

Transgender "A Crime Memoirs"

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(lyrics by Paola Valandro)

There was this woman
She was a body with long red hair
lying on the grass.
It was a Sunday morning
after the dark.
And there were people all around her
and some policemen too
the necklace lashed around her neck
was a nylon stocking and a cotton cord
She wore a blue dress...

I know, I know, I've always known
you were hidden behind my dreams
your face alive confused inside
the memory of a child.
Now under my eyes
dry blood between the lips,
your lips and your bare breasts
on the pictures of the Police

I've never stopped seeing you
and don't want to forget you

I'm waiting in my car
waiting to feel the fear she felt,
the place she found to hide
the scene of a crime
I search into her death
while her life slips me
reconstructing the scene where
a man killed the redhead
Tell me why it was you and not somebody else?
I restore the reasons she died
with all my theories about sex crime:
it matter about an alchemy
between a woman and a man
Tell me why it was you and not somebody else?
I've compared hers with other stories
of women killed for sex and I've mixed their names:
Jean with Betty or Bobbie or Judy,
Jean with Tracy or Karen or Daisy

Tell me why it was you and not somebody else?

I've never stopped to looking for and run after you
I've stolen everything I could:
books and drugs and food and air and sex
and beds and love and words ...
I've run away
I've talked about your secrets to justify
the obsessive life you gave to me
and run to cover the story of you,
of my mother and me.

I'm waiting in my car...

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