What Next?

Key of G - By John T. Wurzer

The years have passed; good times don’t last; the answers to these questions has, turned out to be what nobody suspects

Feelings drown, the drumbeats pound, another year, another frown, I’m bound to stick around to see what’s next.

Words of fear and icy tears; flowed through the years; like kitchen shears and cut apart my heart so strong and firm

While simple lines like “closing time”; “please be mine”; and words that rhyme; are pantomimes and lessons I never seem to learn. WHAT’s NEXT?

Don’t touch my skin; I’m trapped within; a garbage bin; with walls so thin; I feel each pin that pokes into my world.

This cave, a dark amusement park; with dogs that bark; with teeth like sharks; reminding me just how I lost that girl.

A sultry wench, upon a bench; dug a trench with fists unclenched; admitted she was searching for a plan

I told her this, “I know that bliss is held within one single kiss; that you and I will miss if you never take my hand”. WHAT’s NEXT?

So she and I; we chose to fly; said good-bye; and wondered why; a lovers sigh was tried as mortal sin

Now that she’s gone; I’m up at dawn; I carry on; and write each song; as if each feeling never soaked within

The decades creep; I’m counting sheep; emotions sleep; and drown so deep beneath a sea of apathy and sex

This world of sound; is underground; the nightmare lives here upside down; a wedding gown; another town; a train that’s bound to wreck. WHAT’s NEXT?

A union made; in heaven’s glade; beneath the shade; of trees that wade; in waters clear and soothing to the toes

They seem so fine; like vintage wine; that draws a line; from eyes divine; right back to mine; where love is blind and closed

A simple phrase; gets turned for days; offers praise; but mostly lays; around the room quite permanently lost

Goes on a spree; of therapy; there has to be; a price or fee; to set us free; and help us see; what freedom really costs. WHAT’s NEXT?

Absolutely no one else; could find their health; upon a shelf of wealthy visions stained with trite regret

Nature teaches; preacher preaches; that empty beaches; cannot reach us; blind; beseeched by scenes we can’t forget

I lost my saving; grace while raving; someone’s slaving away while craving; everything I purchased in this dream

There’s nothing here; but ice cold beer beer; a dried up tear; an icy mirror; an inner fear; I cannot steer; and lukewarm sour cream. WHAT’s NEXT?

So lock me down; around this town; I’ll sell my frown; to Mr. Brown; as long as he has money for to lose

He’ll click his heels; spin his wheels; make his deals; and eat his meals; until he steals the feeling from my shoes

A paycheck spent; an accident; ‘twas never meant; to pay the rent; or drive the bent up lunatic insane

But what I learned; each time they burned; everything I ever earned; is that years will turn and wash away the memories and pain. WHAT’s NEXT?

Goodnight my muse; thanks for the clues; I read the news; and wandered through; these absent minded nursery rhymes again

This little song; goes on and on; and I may write it ‘til the dawn; it feels so strong; that God chimes in, “Amen”.

Kiss me Liza; I won’t surprise ya; your bright blue eyes; and glassy thighs are; seeping deep inside my crippled soul

One more evening; passion seething; breathing, breathing; no one leaving; heaving like tsunamis on an ocean start to roll. WHAT’s NEXT?

Tell me mistress; lady listless; they must have witnessed; when we kissed; before we hissed and drifted far apart

Drive in movies; double features; swamp things; zombies; evil creatures; trying to reach towards places in my heart

Please don’t find me; gag me; bind me; laughter left a scar behind me; marked like cards in shady dealer’s decks

Still in all; I walk quite tall; chasing footsteps; down the hall; sticking around to see…what happens next.

WHAT’s NEXT?