



In their shoes

Sometimes I wish I was some kind of ghost
Able to enter inside anyone's body and soul
I could see with their eyes
Think with their mind
I would know their story,
How they feel what they want
And understand

But I'm so disappointed,
This power is not mine at all
It is so hard, it is so hard to stay ignorant
And I can only imagine who they are

This stranger in his car,
What is he thinking about?
Does he feel warm?
Sick or hungry?
And this old woman other there
Taking her dog for a walk
Is she thinking about the dinner
Or just about her loneliness?
Without her husband, without her children,
What about my man?