

10 Steps Behind

Desaparecidos

It's hot as hell
The sun beats down
While we're waiting for gelato
in a brutal crowd
He makes you walk
Ten steps behind
A shadow floating down the street,
just a pair of eyes
And they're closed

Can't see the sweat
that's on your skin
While your husband looks through Gucci shades
Wears white linen
What kind of God forbids you're seen?
Maybe it's just a man
who thinks you're property?

I'll never understand the way you live
I want to ask about it and it isn't innocent
What keeps you covered up?
Some backwards superstition
or someone's idea of love?
Or is it both at once?