The Last Guy Got Shot Here

By John T. Wurzer

My insides were worn out before my outsides got worn in.

The first time, this last time, was the last chance for me to win

My love is a museum piece, disintegrating fast

It wouldn’t even still exist if it weren’t encased in glass

And I don’t know how I got here, and I don’t know where I am

I hear the last guy got shot here, thank God that I’m not him.

No I’m not him.

The left side went flat broke until the right side sold their homes

With no one left to choke the right was left there all alone

Stranded on an island full of freedom, lust, and greed

Like a vulture in a desert that can’t find a place to feed

And they don’t know how they got there, and they don’t know where they are

The last guy got shot there, for wishing on a star

Maybe they went too far

The dance that I used to know now ties my feet in knots

I’ve got no more oats to sow, expensive thrills, that’s all I’ve got

My peace of mind at war with rings of terror, steals my breath

The glowing distant shore at sunset scares me half to death

And I don’t know how I got here or why I’ve stayed here so long

The last guy got shot here while living on a song.

Something’s wrong.

Yeah, something’s wrong.