**GREEN AND BLUE – THE ALBUM**

It’s been a tough year. Co-vid continues to be an issue that limits social interaction and my willingness to become involved with the greater Topeka community. It’s not that I’m worried about getting it. It’s that we live with and care for a 94 year old woman; and if I get it and give it to her and she dies (albeit vaccinated) I would never forgive myself. I also had two reconstructive surgeries on a torn ligament in my wrist that kept my left hand pretty much out of commission for 5 months. So…this Album is a little different.

**Quarantined** – This is an instrumental piece that I wrote on the piano while my left wrist was in a cast. I played the piano bass notes with one finger. I added the guitar and bass later. After a whole year of reduced interaction with the world due to covid; being sidelined with a 5 month wrist recover period made me feel…well; quarantined.

**Pop Music Today** – I’m not sure where I wrote this, or why I wrote it. It was shortly after the Capitol insurrection took place. I added the evangelical preacher about 6 months later. I’ll leave it up to the listener to decide what it all means. I think it has something to do with warped value systems.

**New Party** – I sometimes feel abandoned by all politicians. Everyone seems to have gone so far towards the fringes that there are no voices of sanity and reason left. Guest vocalist Charles Thomas Reber. Thanks Charlie. Party noises from Doug and Diane Goheen’s 50th anniversary celebration.

**Zoo Monkey** – An instrumental Mash-up of a song called Stuck at the Zoo (c2000) and The Straight Monkey Blues (c1996) – Just having some fun on the piano.

**Centrist Blues** – I still don’t understand why people can’t love each other; help each other out; and respect others’ freedoms. I guess I never will. “They” just don’t get it.

**Atlas** – My wife told me I should write more blues songs. This was the first song written for this album. “I used to love her more than any other. I used to live to hear her voice on the phone.” These were dummy lyrics which I was going to change once the tune was worked out. I never did. Also, after a bit of research I discovered that Atlas was actually “holding up the heavens”; he never actually had the world on his shoulder. C'est la vie. I don’t take myself that seriously.

**Time Machine** – This song kind of wrote itself. Sometimes I wish I could shut off the machine for a few years and figure out what it all means. Then again, I’m not sure I’d like the answer.

**My Time Has Passed** – “The force of human nature; it will lead you astray.” I don’t see how anyone can argue with that. I fear for the next generation, and how they will manage the mess that we’ve left them in. Mostly I decide that I’m too old to spend much time worrying about it.

**Cradled** – Instrumental from the 2000 album Getting Personal.

**Open Road Blues** – The words to this song changed so many times that I can’t remember what it was originally about. One last kiss. I think that was it.

**Green and Blue** – I was going to call this album Sick and Tired; then it became Nauseous and Depressed; then Quarantined; then Uninvited; aren’t you glad I settled on Green and Blue?

**St. Clair Sunrise** – Instrumental from DINKS c1999. After over twenty years I can almost play it without errors.

**Strange Year** – In the summer of 2019 I was sitting on the deck watching the hummingbird feeder with my mother inlaw and my wife when I started plucking out this melody on my guitar. I turned on my phone to record it. I found the recording (that introduces this track) this year and finally decided to write a song to it.

**Everyone’s Going To War** – This pretty much sums it up. “We know life isn’t fair but we all want our share; that’s why everyone’s going to war.”

**I’ll Be Coming Home** – Originally on a tape called Desperate Measures (c1990) which I re-recorded in 2000 in Owings Mills, MD. Still I had never actually finished writing the song until now.

Pop Music Today

132 BPM

D – A – C – G – D – A – G/e

G/c – A/d (slide 2x)

D – A – C – Em – C – A

*Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah*

*How do ya do ya! It’s so good to see all of you money loving souls out there today.*

*Welcome to the church of popular culture, where every vulture, and every reptile are revered.*

*Where hells bells ring for that that sells and things are only art until they disappear.*

*So get out your I-phones, your androids, your cheap clones and send your donations right here.*

*Never fear!*

I started to know when the ice and the snow took the glow from your eyes at dawn

I started to fear when each bottle of beer would scream in my ear, “You were wrong!”

