

Yoko Ono "Heartburn Stew"

Visit "[Heartburn Stew](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I threw my woman power in a pot of stew
And waited for my love to come.
But not a single word did I hear from him,
So I tried the stew on my dog
But he wouldnt even eat it.

I put my light heart on a matching silver plate
And waited for my love to come.
But not a single footstep was heard near the door
So I ate the plate myself
And got a heartburn.

Heartburn, heartburn plate,
Heartburn, heartburn cake.

I toasted my pride and covered it with apple jam
And waited for my love to come.
But not a single sign of a stir or a breeze
So I soaked the bread in my milk
And I gave it to the birds.

Heartburn, heartburn plate,
Heartburn, heartburn cake.

I watched the clock ticking, ticking away to my past,
Eight years old, birthday and raindrops.
Not a single line from my dad or my mom
So I laid the cake on my cat
But she wouldnt even touch it.

Heartburn, heartburn stew,
Heartburn, heartburn blues.

What do I want with a heartburn, I ask you,
Dont try to give me the word.
cause I ask a clever question
And I get a silly answer.

Visit [Yoko Ono](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

