The Laundromat Next-door

Song Notes

All Songs Written By John T. Wurzer

Dirty Piece of Work

St. Louis, Missouri 2021

* After a most unsatisfactory burger with a most satisfactory group of people in St. Louis; someone suggested going to the store next door for ice cream. My sister said, “The Store Next Door”, that would make a good song title. Once we got the ice cream it started to rain outside. We had planned on walking while eating the ice cream; and we decided to stop into the Laundromat next door to the ice cream place to eat our ice cream. I couldn’t help but notice that the clock in the laundromat wasn’t working and had stopped many hours earlier. The next day during my drive back from Topeka I stopped at a less than reputable bar and wrote this poem/song. Thanks to my sister for the inspiration. These were her thoughts on this song:
* *So, to me, the lyrics say that you can't sit in that laundromat because time has stopped, nothing gets "clean". So you're sitting at the bar/tavern next door, observing, realizing the dirty piece of work living can be.  As much as we "clean" we cannot clean up life. It has a sad undertone, bits of what people really want, as much as we try, and then the reality of life sets in. Choices are made that lead us to do a "dirty piece of work" to survive.  As well as putting up with a lot of crap!!  Then, your song gives just a bit of hope at the end, getting back to your own life, moving on to the laundromat next door...*
* Altar of the Son

After reading John Grisham’s The Confession I was inspired to write this poem. It doesn’t have that much to do with the book; as the character in the book who was executed was innocent; but rather expresses my opposition to the death penalty. The death penalty does nothing to deter crime. It is merely a tool to give victims family and friends “satisfaction”; and sometimes that satisfaction is given at the expense of an innocent man. The death penalty is also an affirmation of the theory that “People cannot and don’t change.” It is true that there are many evil people out there in the world that deserve to die. I just don’t happen to believe that human beings are the ones who should deliver that judgement and carry out that sentence.

* Sins and Virtue

I thought it might be fun to try to fit the Seven Deadly Sins and the Holy Virtues into the same poem. It worked out so well that I turned it into a song. My favorite line on this album is “Here amidst the wreckage of our egos…” I didn’t quite make there as far as the virtues go, it depends on what source you use. Still, I got the point across.

* Pickup Truck

My apologies to all right-minded pickup truck and gun owners. Just blowing off steam after the 01/06/2021 fiasco at the Capitol building in Washington, DC.

* Cats and Dogs and Babies

Shortly after Mr. Trump left office when I thought that our country would become fully vaccinated and life would return to normal, I found myself getting somewhat bored with social media and I wrote this song. Then the whole world went to hell and this song wasn’t nearly as funny.

* Climate Change Need

Vladimir Putin makes me sick. What is happening in Ukraine is sickly and terrifying. When it became clear to me that the invasion was actually going to happen, I wrote the first set of lyrics to this song. Now that it is in full swing, I rewrote it to that effect. It is shameful what he is getting away with.

* Winter’s Coming On

Also written shorty before the Ukrainian invasion. The entire planet is in a precarious situation right now. Hope for / Pray for / Send positive Karma / towards the eventuality of PEACE on this planet.

* America Burning

Self-explanatory. 2020 thru the Capitol “invasion” by Trump supporters in early 2021 will forever be a black mark on the history of a country that had the opportunity to make the world a better place; but decided instead to collapse in upon itself. We are such a selfish lot. It is shameful.

* Poor In The USA

Years ago during a political barroom discussion with my company’s CFO, he said, “People need to stop whining! America is the BEST country in the world for the poor and impoverished.” It pissed me off and I translated that point of view into this song. The entire premise that “If there are other people worse off than you, then you should stop bitching about it!” is ridiculous. Any country that includes people as wealthy as Elon Musk, Jeff Bezos, and Bill Gates; should absolutely be ashamed that there is even a single human being involuntarily living in a tent under a highway overpass. That’s just my opinion.

* Haiku

Just having a bit of fun here. All of the verses nestled between the first and last verse are in fact Haiku. I think I wrote this while waiting for my car to be serviced at the Honda dealership. I hope that bit of news doesn’t spoil it for anyone.

* Blondes Have More Guns

While stopped at a signal light, I looked to my left and saw a huge blonde woman driving a rusted pickup truck with a gun mounted behind the driver’s seat. I saved the first two lines of this song verbally into my phone. Once again, just blowing off steam. This is Kansas, however, and this song is more on point than some might imagine.

* Were Those the Days

I went to St. Louis in October of 2021 to visit my niece. I decided to tour my old stomping grounds from the mid-1990s in southwest Illinois by car in the rain. Before making it all the way back to St. Louis I stopped into a bar in Bellville, Illinois and wrote the lyrics to this song. Enjoy the moments everyone; you never know when you will realize that “Those WERE the days.”

* Sweet Sister Rose

I never meant for this to be a song but it turned out so well I decided to include it here.

* Everything Evens Out

I firmly believe that when it is all said and done that the principal of “Conservation of Mass” applies to luck, karma, and pretty much everything. Based on an old episode of Seinfeld.

* Maybe This is the Night

Just me having fun with a few Jazz Chords. I’m not dead yet. There is still a hint of romance in my smile.

Lots of love; hope for peace; John