Traveling Fables and stationary sins…

What does it mean?

What’s it about?

What’s going on?

It was supposed to mean that we commit a bunch of different sins in a bunch of different places at a bunch of different times while on this road we call life; yet every sin in every time and place is no more than a paragraph in the existential fable of one’s own existence.

These songs are a few of the stories borne of the road and the lessons that it teaches.

Two Gummy Night – (Missouri 2023-09)

Sometimes the road is too long. Sometimes the wind is too high. Sometimes I don’t act my age and I’ve got no alibi. Yes, that sounds profoundly trite.

Take Me For A Ride – (New York 2023-09)

It feels like love at first sight just might be real and then it’s not. It takes a second case of beer just to write another song. Most of the lines in this song are absolute truths.

He Might Not Waltz – (Vermont 2022-08)

Male wallflower? Swarthy brooding type? Aloof corporate executive with a kink? He disappears into the backdrop and stays there mysteriously lurking, smirking, and evaluating a dance that he himself has never danced.

Thorns – (Texas 2022-12)

When the rose is stripped of flower leaving only stem and thorn, will the road spell out the answer to what’s the use in being born? “Hardly” speaks the spirit from out the smokey black mist. We live, we die, for a magic lie to justify that we exist. It’s a song that I’ve been trying not to sing.

Why Is He Your Hero? – (Maryland 2023-08)

Pardon me for asking but I just don’t understand how a conman, game show jackass became the leader of our land. It grieves me please believe me much more than it did then. My mind will blow to pieces if we let him do that thing again.

Tequila Anyone? – (Missouri 2022-04)

The first of a two-part memoire while frittering away a flight delay at Kansas City International Airport while enroute to Miami.

Security Camera – (Missouri 2022-04)

Part two of the above-mentioned frittering. I looked at the surveillance camera. I took the challenge and I wrote the story song.

Talking To Myself – (Texas 2022-12)

Like so many others, I don’t always listen to myself when I talk. Sometimes that’s a bad thing and sometimes it is for the greater good. When I’m not listening I’m blissfully unaware of whether or not my indifference is a positive or negative.

What Is A Life? – (Kansas 2021-09)

Every life is just one day away from becoming more of a life. Unless of course that extra day never comes. So what is a life? A cosmic accident? That doesn’t seem likely either.

No Matter – (New York – 2022-08)

The purpose of this song is to discard the entire hypothesis upon which this album bases its existence. Perplexing isn’t it.

I Hear The Music – (Ohio – 2023-08)

I do. I hear it. I hear it constantly. It is never a song as such. It’s more of snowstorm of words and notes struggling to find some continuity and purpose in each other’s company. I don’t understand why everyone else isn’t hearing these things all the time. If they did, perhaps other lesser thoughts would fade into the backdrop and the world would be just a little more peaceful and kind.

Goodbye Lady Blues – (New York – 2022-08)

An internet rabbit hole led me into the history of female blues singers, which led me to write this song that was originally supposed to be about my black Takemine guitar, which is hiding in a basement closet in Penfield, New York. How many song references can you find in the lyrics? There are a bunch.

Bells – (Ohio – 2023-08)

Before the late-night storm. Sundown strumming next to the tent, sitting on a vinyl ottoman, smelling of mosquito repellent and sweat, wondering if I can still grow. Wondering if I can still sing. Wondering if the bells can still ring.

Television From Another Millenium – (Kansas – 2021-08)

Someone needs to do something about the atmosphere in our hospital waiting room; or at the very least get them a big screen TV and perhaps Netflix.

Relic – (Florida – 2022-04)

Started as an autobiography. Became a song about watching Bob Dylan’s “Shadow Kingdom” video for the first time. I hear this might be Bob’s last tour. It is time. Happy retirement Bob.

