

Yoko Ono, Song For John

On a windy day, let's go on flying
There may be no trees to rest on
There may be no clouds to ride.
But well have our wings and the wind will be with us

That's enough for me
That's enough for me

On a windy day, we went flying
There was no sea to rest on
There were no hills to glide
We saw an empty bottle rolling down the street
And on a cupboard stand at the corner of the street
Wrinkled souls piled up like grapefruits