

Mindweaver

Yoko Ono

He was a mindweaver, always on the phone
Telling me all sorts of hurt of his own
Although his voice was sweet to me
I wondered if we could ever be

He was a mindbeater, always on the phone
Telling me all sorts of what I did wrong
Although his voice was sweet to me
I wondered if we could ever be

He was a mindbender, always on the phone
Telling me all sorts of dream he has sewn
Although his voice was sweet to me
I wondered if we could ever be