Love Is A Long Game – (Ohio 2023-08)

Next year will be 45 years since I left Fairport, New York. I ran so far from my roots that it would take years and years to find my way back to them. Love is a long game to play. Say it. Love is a long game to play. Say it. Love is a long game to play. Say it. Love is a long game to play. Say it. (repeat fading out as if some kind of mantra.)

**Serenity Now…**

**John**

Two Gummy Night

By John T. Wurzer

Key of C – Capo 5 and play G

It’s been a long hot day living on the road

I met a lot of warm people but now I’m ice cold

Because ooh-me I’ve got nobody to hold me tight

And it looks like it’s gonna be a two gummy night

I’ve been miles and miles of tar and rocks

I got a graduate degree from the school of hard knocks

And ooh-me you know the world is not quite right

But it looks like it’s gonna be a two gummy night

Break:

Gummy number one and then I take a shower

Thinking I might still go out and catch a happy hour

Gummy number two and now I’m sitting in this chair

Writing silly blues songs in my underwear

Sometimes the road is too long, sometimes the wind is too high

Sometimes I don’t act my age and I’ve got no alibi

But now ooh-me I know it sounds profoundly trite

But it looks like it’s gonna be a two gummy night

Oh yeah it looks like it’s gonna be a two gummy night

It looks like it’s gonna be a two gummy night

Oh yeah it looks like it’s gonna be

It’s gonna be a two gummy night

Take me for a ride

 – 136 BPM – E blues

By John T. Wurzer

You touch me once

You touch me twice

Touch me three four five six seven times it sure would be nice

Then take me down to the river far below the mountain side

Touch me once, touch me twice

Touch me anywhere I’m bound to pay the price

And you can take me for a ride

Well tell me more

Tell me less

Tell me lies you’d tell a lover

Tell me compared to all the others I’m the best

Then take me down to the river far below the mountain side

Tell me more, tell me less

Tell me lies, take off that dress

And then take me for a ride

Well first it’s cold

And then it’s hot

It feels like love at first sight just might be real and then it’s not

Oh take me down to the river far below the mountain side

First it’s cold an then it’s hot

Open that door give me one last shot honey

Then take me for a ride

Well it was here

And now it’s gone

It takes a second case of beer just to write another song

So take me down to the river far below the mountain side

It comes and goes just like that

The music soars then it all falls flat

And you can take me for a ride

So touch me once

Then take me down to the river far below the mountain side

And you can take me for a ride

He Might Not Waltz

Capo 5 – Piano in Am

By John T. Wurzer

156 bpm 3 / 4 time Intro - 1st 4 lines of 1st verse then Em/Am 2x

Em/Am Em/Am

He might not waltz. He might not dance

Em/Am/G/B7

He might just stand there his hands in his pants

Em/Am Em/Am

Maybe he’s deaf. Maybe he’s shy

Em/Am/G/B7/Em

Maybe you don’t light a fire in the gleam in his eye

Am/G/Bm/C

The ballroom alive sparkles and flows

C/G/Am/B7

Couples revolving so light on their toes

C/G/Bm/C

Spinning as one, rhythmic, divine

C/G/B7/Em

While he’s frozen and silent, immersed in a rhyme he can’t trust

C/G/Bm/C

He might not waltz, fox trot, or jig

Am/G/Am/B7

Beneath his tuxedo he might be a pig

C/G/Bm/C

Maybe his feet are glued to the floor

Am/G/Am/B7

He might be a gigolo or maybe he’s poor

C/G/C/G

No Samba, no Cha Cha, no Rhumba, no Jive

Am/G/D/Em

He might not dance and you’re not sure he’s really alive (repeat intro)

He lurks in the dark alone in his mind

Searching for something that he’ll never find

Maybe he hopes. Maybe he yearns

Maybe he rues every bridge that his poems have burned

The dance floor it bursts with the ghost of a dream

Vibrating, pulsating, torn like a seam

Of the dress she once wore, and a promise she made

While he lurks in the dark and his heart starts to fade into dust

He might not waltz. He might not dance. He might just stand there his hands in his pants.

