

Yoko Ono, Kite Song

I flew a kite, i held on tight to its string.
Each time i go anywhere, i held on tight.
In the middle of the night i woke up in fright,
Thinking maybe in my dream i let go of my kite.

When i was in a restaurant, talking to my friends,
Watching their mouths move faster and faster.
I thought of the kite that was flying in the sky
And made sure that my hand was holding the string.
That was a long time ago,
Many skies went by since then.
Now my hands stopped holding anything
And i've learnt to take a walk instead.

Then one day in the evening light,
I saw something strange shining bright.
The sky was dark, with swarms of larks,
And in the midst of it all, yes, it was my kite.

How did the kite get there, i'll never know,
Floating away among the clouds to where nobody knows.

I held my gun with both my hands,
Slowly aiming at the shining dot.
The shot went off, the dot blew off,
Since then i've never seen the kite again.