

# These Shoes

Maria Mena

I said I said I said  
I would cater to your ego and fold my hands in  
prayer for your religion  
if you would love me and walk me every day

You said, you said, you said.  
You would not let your indecision get  
in the way of my night but you still managed  
to bring your bad temper  
to my little show

I can not walk in these shoes  
They hurt my toes  
I can not stay in your grip  
You hurt my nose  
because you squeeze too hard let go of my head

They said, they said, they said  
I should get a hobby like learn  
how to play the accordion  
to tell some of my records  
but my fingers  
can't keep up

I can not walk in these shoes  
They hurt my toes  
I can not stay in your grip  
You hurt my nose  
because you squeeze too hard let go of my head