Thorns

Capo 5 Play G – Piano in C

By John T. Wurzer 128 BPM

Well there’s this [G]song that I’ve been trying not to [Em]write

I hear the [C]music when I’m heading for the [D]light

It keeps pm [G]running through the sewers in my [Em]head

Then I wake [C]up at night to prove that I’m not [D]dead

It’s like a [Em]face that I can’t look at in the [C]mirror

That [Am]laughs at me as if I wasn’t [D7]here

I close my [G]eyes and ears get on my knees and [Em]pray

But the [Am]images re[C]fuse to fade [G]away

Well the bloom is off the [G]rose. There’s a winter wind a [Em]blowing

I’ve got frostbite on my [C]nose and it [Am]might as well be [D7]snowing

Well the summer sun has [G]set, she won’t be back tomorrow [Em]morn

The bloom is off the [Am]rose[D] and I only see a [Em]thorn

Yeah the [Am]bloom is off the [C]rose[D] and [D7]all I see are [G]thorns

Well there’s this thought that I’ve been trying not to think

And it strikes me while I’m waiting for my drink

Like a blood clot it won’t pass on through my heart

It’s stuck in the place where feelings just won’t start

It’s like a nightmare that won’t let me fall asleep

Or a tear exhausted eyes refuse to weep

I cannot find a spark to breed a fire

And I fear my license for to love you has expired

Well the bloom is off the rose. There’s no poetry or violence

I see the curtain start to close, upon the audience in silence

All the trees have lost their leaves and their will to live and breathe

Well the bloom is off the rose. Heartache tugging at my sleeve.

Yeah the bloom is of the rose. Is it time for me to leave?

Well there’s this song that I’ve been trying not to sing

Why Is He Your Hero?

150 bpm – Capo 4

By John T. Wurzer

C/G7/C/G7

[C]Lately I’ve been [G]wondering [F]why is he your [C]hero

[C]Lately I’ve been [G]asking [F]why is he your [C]man

[C]Fingerprints and [G]mugshots and [F]still you give a [C]cheer

Oh my [C]God I’ve got to [G]wonder, [F]what’s your master [C]plan

[G6]Do you want a lying, cheating, [Em]fraud. Is that your [C]fate?

Or [G6]is it that you want someone who [Em]hates the same things

[Am]That you [G]hate?[G7]

Chorus:

[C]Why is he your [G]hero?

[F]Pardon me for [C]asking

[C]Why is he your [G]hero?

Even [F]though you’ve watched him [C]fail

[C]Why is he your [G]hero?

[F]Regardless of his [C]past sins

[C]Why is he your [G]hero

When they’re [F]throwing him in [C]jail

Jesus went to jail for preaching love thy neighbor

Ghandi went to jail for refusing to be meek

Now your valiant hero is going off to jail for

Trying to take away the right for a vote to speak

Do you need a sleazy conman to show you the way

Or is it that you’re pissed off that your next door neighbor just got married gay?

[Chorus]

I know you love this country, I also love this country

I don’t own a gun but you have the right to yours

It’s true that we were born here, but my father’s father’s father

Had a father who made his way here, from a foreign shore

So are we going to rally around a flag that says “keep them out”

And leave our lady liberty crying in her harbor full of doubt?

Now they’re throwing him in jail

Tequila Anyone

John T. Wurzer – 88 BPM

[G]Tequila anyone?

The [C]flights have all been [G]cancelled

So I snuck[Em]into this empty concourse [D]bar

A [G]quiet get away

While I’m [C]stranded in the [G]airport

I’ll [Em]write a couple [D]poems and [C]wish upon a [D7]morning [G]star

Be[D]neath a lighted [D7]archway

Sparkling [C]bottles reflect in the [G]mirror

With their [Em]multi-colored glass in amber [D]glow

[G]Tequila anyone?

