Yoko Ono, Heartburn Stew

I threw my woman power in a pot of stew And waited for my love to come. But not a single word did i hear from him, So i tried the stew on my dog But he wouldn't even eat it.

I put my light heart on a matching silver plate And waited for my love to come. But not a single footstep was heard near the door So i ate the plate myself And got a heartburn.

Heartburn, heartburn plate, Heartburn, heartburn cake.

I toasted my pride and covered it with apple jam And waited for my love to come. But not a single sign of a stir or a breeze So i soaked the bread in my milk And i gave it to the birds.

Heartburn, heartburn plate, Heartburn, heartburn cake.

I watched the clock ticking, ticking away to my past, Eight years old, birthday and raindrops. Not a single line from my dad or my mom So i laid the cake on my cat But she wouldn't even touch it.

Heartburn, heartburn stew, Heartburn, heartburn blues.

What do i want with a heartburn, i ask you, Don't try to give me the word. 'cause i ask a clever question And i get a silly answer.