

# Yoko Ono, Story Of An Oak Tree

I walked through the park and saw a young oak tree growing,  
Growing beside an old bark hit by lightning.  
I asked the young tree how he wished to be,  
He shook his leaves and sung to me:

I'm a strong oak tree like my father used to be,  
Though deep in my heart, the memory's still there.  
The sky is clearer now and the wind is fair,  
The world is beautiful and I like it out here.

When I hear thunder, I think of my father,  
He taught me about life, that was when I was five.  
It's true that some days are more than grey,  
But we learn to get by day by day.

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Though deep in my heart, the memory's still there.  
The sky is clearer now and the wind is fair,  
The world is beautiful and I like it out here.