The [C]flights have all been [G]cancelled

And there [Em]isn’t any [D]other [D7]place to [G]go

Tequila anyone?

In walk two more faces

A motorcycle momma and a tired CPA

A quiet get away

I get no bars upon my phone here

So I guess I’ll soak it in until I’m told to walk away

Beneath a lighted archway

Like lighthouses guiding the tongue

Quiet rock and roll in the darkness swallowed whole

Tequila anyone?

The flights have all been cancelled

Although I must say this delay has been good for my soul

Tequila anyone?

The flights have all been cancelled

And we’ve walked into this timeless faceless void

Tequila anyone? Tequila anyone?

It’s redundant to explain why I’m not annoyed

Tequila anyone?

Tequila anyone?

Security Camera

CAPO 2 - 124 bpm

John T. Wurzer

[G][Gsus4] [G][Gsus4] [G][Gsus4] [G]

Se[G]curity Camera scans me in the airport Tequilaria[D]

[C]Blinking red and haunting from the [D7]corner in the darkness near the ceiling

The [G]first time that I noticed it was watching I thought it happen[D]stance

And the [C]second time saw it I [D7]knew it wasn’t accident or [G]chance

I’m hypnotized; I feel like dancing. It stares at me while I sway to and fro

I’m convinced behind that red light is a goddess with hips as white as snow

And that she’s sitting there and leaning on her elbows. The control room lights are dim

Day dreaming that someday she’ll meet prince charming and then wondering if I’m him

Why [C]me? I sit here wondering; just a relic wearing sixteen year old [G]clothes

The se[C]curity guard that’s watching must be snorting something goofy up their [G]nose

I look [C]around, the lens moves sideways. Nod my head and it bounces up and [G]down

I squint my [C]eyes, it zooms in tightly. Purse my [D7lips and I dare not make a [G]sound[Gsus4]

Staring at the camera I start mouthing my phone number with my lips

I imagine that she’s wearing a gray uniform, black holsters on those hips

And that she watches me stop writing down this poem and press my lips against my thumb

And that she’s loosening her necktie, and sighing; as my cell phone starts to hum

Why [C]me? I sit here wondering; just a relic wearing sixteen year old [G]clothes

The se[C]curity guard that’s watching must be snorting something goofy up their [G]nose

I look [C]around, the lens moves sideways. Nod my head and it bounces up and [G]down

I squint my [C]eyes, it zooms in tightly. Purse my [D7lips and I dare not make a [G]sound[Gsus4]

She sends a text that says, “I know that you’ve been watching. I’ve been watching you as well”

“I’m dreaming that you’re here with me, our souls are intertwined and start to gel.”

I wink back at the camera like I understand precisely what she needs

Hit reply and text her, “Yes! Exactly!” “Let’s find out where this leads.”

She answers, “Lead, I’ll follow?” I text back IMHO

Surely you and I could share a drink and find a quiet place to go

“You might be right” I hear, quite sultry and I think I’ve heard a voice inside my head

She says I’m not behind that camera, I’m sitting right beside you now instead

Why me? I sit here wondering; just a relic wearing sixteen year old clothes

The angel here beside me must be snorting something goofy up her nose

She rests her palm upon my thigh and I’ve never felt so hungry and adored

Then they announce my plane is leaving, it’s last call for passengers to board

Yeah they announce my plane is leaving, it’s last call for passengers to board

Security camera scans me in the airport Tequilaria

Talking to Myself

John T. Wurzer - 92 bpm

[D]

Talking to my[D]self because I’m [G]stranded in the crowd

The [D]people are dry ice and the [A]music much too loud

Es[D]caping from the here and now in [G]search of mental health

[D]Drowning in humanity, but [A]talking to my[D]self

Talking to myself as if I’m standing at the mirror

The mirror doesn’t answer so I make myself much clearer

The New Delhi help desk, not much help, in fact they’re stealth

No assistance in this instance, I’m just talking to myself

So I [A]said to myself, “Hey [A7]self!” What the [G]hell are you doing [D]here

I got an [A]echo, not an [A7]answer. There’s no [G]chance my ears are [D]near

See I’ve been [Bm]fading away for a year and a day

Like a [A]photograph left in the sun to decay

Next to a [G]newspaper clipping sitting on a knickknack [A]shelf

An in[G]visible voice just [A]talking to myself[D]

