

Yoko Ono, Mindweaver

"hello,
Oh, hi!
How are you?
Mm, i'm fine.
What's up?
Umm-umm, no, no, it's alright.
Er, yeah, go ahead, i'm listening.
Umm-umm, hah-hah, yeah, umm...
Umm-umm,
Umm-umm."

He was a mindweaver, always on the phone,
Telling me all sorts of hurt of his own.
Although his voice was sweet to me,
I wondered if we could ever be.

He was a mindbeater, always on the phone,
Telling me all sorts of what i did wrong.
Although his voice was sweet to me,
I wondered if we could ever be.

He was a mindbender, always on the phone,
Telling me all sorts of dreams he has sewn.
Although his voice was sweet to me,
I wondered if we could ever be.