**Cooling Off**

**By John T. Wurzer**

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**D-A-G-A etc. finger pick 136 BPM**

**D-A-G-A-D(2x)**

**The temperature is ten degrees below where it was just last week**

**I’m trying hard to take a peek deep inside my soul**

**The cicadas are louder and prouder than I have ever known them to be**

**They’re getting to me and it’s starting to take its toll**

**A-D-A-G-A-Em-A-D**

**I’m feeling cool and simple and examining the dimples on a lost golf ball**

**It’s the perfect breezy night by a fountain while the light of day begins to fall**

**And I’ve got no one to call, and no one calls me.**

**It’s quiet and quite peaceful though I’m feeling ill at ease still in my easy chair**

**Songbirds on the wind singing melodies that leak into my eyes**

**I cannot find the words; I cannot teach the birds to purge these restless dreams**

**So I sit here quietly with a notebook on my knee scribbling “good-bye”**

**I’m feeling cool and simple and examining the dimples on a lost golf ball**

**It’s the perfect breezy night by a fountain while the light of day begins to fall**

**And I’ve got no one to call and no one calls me**

**The bottom’s falling out; there’s very little doubt about what breaks this fall**

**Harder than a rock it will come as quite a shock when death drops in**

**The rare and precious few are now lining up to view a public dunking booth.**

**I’m feeling so much cooler; like a ruler soaked in mortal sin**

**I’m feeling cool and simple and examining the dimples on a lost golf ball**

**It’s the perfect breezy night by a fountain while the light of day begins to fall**

**And I’ve got no one to call and no one calls me**