I started to think long after each drink, I wish instead of my brains I had brawn

Then some young skinny tart with lust in her heart would climb up and inspire a song

Pop music today

*Yes it’s money, money that makes Jesus happy!*

*And when Jesus is happy, I’m happy!*

*And when Jesus and me are happy, you are saved!*

Pop music today is about anger and sway, egos and infinite nerve

They rant and they rave about things that they crave and the people who force them to serve

They sing from the heart, but the most selfish part, as if love were a useless hors d'oeuvre

I only hope in the end that instead of a friend they end up with someone they deserve

A selfish young mate

*Saved! Saved by the blood of the SPAM!* *Can I get an AMEN???!!!*

A selfish young mate who is seething with hate has to wait for a train in the dark

An innocent lad dressed in Khaki’s and plaid walks alone with his phone through the park

They swipe to the right, maybe just for a night, neither knowing if the other’s a shark

They meet in a bar, she jumps his sportscar, then the couple drives onto the ark

To hide from the flood

*Can I get a halleluiah, can I get an AMEN, can I get a PRAISE JESUS! Praise Jesus!*

The rain starts to fall, and it floods every hall in the capitol building at three

The dark afternoon starts to sing out a tune called “Watch out! I’m about to be free!”

In a moment like this, standing at the abyss, as the whale starts to swallow the sea

We rein it all in, but original sin, is a vision that we’ll never unsee

So we all start to pray. For pop music today.

*Halleluiah, halleluiah, can I hear some pop music from the audience? Pop music from the congregation? Pop music ladies and gentlemen? Oh God save us all.*

**New Party – John T. Wurzer – 142 bpm**

D

I tuned into the news today

G

‘See what the talking heads had to say

D E7 A

All decked out in their business dresses, expensive suits and ties

Headlines scrolled across the screen

As if every waking moment was quite obscene

It occurred to me that probably, democracy just dies

G A

When throwing somebody under the bus

D D/F# Bm

Is more important than the rest of us

The truth is a joke and good faith is a lie - Journalistic integrity waving goodbye

G A

Your channel just changes the villainous names

F#7 Bm

The facts and the slander; they all sound the same

E7

Everybody’s looking for someone to blame

A A7

It’s plain as the nose on your face - That we ain’t got a horse in this race

G A

If that is the left and this is the right

F#7 Bm

I need to find a happy hour where they keep things light

If the Democrats are that and Republicans are this

I need to find another hostess to give me a kiss

E7

Find another keg; another kind of beer

A A7

Wherever I belong I’m pretty sure it’s not here

D

I need to find another party

Headed to the grocery store - Out of peanut butter; needed some more

Low on beer when a voice in my ear said I should fill up the whole damn cart

Sign said I needed to wear a mask

Seemed like very little to ask

Virus running wild, even a child

Could see the wisdom in playing it smart

Until a redneck band of red hatted fools

Hellbent on destruction and breaking the rules

Came storming in with germs on their lips

And AR-15s hanging off of their hips

‘Til they froze where they stood because the whole neighborhood

Was burned to the ground by the righteous and good

Speaking their truths while hiding under their hoodies

It’s as plain as the nose on your face

We ain’t got a horse in this race

Centrist Blues

E blues – 132 BPM

Lean to the left

Lean to the right

Lean in the morning

Fall down at night

Take a stand for the center, all who enter, be a part of this nation

And if we disagree, you and me, let’s use words and persuasion

You don’t look like me

I don’t look like you

But we both could be free

To do the things that we do

I’ll show you respect, what the heck, that could come back in fashion

We could find common ground, founded on love and compassion

*Turn off your phone sit alone on a hillside at sunset*

*Or on a beach facing east as the birds serenade the dawn*

*Soak up the sounds of the world when it sings without voices*

*The choice is yours, live in peace or at least don’t try to tear it all down.*

You might be black

Or you might be white

You might be loose

You might be uptight

You might be trans, cis, a boy or a girl, or confused

Just be who you are, let’s not spar about the labels we choose

Just yesterday,

It was so wrong to say “they”,

Then I woke and I found

Now it’s the safest pronoun

It’s hard to keep up when I’m older than the truth that you’re telling

That’s it’s okay, I’ll still try, but please give me some time and stop yelling.

