

# What a Bastard the World Is

Yoko Ono

Early in the morning I feel my pillow,  
I listen to the soundless phone.

My thighs are sweaty, freezing inside,  
Our bed's empty as ever.

What a bastard you are,  
Leaving me all night missing you.

Slowly the door opens, you stand for a while,  
See if I'm asleep or just closing my eyes.

I quickly get up and throw my pillows,  
Throw an ashtray filled with butts.

Where were you all night if I may ask you so?  
Though I don't care at all, I'd just like to know.

Right! you weren't near the phone to call me from,  
Or is it you were afraid to wake me up?  
I'm sick and tired of listening to the same old crap.

You know half the world is occupied with you pigs,  
I can always get another pig like you.  
You've heard of female liberation, well, that's for me,  
You'll see me walk out one day and then where will you be?

But don't you be too happy,  
I ain't walking out yet to give you satisfaction,  
I'm first gonna find something other than the walls  
To have some human conversation.

Then I'll glow, I'll be happy inside, my limbs will relax.  
And I can walk out into the world, singing with my people.

But now I couldn't even move my muscles to go near the door,  
I've been sitting here too long and my legs are numb.

Are you listening, you jerk, you pig, you bastard,  
You scum of the earth, you good for nothing?

Are you listening?

Oh, don't go, don't go, please, don't go,  
I didn't mean it, I'm just in pain.

I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

The door is closed, she's left alone,  
Making herself a breakfast.  
Her hands are shaking, her eyes looking out,  
Watching the trees grow day by day.

What a bastard the world is,  
Taking my man away from me,  
Taking the world away from me.

Female lib is nice for joan of arc,  
But it's a long, long way for terry and jill.

Most of us were taught not to shout our will,  
Few of us are encouraged to get a job for skill.  
And all of us live under the mercy of male society,  
Thinking that their want is our need.