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

Dirty Piece of Work

John T. Wurzer -118 bpm

Intro – G-Am-C-Am (2x) Verse: G-Am-D-C-G (2x) Chorus: Em-Bm-Em-D-G-Am-D-C-G

Let’s see what’s going on at the store next door.

The clock stopped in the laundromat, can’t sleep there anymore

It’s a dirty piece of work and the room keeps spinning round

The clothes aren’t any cleaner, they keep dripping on the ground

I started out just dancing with a shadow on the wall

The sun went down; I found I wasn’t dancing here at all

It’s a dirty piece of work and the sky is caving in

The floor don’t get not cleaner and my blood is running thin

Chorus:

I’ve been trying to find wisdom in this marketplace of fear

The silence rings like thunder much too dry to shed a tear

It’s a dirty piece of work and I will slave away tonight

My thoughts aren’t any cleaner and there is no end in sight

It’s Friday afternoon and the work week is to blame

The skies are leaking raindrops while my heart is leaking pain

It’s a dirty piece of work, but someone has to do it

Try to scrub it cleaner, maybe put a shoulder to it

The ambiance is nothing and the atmosphere a mess

The waitresses wear hot pants, and the bartender wears less

It’s a dirty piece of work, and there ought to be a law

To make it all seem cleaner, or at least require a bra

Chorus

Amber took a greyhound, toward the dark side of a star

She could have been a model, but the trainwreck left a scar

It’s a dirty piece of work, and so now she shakes her hips

Wishes she were cleaner, hustles drinks and works for tips

Rico raised eyebrows cause he had no time to share

His baseball cap is stained with bad decisions everywhere

It’s a dirty piece of work but with two young boys at home

His wife, she gets no cleaner; she’s got poison in her bones

Chorus

Megan is unhappy with the job and with the pay

She hates the horny customers, she hopes they’ll pass away

It’s a dirty piece of work, and she’s weary of the grind

She’ll never get no cleaner, and she’ll probably lose her mind.

Chorus

So now it’s time to leave here, drive, and find another place

One foot follows the other, must keep going, run the race

It’s a dirty piece of work, and I never asked for more

Let’s see what’s going on at the Laundromat next door

Altar of the Son

By John T. Wurzer 3/4 - 120 bpm

Verse:C-G-F-C - C-Am-D7-G – C-G-F-C – C-Am-G-C

CHORUS: C-G-F-C – C-Am-D7-G – C-E7-Am-D7 – C-Am-G-C

Johnny fought a war inside his battered mind

The good guys and the bad guys fighting all the time

Both sides claiming virtue; treat the other side with scorn

This war’d been going on since the day that he was born

Through his teenaged years he walked a crooked line

That led him down road, illicit and divine

Money, drugs, and guns, and women with no shame

They say he killed a cop though he was shooting at a plane

Chorus:

He tried and he tried but he couldn’t get it done

Swallowed all his pride, stopped having so much fun

His eyes were on the prize, but his heart was on the run

On the day that Johnny died at the altar of the Son

Johnny on the side of everlasting peace

Tried to compromise, tried to find release

Negotiating terms with enemies of state

Until he realized he’d started far too late

Years upon death row waging battles in his brain

The jury disagreed that Johnny was insane

He turned to Jesus Christ, found comfort in his light

While whispers of the Devil, still kept him up at night

Chorus

The day it finally came, no pardon, no reprieve

The judge said, “Doesn’t matter what he’s come to believe”

What matters here is justice, it will not be denied

And the war was finally over on the day that Johnny died.

Chorus

Sins and Virtues

By John T. Wurzer

Capo 3 play D – 142 bpm

Somewhere someplace far beyond the darkness

Is a world where ice is melting in the sun

The cold and bitter remnants of a blood feud dying

Vanity and pride are on the run

Chorus:

Here amidst the wreckage of our egos

Soaked in a malicious marinade

We must wash off the lust, the greed, and envy

And the gluttonous sinful idiots’ parade

Somewhere someplace past the coldest planet

Beyond our solar system floats a flame

Burning without oxygen or purpose

But giving warmth and wisdom just the same

Chorus

Why not change our course towards subtle virtue

Humility and charity and peace

Temperance, patience, diligence, and gratitude

And through loving one another find release

Chorus

Here amidst the pyramids of Pharaohs

Lands once lush and fertile dried to dust

We must wash off the lust, the greed, and envy

Love one another and find some way to trust

Pickup Truck

By John T. Wurzer – 180 bpm

G-G7-C-A-D7-G G-G7-C-A-D7-G Em-Am-Em-Am-C-D7-C-D7

He’s a rage-aholic aging FOX News junkie

With a body that won’t run out of bones to pick

He’s got a mustache and a beard he grows,

To make him feared wherever he goes

And captivate the women or make them sick

I wish that I could meet him Sunday morning

At his gun club on a happy Easter day

I walk right up to him without warning

Look him in the eye and calmly say

Chorus:

