

Yoko Ono, Walking On Thin Ice

Walking on thin ice
I'm paying the price
For throwing the dice in the air
Why must we learn it the hard way
And play the game of life with your heart?

I gave you my knife
You gave me my life
Like a gush of wind in my hair
Why do we forget what's been said
And play the game of life with our hearts?

I may cry someday
But the tears will dry whichever way
And when our hearts return to ashes
It'll be just a story
It'll be just a story

Ai-ai-ai-ai-ai-ai-ai...

Ooh-ahoooh...

""I knew a girl who tried to walk across the lake,
'Course it was winter when all this was ice.
That's a hell of a thing to do, you know.
They say the lake is as big as the ocean.
I wonder if she knew about it?""

Ai-ai-ai-ai-ai-ai-ai...