

# Yoko Ono, Coffin Car

Coffin car, she's riding a coffin car.  
People watching her with tender eyes,  
Friends whispering in kindly words,  
Children running, waving hands,  
Telling each other, how pretty she is.

Coffin car, she likes to ride a coffin car.  
Friends making ways for the first time,  
People throwing kisses for the first time,  
Showering flowers, ringing bells,  
Telling each other, how nice she is.

Coffin car, she's riding a coffin car.  
Wives showing tears for the first time,  
Husband taking their hats off for the first time,  
Crushing their handkerchiefs, rubbing their nose,  
Telling each other, how good she is.

Half the world is dead anyway,  
The other half is asleep.  
And life is killing her,  
Telling her to join the dead.

So ev'ry day, she likes to ride a coffin car,  
A flower covered coffin car,  
Pretending she was dead.