Talking to myself, yes it’s an ancient exercise

Whenever I get overblown I cut myself right down to size

We used to have discussions about the future, love, and wealth

But lately when we’re speaking, I’m just talking to myself

So I said to myself, “Hey self!” What the hell are you doing here

I got an echo, not an answer. There’s no chance my ears are near

See I’ve been fading away for a year and a day

Like a photograph left in the sun to decay

Next to newspaper clipping sitting on a knickknack shelf

An invisible voice just talking to myself

Self. Hey self!

What’s going on? Oh you know.

Oh yeah I get it

You know I was literally like just thinking about you

Yeah I get it. Always thinking about yourself

So I said to myself, “Hey self!” What the hell are you doing here

I got an echo, not an answer. There’s no chance my ears are near

See I’ve been fading away for a year and a day

Like a photograph left in the sun to decay

Next to newspaper clipping sitting on a knickknack shelf

An invisible voice just talking to myself

Well it was good to run into you self

Oh yeah I like literally get it

What is a Life?

Key of C – 104 BPM

What is a life?

Where does it come from?

Where does it go?

A crocus in April

Hidden under the snow

What is a life?

Where does it come from?

Why is it here?

Every moment a struggle

Of anguish and fear

What is a life?

Where does it come from?

What makes it real?

The cradle or graveyard

Or something we feel?

What is a life?

Where does it come from?

Ever so brief?

The womb and the tomb

A bud, a dead leaf

What is a life?

Where does it come from?

I’ll never know

The curtain goes down

At the end of the showWhat is a life?

Where does it come from?

Somewhere beyond

The science and logic

The ooze in the pond

What is a life?

Where does it come from?

What do I care?

One moment I’m breathing

The next I’m not there

What is a life?

Where does it come from?

What does it mean?

The sum of the pauses

Obtuse and serene

What is a life?

Where does it come from?

Will there be more?

When we dance on the edge

Of eternity’s door

What is a life?

Where does it come from?

Will it make sense?

When we find that our minds

Were cosmic accidents

What is a life?

Where does it come from?

What else can I say?

It’s more of a life

Than yesterday

It’s more of a life than it was just yesterday.

No Matter

Capo 2

John T. Wurzer

[Am][G][F] [Am][G][F][E7]

No [Am]matter, no [G]matter or [F]substance

No [Am]problem, no [G]problem to [F]pose

No [Am]biggie, no [G]big E, ex[F]istence

No [Am]how, and no[G]where to ex[F]pose[E7]

Break

Ex[F]asperate, re[C]generate, [Dm]integrate, re[C]gurgitate

Ex[Am]perience black fear before you [G]fade

Ex[F]foliate, ex[C]coriate, [Dm]hurry up and [C]start to wait

Ex[Am]patriate, cheat your fate, and dodge the [G]blade – [Am]

Exactly react free and easy

Exploring, extorted remains

Ex-partner, ex-factored, and present

Extraordinarily wrapped up in pain

[Break]

Unworthy, unable, unbridled

Boxed up yet unopened and free

Unwittingly jailed by bad habits

Unwilling to go down to the sea

Break 2 – (Same chords)

Solidify the reason why, eventually we all must die

Show off your thigh. Let’s cross another line

Strain your eye, and try to spy a savior with a magic lie

If you see one order fishes, bread, and wine

No [Am]matter, no [G]matter or [F]substance

I Hear the Music

John T. Wurzer

CAPO 4 – 88 BPM

I told my [G]mother when I was young

I’m not my brother, his songs aren’t [D]sung

I’m not my sister her words aren’t mine

I hear the music [D7]that’s when I’m [G]fine[G7]

Chorus

I hear the [C]music inside my [G]head

I’ll probably [C]hear it [A]until I’m [D]dead[D7]

With every [C]sunrise a [G]serenade

Long after [D]sunset it [D7]starts to fade

I asked my family can you hear the song?

