

Heartburn Stew

Yoko Ono

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 wouldn't 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 wouldn't even touch it

Heartburn, heartburn stew
Heartburn, heartburn blues

What do I want with a heartburn? I ask you
Don't try to give me the word
'Cause I ask a clever question
And I get a silly answer