**Atlas**

**By John T. Wurzer – E blues – E – A7 – E – A7 etc.**

**Capo 5 – 120 bpm**

**I used to love her more than any other**

**I used to live to hear her voice on the phone**

**I used to dream about getting clean**

**Without knowing what it means to have to sleep all alone**

**I used to rise above everyone’s eyes**

**When love tried to paralyze me down to the bone**

**I should have told her I was frost-bit and colder**

**With a world on each shoulder, and a long way from home**

**Most every morning, without a warning**

**Storm clouds are forming on the cusp of my heart**

**You hear the wind blow, outside our window**

**Where did our love go? And why won’t it start?**

**I used to care about I can’t share without**

**Feelings that scare me like a poisonous dart**

**Wish I was stronger, but I can’t make it any longer**

**With a world on each shoulder and no song in my heart**

**The blues I’m feeling, they go straight through the ceiling**

**And although I’m not kneeling, I’m feeling my age**

**The left is lazy, the right is crazy**

**At night I’m hazy like a comatose sage**

**I used to wonder, why does the thunder**

**Tear me asunder and rattle my cage**

**While bolts of lighting, are never frightening**

**Like a world on each shoulder while I’m up on the stage**

**And just like mighty Atlas, the fact is; I picked the wrong side**

**I fight when I should flight, when I should stand and fight I take to the sky**

**When I should stop and say hello and show you that I care I say goodbye**

**I got a world on each shoulder. I got a tear in each eye.**

Time Machine – 144 bpm

I’m dying on the inside every night when I’m falling asleep

I got feelings I don’t talk about and heartaches that are mine to keep

I can see it going sideways, like a nightmare with a frozen tongue

In the morning I’m another day older with no place to run

The words are spinning backwards like a dead man that I can’t turn on

They remind me of a smokey Texas dorm room and a Beatles song

Frozen in my memory like a cockroach in a cube of ice

I never talk about my feelings, I keep quiet if I can’t be nice

My mama used to tell me that I probably should have finished school

I kept doing unto others, but they didn’t know the golden rule

I woke up in a snowbank in the backwoods of a frozen soul

Started hiking up the mountain searching for a dream to make me whole

I finally reached the summit; was an edifying sight to see

Diamonds in my earlobes, on my ankles, and around my knee

Piles of useless money, even more waiting there in my phone

It could have been a dreamworld if I dreamed of being alone.

Yeah, it would have been a dreamworld if I ever dreamed of being alone.

Spinning out of control in this time machine

Years of searching for gold and trying to get clean

Struggling through barbed wire and kerosene

I’m sure you know what I mean

Every week is an hour when you’re under the power

Of sleeps precious trance; until by chance

You awake

**My Time Has Passed – By John T. Wurzer – 138 bpm**

**C D7**

**The force is always with you and the planets align**

**I’m trying hard to kiss you through this mask of mine**

**E7 Am**

**I catch your slippery eye and then I set it free**

**Money cannot buy the things you can’t get from me**

**D7 G**

**My days were always numbered; now my number’s up**

**They dumped a second dustbowl in my coffee cup**

**F Em Dm C G**

**Winter winds are blowing icy pellets full of snow into my aching bones**

**Hot torrential rain sets fire to my brain and now I’m all alone**

**F Em Am Dm G C**

**My time has passed. It’s your world now.**

**The force of human nature, it will lead you astray**

**Tempt you like a creature from some nightmare yesterday**

**Where everything you touched turned into lies and regret**

**And love was like a crutch or just some useless household pet**

**Sitting on your wounded knee and begging for a scratch**

**Love will never set you free, but it can burn without a match**

Open Road Blues

A blues with baseline – 148 bpm

A – E-G-A

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

D7-----E7

A – E-G-A

D-C-A-G-A

Meet me for another on the open road

Step back and unwind

Pedal to the metal, let the world explode

No telling what we’ll find

Sanity battered; the speed limit shattered

And a thousand miles behind

Meet me for another on the open road

Don’t treat me so unkind

The ice is melting and there’s water running under our bridge

There’s a new world waiting for us just over that ridge

But we’re standing here face to face, eye to eye, you and I

We can’t catch any fish

Meet me for another on the open road

Grant me one last wish

A basket of fruit and a bottle of wine

That’s where we belong

Both of us seemed to be feeling fine

Until everything went wrong

The earth started shaking, hearts started breaking

I couldn’t even write a song

Meet me for another on the open road

We’ve been stuck in here too long

Green and Blue

134 bpm

E – A – G – E (2x)

A-G- A-G - B7

Refrain – walk up to A7 and play blues.

