

Yoko Ono, Looking Over From My Hotel Window

Age 39, looking over from my hotel window,
Blue dots and red dots skating away in the park.
I used to be there twenty years ago,
Huffing over a mug hot chocolate drink.

Age 39, looking over from my hotel wind,
Wondering if one should jump off or go to sleep.
People tell you up is better than down,
But they never tell you which is up and which is down.

Age 39, looking over from my hotel wind,
95 pound bundle but it's trouble when there's nowhere to leave.
People say stardust and gold dust are it,
But they never tell you it chokes you just as sawdust do.

Age 39, feeling pretty suicidal,
The weight gets heavier when you've bled thirty years.
Show me your blood, John, and I'll show you mine,
They say it's running even when you're asleep.

No trace of resentment, no trace of regrets,
One blood's thinner but both look red and fresh.
If I ever die, please go to my daughter
And tell her that she used to haunt me in my dreams.
(that's saying a lot for a neurotic like me.)

Age 39, looking over from my hotel window,
Trying to tackle away with heart of clay.
The weight gets lighter when there's nowhere to turn,
God's little dandruff floating in the air.

Age 39, looking over the world,
Age 39, floating over the world,
Age 39,...mm-mm...floating along.