

# Yoko Ono, Serve Yourself

You say you found jesus christ  
He's the only one  
You say you found buddah  
Sittin' in the sun,  
You say you found mohammed  
Facin' to the east  
You say you found krishna  
Dancin' in the street.

Well, there's somethin' missin' in this God almighty stew  
And it's your mother,  
Your mother, don't forget your mother, lad.

You gotta serve yourself  
Nobody gonna do it for you  
You gotta serve yourself  
Nobody gonna do it for you  
Well, you may believe in devils and you may believe in laws  
But if you don't go out and serve yourself, lad (ain't no room service here....? .....

It's still the same old story  
A bloody holy war  
A fight for love and glory  
Ain't gonna study war no more  
A fight for God and country  
We're gonna set you free  
We'll put you back in the stone age  
If you won't be like me.

Get it?

You gotta serve yourself  
Ain't nobody gonna do it for you  
You gotta serve yourself  
Ain't nobody gonna do it for you  
Yeah, you may believe in devils and you may believe and laws  
But christ, you gonna have to serve yourself and that's all there is to it

So get right back here, it's in the bloody fridge!  
God, when I was a kid, we didn't have stuff like this, t.v. f\*\*kin' dinners and all that crap!  
You f\*\*kin' kids, all f\*\*kin' the same, want a f\*\*kin' car now?  
Lucky to have a pair of shoes?

You tell me you've found jesus christ,  
That's great and he's the only one  
You say you've just found buddah  
And he's sittin' on his arse in the sun,  
You say you found mohammed  
Kneelin' on a bloody carpet, facin' east  
You say you found krishna  
With his bald head, dancin' in the street  
Well, christ now and you're bein' heard.

You gotta serve yourself  
Ain't nobody gonna do it for you, that's right lad  
You better get that straight into your f\*\*kin' head!  
You gotta serve yourself, you know that, who else is gotta do that for you  
It ain't me, kid, I tell you that.

Well you may believe in jesus  
And you may believe in marx  
And you may believe in marks and spencers  
And you may even believe in bloody woolworths

But there's something missin' in this whole bloody stew  
And it's your mother, your poor bloody mother  
She worked for you in the back bedroom  
Full of piss and shit and f\*\*kin' midwives  
God, you can't forget that awful moment, you know  
You should have been in the bloody war, lad, and you would know all about it  
Well, I'll tell you somethin',

It's still the same old story  
A holy bloody war  
You know with the pope and all that stuff  
A fight for love and glory  
Ain't gonna study no more war  
I fight for God and country and the queen and all that  
We're gonna set you free, yeah,  
Bomb ya back into the f\*\*kin' stone age if you won't be like me  
You know, now get down on your knees and pray  
Well, there's something missin' in this God almighty stew  
And it's your God damn mother, you dirty little git  
Now get in there and was your ears.

Ha-ha-ha