

Same Shoes

Roy Harper

I see pictures of the porsche
Smashed and twisted out of shape
Hanging in offices
To match up with the drape
And posters of him
In boutiques where they couldn't know
The styles they're in
Belong to him
And he died thirty years ago
Same shoes
She became the way to look
They thought that they could freeze
While a hundred million men
Had fantasies
And without a word said
And non to be understood
Those nervous laughs
In photographs
Have captured loneliness for good
But how could she refuse
The girl who pouted scarlet lips
And stood for high-heel shoes
Same shoes
I once was in Havana
With dollars in my pants
Where I met an old man
Who was cleaning shoes for cents
I said "Can I ask
How it is, how you're getting on?
It must be strange
In all this change
And how's the revolution?"
He said
"Same shoes"