are leading you no where at all

As you sit in the chair, while my canvas is bare

I start searching for places to touch

With your back to my face, you keep changing the pace

I keep up, cause I love you so much

Blame me, or tame me

Just find a way home, I'll believe

It's the last chance, slow dance

Just rest your head here on my sleeve

Alone with a warped sense of pleasure

Half buried like some kind of treasure

It's time for a desperate measure

Maybe I'll breathe.

Dad

By John T. Wurzer

Dad,

A couple things I thought I ought to say

Although we've had our differences I pray

That you're not mad

In times like these

They don't seem so bad

And by the way, I meant to say, “I love you.”

Dad

Dad,

This world of yours is turning into mine

What will I tell my children when they find

I've lost my mind

I'll say, "I do my best."

Look at all you've had

And by the way, I meant to say, “I love you.”

Dad

Dad,

I'm sure you'll make it through this lonely night

From what I've seen there's nothing you can't fight

You'll be alright

It's not your turn

Not iron clad

And by the way, I meant to say, “I love you.”

Dad

Where is Manuel Noriega

(Hee Haw does Panama)

Words by John T. Wurzer

In Panama City, the guns are a firing

Civilians afraid to go out for a drink

Americans crawl on their hands and their knees there

Bringing freedom and justice to those who can't think

Where is, Manuel Noriega tonight

I don't know he don't answer his phone

He sent drugs the world over; we warned him and warned him

We invaded his country and Plmphf he was gone

Don't mess with George Bush, he's an iron-fisted warrior

Sitting up in the White House with Barbara beside

Twenty-five thousand men at the touch of a button

Now wonder Manuel had to run off and hide

In the land of the free and the home of the bravest

We must have our way with the rest of the earth

It's a sacred tradition, back to General George Washington

To fire on our foes as we near our Lord's birth.

Now in most of the world they despise Noriega

Yet most of the world's telling George Bush to cease

In most of the world they're loving old Gorbi

So let them all move to Russia, so they can all live in peace.

Blues and Rhythm

By John T. Wurzer

Blues and Rhythm, Rhythm and Blues

Blues and Rhythm, Rhythm and Blues

Blues and Rhythm, Rhythm and Blues

Great big hole, bottom of my shoes

Blues and Rhythm, Rhythm and Blues

Got no time, read the news

I got a lover whose lace is twice as fine

Just can't wait till her face gets next to mine

Guess we ought to open a brand new bottle of wine

When she's looking at me, she looks so fine

Blues and Rhythm, Rhythm and Blues

Taking me on an island cruise

Back and forth, forth and back

I was born on a railroad track

Back and forth, forth and back

Black is white, white is black

I'm lost on the inside baby don't get me wrong

I'm the youngest son of a man named old king Kong

I'm watching those diamond earrings hang so long

When you asked for more, I thought you wanted another song

Back and forth, forth and back

Ice don't melt, just might crack

Turn me off; turn me on

Take my knight, leave your pawn

Turn me off turn me on.

Face turns white, makes you strong

When she's giving me everything she's got

I've got a hundred lines; she's gets so hot

Standing like a demon watching that boiling pot

She looks up at me and says forget me not

Turn me off turn me on

First you're here, then you're gone

Raise the Dead

By John T. Wurzer

The mail came yesterday. What did it look like, what did it say?

Two bills and a note from Mom and Dad. Tax forms and a drug store ad

I threw it in the corner pile. I only got time to stay awhile

I search the bright red carpet floor. I don't find what I'm looking for

Tearing up the railroads. Another Highway must go in

Electric cars and topless bars; my head begins to spin

Troops in foreign countries while gang wars rage within

Man at the convenience store says, “Where, the hell you been?”

City in flames, buildings burn. Everything stops, world won't turn

Silence walks but it makes no sound. Obviously it can't be found

I've been on the graveyard shift. Tombstones heavy, hard to lift

Spend all day trying to clear my head. Spend all night trying to raise the dead

Digging up my ancestors and torturing their minds

Hoping that my history will open up the blinds

Fought the jazz man yesterday, I don't like the way he grinds

His music makes me vomit, so my fist is what he finds

Tomahawk and the arrow gone. What you gonna do when the night wears on

I won't blink but I sometimes cough. Don't be surprised if my head falls off

This is the story of Geranamo. No place to run, No place to go

The more you live, the more you die. The more you see, the more you lie

I tried to disappear once, but my heart would not turn black

I tried to lend an ear once and they never gave it back

I'd bet my bottom dollar but my dollars never stack

That I'll be running backwards at the scene of the attack

Desperate men, desperate lives. Live their lives for desperate wives

Women say jump, they touch the sky. Women say beg, they don't ask why

Wake in the morning, feel O.K. Time to start another day

I ordered it medium rare. It came well done, now I breathe the air.

Into Dust

By John T. Wurzer

Can you hear those footsteps down the hall?

Is it a spirit come to call?

With a message from the dead

Meant to blow apart my head

Or is it just my pussycat

Wearing love beads and a hat

I guess it's much to dark to tell

Is it a cat or living hell?

I'll never know...

While the highway whispers promises of better things to come

I'm searching through my dresser for another shot of rum

But sleep won't come to me tonight; I'll walk the floor until the dawn

And all at once the morning breaks and sleeplessness is gone

I'm left exhausted by the hall

I guess there's nothing there at all

Except a footstep in my mind

Another restless thought goes blind

Into dust...

Can you see those colors on the hill?

Like a kaleidoscopic thrill

With a message from on high

Setting fire to my eye

Or am I dizzy from the beer

With my eyesight gone unclear

I guess it's much too bright to see

If it is God, or only me

I'll never know...

While the softness of you hand in mine reminds me of a time

When the only key to happiness was one more glass of wine

But now I'm looking into years that age and time will soon fulfill

And wondering what lies beyond that multicolored hill

Is it a city made of gold?

Or just a landscape growing old

Are they just colors in mind

Another restless thought goes blindly

Into dust.

What to do With You (instrumental)

By John T. Wurzer

I don't know what I am gonna do with you

How long can you act the way you do

Tell me where we're headed

Is this day the one we dreaded?

Time to hit the highway road and start anew.