Well it’s midnight, and I’m soaking in green and blue

Constantly thinking of you

And the things that we used to do

When we were younger and full of dreams

Well it’s midnight. And I wonder if a day will dawn

When the reaper standing out on my lawn

Will let me know that I can’t go on

And it’s time for a change of regimes

I’m frozen, in an ice box full of doubt

With no signal, and I can’t call out

It doesn’t matter if I scream and shout

It doesn’t matter what I say

I need a brand-new day

I need to find a way

But it’s midnight

It’s midnight, and the writing is there on the wall

In some ancient Egyptian scrawl

Maybe it doesn’t say anything at all

But it’s about to fall into my brain

And it’s midnight, not tomorrow or yesterday

Inside my eyelids the colors just play

Painting truths that won’t go away

And they’re driving me insane

Strange Year

160 bpm

Dm – A7-G-Dm

Gm – Dm

Dm – A7-G-Dm

Wind and rain and change in the climate

A peak so high that no one can climb it

Tireless virus, guns in the state house

Strange, down to the bone

Hate groups, fate groups, alternate faith groups

Tesla, NASCAR, militant shock troops

CNN, a FOX on the prowl

Strange, how I feel alone

I’m not sure just how we got here

You’re in love; and I need a cold beer

Speak out, freak out, sit home and geek out

Wait for another year

Black lives matter; pacifists scatter

Lootings, shootings, windows all shatter

Good cops, bad cops, God save the pawn shops

Living in the danger zone

White lives wasted, bloodlines erased it

Drives them mad, that they never tasted

Sportscars, strip bars, Cuban cigars

Burns them down to the bone

Dammed up rivers, freeze as they shiver

Solar panels cannot deliver

Coal plants, choking, nobody’s joking

Somebody should have known

Pipelines, fracking, knuckles are cracking

Windmills, cold chills, thank you for asking

Gas lines splinter, Nuclear winter

Polar winds have blown

Everyone’s Going to War - By John T. Wurzer - Key of G – Waltz Rhythm 176 bpm

The psycho white right is up on its haunches

prepared to fight to the death

The lame-ass left wing cancel culture won’t sing

“Kumbaya” cause they’re all out of breath

The bible belt tightens, around waists that are growing

Winds are blowing loose trash down the street

The socialist sick-o sympathetic pathetics

Want lives to be twice as complete

In every encampment the virus runs rampant

Yet they march through the streets by the score

Hatred blocks out the sun and nothing gets done

Because everyone’s going to war

The good and the bad; the old man, the lad;

They’re all chanting and waving their signs

The stale and the new; the many, the few

The straight shooters, the looters, the mimes

The nationalist fascists; the Q-anon asses

The transphobic flag waving boobs

The lost gender benders; the fluid pretenders

The LG’s, the BT’s, and the Q’s

On every level, they all want to be special

And that’s why they’re all keeping score

They know…life isn’t fair; but they all want their share

That’s why everyone’s going to war

We killed all our natives; thought we were the greatest

And destined to rule shore to shore

We bought and sold others as if they weren’t our brothers

‘Til we freed them to starve and live poor

We tore Hitler down, saving cities and towns

Partied hearty in the new world we’d built

We dropped the big bomb, and torched Vietnam

And then choked on our shame and our guilt

Our life as a country is an ethical quandary

Justified by our God and our lord

Jesus Christ ain’t it funny, all this power and money and

Still everyone’s going to war.

We know life isn’t fair but we all want our share

There’s a chill in the air and it’s harder to care because Everyone’s…

I’ve got the world on my phone but I feel so alone because Everyone’s…