They wouldn’t listen. Their road was long

I heard the music they couldn’t hear

I lost my family. I shed a tear.

Chorus

I hear the music and the birds they sing

When I’m confused it sorts everything

I hear the music both day and night

I’ll hear the music until it sounds just right

Chorus

I hear the music deep in my soul

It’s only music that makes me whole

It’s only laughter if you learn to cry

I hear the music kissing me goodbye

Chorus

Goodbye Lady Blues

132 bpm

Capo 2 – Play G

By John T. Wurzer

[G]Goodbye Bessie [D]Smith, I guess I [C]stayed away too [G]long

You [Em]said please don’t [D]go but I [C]left in search of a [D]song

And the devil’s [G] going to [D] get me, for the [C] things that I’ve done [G]wrong

Where were [Em]you, Bessie [D]Smith?

 I looked [C]up and [D7]you were [G]gone

Goodbye Lady Day, I guess our time is finally through

I guess I’ll never figure out what a little moonlight will do

Them there eyes are rivaled by few

Where’d you go Lady Day, it’s true I cried for you

Goodbye Mama Rainey, your black bottom blew this town

I guess those moonshine blues finally tore you down

They only wanted your voice not your skin deep dark brown

They couldn’t prove it on you mother blues or steal your frown

Goodbye Memphis Minnie the levee done finally broke

You and your chauffeur hit the road long before I spoke

There ain’t nothing in rambling it’s a worn out joke

Your bumble dee bee stung my heart, the levee done finally broke

Goodbye Bessie Smith, I guess I stayed away too long

You said please don’t go but I left in search of a song

And the devil’s going to get me, for everything that I’ve done wrong

Where were you, Bessie Smith?

I looked up and you were gone

Bells – 128 bpm

By John T. Wurzer

g - g/e - am – c – g/e

em – d / em – d / g – am – c -g – g/e

I used to [G][G/E]grow, I used to sing

The wind would [Am]blow, [C]and bells would [G][G/E]ring

I used to[G][G/E] laugh, I used to cry

The wind would [Am]blow, [C]I’d say good[G][G/E]bye

I used to [Em]breathe, and fall in [D]love

I used to [Em]feel God up [D]above

I used to [G][G/E]grow, I used to sing

The wind would [Am]blow, [C]and bells would [G][G/E]ring

I used to smoke anything that burned

The wind would blow I never learned

My lungs were charred and scarred in vain

The wind would blow I’d pray for rain

I used to breathe and fall in love

I used to feel God up above

I used to grow, I used to sing

The wind would blow, and bells would ring

There are no [Em]bells here any[D]more

This ship has [Em] sailed far from the [D]shore

The ocean’s [G][G/E]wide, the trench is deep

The wind it [Am]blows [C]and I can’t [G]sleep

We used to dance and you would beam

The wind would blow, we were a team

But now there’s you, and now there’s me

The wind it blows, but no one’s free

We used to breathe then breathe some more

Then we would breathe while rolling on the floor

We used to grow, we used to sing

The winds would blow and bells would ring

There are no [Em]bells here any[D]more

This ship has [Em] sailed far from the [D]shore

The ocean’s [G][G/E]wide, the trench is deep

The wind it [Am]blows [C]and I can’t [G]sleep

I used to [G][G/E]grow, I used to sing

The wind would [Am]blow, [C]and bells would [G][G/E]ring

Television from Another Millennium

John T. Wurzer – 156 BPM

[D]

Well it’s [D]television [A]from another [D]millennium

On a[D]gargantuan [A]low def T[D]V

An [G]entertainment center with cherry crown [D]molding[Bm]

