

# Yoko Ono, Winter Friend

Once a friend told me of his experience,  
That he had loved somebody and in pain,  
He had slit his arm and sent the blood to her  
and that he was glad that it was over

He had talked and made love like an expert,  
But I had never seen his soul  
And his eyes had a sort of dead smile  
As if he wanted me to believe  
that he was still alive

He was a winter friend to me,  
We walked in the snow to Chinatown for noodles

That was many years ago, in another life,  
Why do I remember it now?  
When I'd heard his story,  
I'd heard it like a car accident  
that I would never be in myself

He was a winter friend to me,  
We walked in the snow to Chinatown to noodles

La la la la la la la  
La la la la la  
La la la la la la la  
La la la la dee la dee la da  
Dee la la la

Now that i see my car slipping down the cliff  
And i'm desperately looking for the brake...  
Don't let it happen to me,  
Please, don't let it happen to me,  
I'm not ready to die or live a living death,  
I'm not ready to die or live a living death,  
I'm not ready to die..