## 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