

Yoko Ono "Winter Friend"

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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 noodle

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

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