

# Yoko Ono, Growing Pain

I'm a battleship, frozen by my mother's anger,  
Anchored in the north pole sea.  
I'm a sphinx, stamped on the hilton poster,  
Hoping to see the desert.  
I'm a woman without country or state.  
Opening her head to the universe,  
Hundred thousand people in me.  
Ev'ry day they're growing,  
Ev'ry day they're feeling.

He's an infant, blinded from his mother's sorrow,  
Crawling in the bleeding sky.  
He's a building, floating in spring air,  
Hoping to open his windows.  
He's a man, bound on earth soil,  
Reaching his hands to the universe,  
Hundred thousand people in him.  
Ev'ry day they're feeling,  
Ev'ry day they're growing.

Growing pain, growing joy,  
Growing pain, growing joy.  
Growing together, reaching each other.

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Growing pain, growing joy.  
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