

# 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...

"&quot;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?&quot;"

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