

## 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