In this [D]hospital waiting room, [A]waiting for [D]me

Oh my [G]God it’s really the [D]Waltons

[G]I can’t believe that I’m [A]here

It’s as [G]if I died and [D]ended [D/C#]up in [Bm]hell

And [D]hell is every bit as [A]bad as I might have [D]feared

Gastronomic monophonic entertainment

Wholesome and about a half a century out of date

Bathroom down the hall has bland art prints on the wall

And they’re waiting for the future; but the future is running late

Oh my God it’s really the Waltons

I can’t believe that I’m here

It’s as if I died and ended up in hell

And hell is every bit as bad as I might have feared

Crazy lazy hazy pieces of dried out memories

Siblings in pajamas whining about bedtime

Bringing back the terrible nightmares of my childhood

A waiting room like this is the ultimate health care crime

Oh my God it’s really the Waltons

I can’t believe that I’m here

It’s as if I’ve died and ended up in hell

And hell is every bit as bad as I might have feared

Yeah it’s television from another millennium

Relic

By John T. Wurzer – 146 bpm

Em/G (repeated for intro)

He’s a relic [Em][G] [Em][G]

A name you [D]dig up from the dust

When you’re [C]forced to make conver[B7]sation

So that someone will think

That you’re someone that they can trust[Em][G] [Em][G]

He’s a relic

Something you find in an antique store

Someone you talk about when they’re not around

So that someone will think

That you know so much more

He’s a relic. [G] He used to [D]fly without a net

He was a [C]Nobel prize. He touched the skies

And sur[B7]prise, he’s not dead yet.

He’s a relic

He’s a relic

From a spiderweb attic shelf

Someone you claim that you once knew well

So that someone will think

That you’re actually someone else

He’s a relic. [G] He used to [D]fly without a net

He was a [C]Nobel prize. He touched the skies

And sur[B7]prise, he’s not dead yet.

He’s a relic

He’s a relic

Unstable with irrelevant thoughts

Someone you quote at cocktail party

So that you’ll impress somebody

With the things you never have bought

He’s a relic. [G] He used to [D]fly without a net

He was a [C]Nobel prize. He touched the skies

And sur[B7]prise, he’s not dead yet.

He’s a relic. [G] No more [D]rough and rowdy ways

Now he [C]sits in his chair with an icicle stare

And [B7]he’ll be sitting there for days[Em][G] [Em][G] [Em][G] [Em]

He’s a relic

Love Is A Long Game

148 bpm – Capo 2

By John T. Wurzer

c/g/c/f/c/g/c

[C]When I started [G]out [C]all that I [F]wanted was

[C]To find a way out of that [G]place[G7]

[C]Riddled with[G]doubt, [C]sure I was [F]haunted I

[C]lost track of [G]every[G7]ones’ [C]face

[E7]And now I’m looking at [Am]roads that I travelled and

[C]memories are all that have [G]grown[G7]

[C]45 [G]years [C]since I’ve been [F]gone say it

[C]sure is a [G]long [G7]way back [C]home

I never knew. I never noticed the love we were growing inside

You never spoke and I never woke up and all of our dreams finally died

And now I’m gazing at stars that are blazing as they burst in the hazy unknown

45 years since I’ve been gone say it sure is a long way back home

Broken and cold, heartaches and feelings I’ve locked them away for so long

The dreams that I sold, wheeling and dealing, they tore my soul out of my song

And now I’m glued to the graveyards of stanzas that destiny meant to be poems

45 years since I’ve been gone say it sure is a long way back home

[E7]Dancing at dawn to an [Am]unwritten love song and

[D7]Knowing the wrong songs always [G] face [G7]

[C]45 [G]years [C]since I’ve been [F]gone say it

[C]Love is a [G]long [G7]game to [C]play

Oh yeah I’ve been gone

Say it

Love is a long game to play

Love is a long game to play