

Yoko Ono "Peter The Dealer"

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We were waiting for peter, the dealer,
He comes in the evening when we're fussing in bed.
He says, "good morning, here's your breakfast",
And give us plates of stone.
Take a pinta blood each from us to give to the poor.

We count the windows in the cities and tell each other,
Yes, life is a helluva lot of waiting time.

Our minds are objects of constipation,
Our bodies are subject to dissipation.
So keep your intentions in a clear bottle
And leave it in the cupboard when you're out.

We were waiting for peter, the wheeler,
He comes in the morning when we're fast asleep.
Gives us a trip that's spending hundred years in a day,
And takes a bone each from us to give to the dogs.

We count the wrinkles on the globe and tell each other,
Yes, life is a helluva lot of waiting time.

Our minds are objects of constipation,
Our bodies are subject to dissipation.
So keep your intentions in a clear bottle
And leave it on the shelf when you rap.

We were waiting for peter, the blower,
He comes in when we're fixing snow on rock.
Gives us orange juice laced with sunshine and spring,
And takes a heart each from us to give to the world.

We count the memories that are lost and tell each
other,
Yes, life is a helluva lot of waiting time.

Our minds are objects of constipation,
Our bodies are subject to dissipation.
So keep your intentions in a clear bottle
Throw it in the ocean when you go.

We were waiting for peter, the weaver,

He comes in a flash when we're wide awake.
Says the world can't give us answers
'cause it's stuttering in it's mind.
Takes a head each off us to give us some peace.

We count the lights in the universe and tell each other,
Yes, life is a helluva lot of waiting time.

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