

Yoko Ono, Woman Of Salem

1692, six in the morning of June,
Sally Kegley, age thirty-four,
Closed her diary she'd kept for two scores.

Salem, salem, witches must be hung.

Let my daughter burn my book,
Let her learn to sew and cook.
Teach her not to read but weave,
Ask her not to speak but weep.

Salem, salem, witches must be hung.

Sally Kegley knows how to cure the ill,
Sally Kegley sees through us at will.

Salem, salem, witches must be hung.

All the town's people rushing to the hill,
Their eyes shining, ready for the kill.
Sally's flesh bound to the cross,
Her eyes searching for the ones who are close.

Oh, why? oh, why? oh, why? oh, why?
Oh, why? why? why? why? why? why?
Help! help! help! help!
Help! help! help! help!
Must kill, must hang, must kill, must hang,
Must kill, must hang, must kill, must hang,
Must kill, must hang, must kill, must hang,
Must kill, must hang...