Is your pickup truck big enough

Will you get going when the going gets rough

Can you reach your gun rack from the driver’s seat

At home do you fly an American flag

And one that says fuck liberals and fags

Are these the things that make your life complete

He packed his bags and drove off on a road trip

In January twenty-twenty-one

He said to his wife “I really feel, I’ve got to fight like hell to stop this steal”

Then drove off wearing camo and his gun

In Washington, DC he marched on Congress

Spent the afternoon patrolling the Capitol dome

Posing for selfies and news outlets

I want to ask him now that he’s rotting in jail at home

Chorus

Still he wonders where is life went down the wrong road

And how he ended up all by himself

He’s got no job, he’s got no family

Sometimes at night he screams this can’t be

He’s gaining weight and losing mental health

He says that he was fooled by propaganda

And he didn’t know that treason was the aim

Didn’t know that he was on candid camera

Says that he is not the one to blame…but just the same!

Chorus

At home do you fly an American flag

And one that says fuck liberals and fags

Are these the things that make your life complete

Cats and Dogs and Babies

By John T. Wurzer – 136 bpm

Verse: C-F-C-Am-D7-G-C-C7-F-D7-C-Am-G-C

Chorus: F-C-D7-G-C-F-D7-C-Am-F-G-C

Cats and Dogs and Babies

That’s my newsfeed for today

Milk toast social media since Mr. Trump was sent away

No issues to sink my teeth into

Nothing that causes me to pray

Cats and Dogs and Babies

In my newsfeed for today

Birthdays, anniversaries, graduations, and new cars

It’s all good news, no virus blues, no sorrows drown in bars

Photographs of entrees, Tiki bars, and fruity drinks

Then more Cats, more Dogs and more Babies, wow this newsfeed really stinks

Chorus:

And don’t get me wrong, I really don’t miss the great pumpkin president

But lately I find that I’m losing my mind because I can’t find a reason to vent

I need someone to post that the truth is fake news and drive me completely insane

Because Cats and Dogs and Babies can’t keep me entertained

Movie reviews, new hair styles, and vacations at the beach

Thirty year old rock videos, and memories long out of reach

Trite inspirational postings meant to help me along the way

And then more Cats, more Dogs, more Babies in my newsfeed for today

Corny jokes from unknown folks and groaning ancient puns

Trite re-tweets, pictures of sweets, and joggers on the run

Recipes, facts about bees, and weddings on the way

That and cats and dogs and babies are my newsfeed for today

Chorus

Climate Change Needed

By John T. Wurzer – 128 bpm – capo 2 play c or cap 5 and play a

Chorus:

It’s cold as hell outside today

The winter sky is rebel gray

The wind chill froze the milk inside the cow

And we could use a little climate change

We could use a little climate change

We could use a little climate change right now

In Ukraine the heat is on, Russian soldiers up at dawn

And when Putin says start shooting; they aren’t deaf

One hundred fifty thousand troops in their camouflage and boots

Claim they’re hunting down the Nazi’s in Kyiv

Russian missiles in the sky, Russian bullets on the fly

Putin on TV without a care

Now it isn’t hard to tell that peace on earth has gone to hell

And that things are boiling over everywhere

Chorus

And back here in the states, filled with vengeance, full of hate

Fringe groups are expanding on both ends

While one unites the right, and arms themselves to fight

The other says, “Free speech we won’t defend”

While one side keeps on shooting, the other side is looting

Both claiming right and justice on their side

It’s getting plain to see that a middleman like me

Needs to find some other place to run and hide.

