

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.