

Song for John

Yoko Ono

On a windy day, let's go on flying.
There may be no trees to rest on,
There may be no clouds to ride.
But we'll have our wings and the wind will be with us,
That's enough for me,
That's enough for me.

On a windy day, we went flying.
There was no sea to rest on,
There were no hills to glide.
We saw an empty bottle rolling down the street
And on a cupboard stand at the corner of the street,
Wrinkled souls piled up like grapefruits.