Chorus

This world is an ugly place when it wears this ugly face

Turning blind eyes to starvation and disease

Power hunger autocrats, drinking blood and getting fat

And doing almost anything they please

If judgement day is here, why not spread a little cheer

And start giving unto others love somehow

Find a reason to be kind, before we lose our minds

Yes, we could use a little climate change right now

Chorus

Winter’s Coming On

capo 4 – 2/4 time – 88 bpm

John T. Wurzer - Am-Dm-G-E7

Winter’s Coming On

I can smell it in the air

Clouds are lower colder bolder

Frozen days are here

Frostbit purple lips

Summer sun is gone

Clouds are lower colder bolder

Winter’s coming on

It’s been many years

Since I have felt this calm

Deep inside my cluttered mind

Is like a peaceful pond

Soaking in that pool

Comprised of angel’s tears

A naked goddess I once loved

Oh it’s been many years

Winter’s Coming On

I can smell it in the air

Clouds are lower colder bolder

Frozen days are here

They say Jesus was a man

They say Jesus was God

If Christ walked through our world today

He’d think us rather odd

We’re prone to hate our neighbors

Tho’ that was not his plan

He told us we should act like him

For Jesus was a man

The Haze of America Burning

By John T. Wurzer

132 bpm

Intro: c/g – f/g- g-g7

Chorus: c-f-g-g7-c e7-am-d7-g7-c

Verse: f-c-e7-am-d7-g7-d7-g7

**Chorus:**

**I was looking for love, down below, up above.**

**For brotherhood and hope I kept on yearning.**

**But all I could see in my newsfeed and on TV**

**Was the haze of America burning**

Black lives matter, yes that’s true

What matters more is what you do

With your hopes; your dreams and your desires

Build a philosophy of truth

For the next generation of youth

Instead of setting your own neighborhoods on fire

Chorus

You can argue about climate change

Whether its man-made or not so strange

But you can’t dispute environmental slaughter

Don’t bury your head in the sand

It’s obvious we need a plan

Cause lately if it’s not on fire it’s under water

Chorus

Your freedom and the right to bear your arms

And all those constitutional charms

Are righteous causes worthy of inspection

But please, let me make this clear

It’s wrong to drum up hate and fear

And to violently overturn an election

Chorus

Poor In The USA

By John T. Wurzer

E blues – 136 bpm

Chorus:

How lucky you are to be poor in the USA

I’ve been reading about it; that’s what all the rich folks say

Getting food is a SNAP, you’re on Medicaid

And disability pay, you’ve got it made in the shade

How lucky you are to be poor in the USA

The money you make ain’t enough to pay rent

You’re living under a bridge in a secondhand tent

People jog by scream, “G0 look for work”

But you can’t shower or shave, and you’ve got no clean shirt

Or half decent shoes, or money to pay

For a cab or a bus to get on your way

To a job interview for a reasonable wage

You wake up each day feeling trapped in a cage

And trudge down the road to the corner stop light

With your cardboard sign outlining your plight

Waiting for some guy in a Lexus to roll down his window and say

“Hey! How lucky you are to be poor in the USA.

Chorus

You’re getting tax credits, in fact you paid

For children you had the last time you got laid

Missions and minions fall at your feet

Freely giving you food when you need to eat

Armies, they drown you in salvation and clothes

And dress up like Santa, ringing bells as they pose

You don’t have to worry about insurance or loss

You’ve got nothing to lose, and nobody’s your boss

Yet you sit there as if there’s no goodwill at all

Looking lost and dejected as if you’ve taken a fall

Then the light turns green and the Lexus has to be on his way

And you say “Hey! How lucky I am to be poor in the USA”

Chorus

Haiku

By John T. Wurzer – 132 bpm

Verse: d-g-a-g-d (2x) Break Verses: d-g-a-a6-a-a6

Too many pages, so little time

So many jumbled thoughts and none of them rhyme

Can’t write a sonnet, can’t phrase an ode

Haiku’s I cannot do, the world is just too damn cold

Frozen in Kansas

While the years blow by the way

I have more to say

I have more to say

While I wait for spring to warm

Bring an April storm

Bring an April storm

Wash the icebergs from my heart

Make a brand new start

Make a brand new start

Fire up my destitute brain

Breathe, don’t go insane

Breathe, don’t go insane

Flipping pages throughout time

Knowing they don’t rhyme

Too many pages, so little time

So many jumbled thoughts and none of them rhyme

Can’t write a sonnet, can’t phrase an ode

Haiku’s I guess I could do, but the world’s just too damn cold

Blondes Have More Guns

By John T. Wurzer

Capo 4 - 168 bpm - G-C-G-C-D-G (2X)

Fat ass blonde-haired bitch refuses to wear a mask

Votes for Trump and carries a flask

Married an abusive redneck fool

Because she thought he was tons of fun

Now he passes out on the couch making love to his gun

Fat ass blonde-haired bitch pickets the bis and the queens

The lesbian’s, trans and everyone in-between

Tithes on Sunday morning

And worships Jesus Christ the son

On Sunday afternoons she makes love to her gun

Fat ass blonde-haired bitch screams at the school board

Using language that she would never use with her lord

She’s shouts they’ve got no right to teach

Race, sex, or evolution

Takes a sip of moonshine, and makes love to her gun

Fat ass blonde-haired bitch; gaining weight and spitting chew

Won’t get vaccinated, says you can’t tell her what to do

My freedom, my freedom, my freedom, she screams

It shall not be undone

Then every night, she makes love to her gun

Fat ass blonde-haired bitch yells the government is out of control

Cheats on her taxes, and prays for her immortal soul

Has a SNAP card, disability pay

And plays a lottery that she’s never won

Passes out on the couch and makes love to her gun

Fat ass blonde-haired bitch; lying in a hospital bed

Was sure it was a hoax, but now she’s almost dead

They’ll bury her ‘neath a pauper’s grave

A cedar headstone, will fade in the sun

On it these words, “Still in love with her gun.”

Were Those The Days?

By John T. Wurzer – 126 bpm

D-A-G-D 2X – CHORUS- G-D-G-E7-A-D

The places that I used to haunt,

I find that now they’re haunting me

From the Best Western Hotel in Chester Illinois

To Mascoutah where life set me free

Most of the buildings are standing

A few of them wiped away

In the drizzling rain with those yellowing leaves

A weather metaphor for the day

**Chorus:**

**Driving past people and places and things**

**That once etched themselves on my gaze**

**Southwest Illinois, as a middle-aged boy**

**Never realizing someday I’d say those were the days**

Red Bud and Chester get cuter through the years

Small town charm on every corner and street

While Sparta remains just as ugly as sin

Watching history skip then repeat

2nd Street and Nathan Avenue

A little bit worse for the wear

I searched for our favorite bars in Mascoutah

And found that both were no longer there

**Chorus**

Time passes much to quickly

Unless you’re waiting for something fine

We used to meet at a bar, change the oil in your car

We’d share a bottle of wine

Tornado watches, heat waves, snowstorms, car wrecks

And passions that were set ablaze

The hungry look in your eyes; no time to realize

Surprise! Those were the days.

Sweet Sister Rose

By John T. Wurzer – capo 2 play d – 136 bpm

Chorus:

Sweet sister Rose turned 58 today

The golden child

The teacher’s pet

The one who set the young boys hearts a sway

It’s a bigger world here in century 21

Systemic hate, so much on her plate

A career, husband, daughter, and a son

She danced her way through her adolescent years

Leaps and bounds, cheering crowds

Shrinking memories in her rear view mirrors

Married to a partner in the arts

Another breath of air, never knowing where

The struggle ends and paradise starts

Chorus

Middle age and middle of the road

Professor and her mate, settled and doing great

Unconcerned with graying hairs and growing old

First a girl, then a little baby boy

A house in the woods, always trying to be good

Bury sadness and focus on the joy

Chorus

Children gone and moved on with the show

No second chance for dance or romance

Winter winds begin to blow

Deadly virus puts the whole world on its heels

In a virtual space, growing lines on her face

Trying hard to focus on how she feels

Sweet sister Rose turned 59 today

All alone in the combat zone

The birthday girl is finally on her way

Everything Evens Out

By John T. Wurzer

A-G-D - 128 bpm

You never get anything free

Everything comes at a price

You stop to reflect on the things you suspect

Made the good times and bad times feel nice

Chorus:

Everything evens out

Something good brings on something bad

Whenever you start feeling happy

It balances out ‘cause someone else feels sad

Whenever a windfall rains down

On your humble happy home

Remember that somewhere someone just lost

Everything and that they own

Chorus

For every imitation in this window box world

There is a genuine soul doing good just because

And for every time someone has a chance to help and doesn’t

There is someone who sees the opportunity and does

Everything evens out

To every push an equal and opposite shove

Every slanderous vulgarity thrown out in hate

Is balanced by a selfless act of love

Everything evens out

Maybe This is the Night

By John T. Wurzer

Cmaj7 etc ad nauseum – 108 bpm

Just a little more innocent

Just a little more cognizant

It isn’t an accident

The way you feel

Just a little more time to ache

And maybe you’ll heal, maybe you’ll break

Maybe you’ll realize that love is real

Maybe the time has come for someone to step into the light

Maybe that someone is you and maybe the wrong is alright

Maybe I am the one and maybe

Just maybe

This is the night

Just a little more alcohol

Just a little crack in your wall

It isn’t so hard to fall

In love if you dream

Just a little breath on your neck

And maybe you’ll melt; then I suspect

Maybe I’ll realize this love is clean

Maybe the time has come for someone to step into the light

Maybe that someone is me and maybe the wrong is alright

Maybe you am the one and maybe

Just maybe

This is the night

Just a little more innocent

Just a little more cognizant

It isn’t an accident

The way we feel

Just a little more time to ache

And maybe we’ll heal, maybe we’ll break

Maybe we’ll realize that love is real

Winter’s Coming On

I can smell it in the air

Clouds are lower colder bolder

Frozen days are here

I’ve said everything

That I’d set out to say

Nothing about tomorrow

No thoughts of yesterday

Time is nature’s currency

Spend it wisely, let it bring

Love and peace of mind

Now I’ve said everything

Winter’s Coming On

I can smell it in the air

Clouds are lower colder bolder

Frozen days are here

Frostbit purple lips

Summer sun is gone

Clouds are lower colder bolder

Winter’s coming on