

## Yang Yang

Yoko Ono

Yangyang holds on to a giant phone  
Yangyang's soft voice goes on and on  
I hate you, I hate you, where did it go wrong?  
Yangyang goes talking to himself on the phone

Yangyang sends his men pebbles and stones  
Yangyang rips his women down to the bones  
I own you, I own you, so give us a song  
Yangyang goes talking to his world on the phone

Yangyang's born with a phone cord round his neck  
Yangyang never fails to stick to his kick  
I want you, I want you, you're making me sick  
But Yangyang, the chords never long enough  
To reach your mommys trick

Yangyang Yang Yangyang  
Yangyang Yang Yangyang  
Yangyang, snap out  
Give up, cut out  
Tune up and join us  
Join the revolution  
Join the revolution

No kick is good enough for lifetime substitution  
No brick will give you a lifetime consolation

And whether you like it or not  
You're a part of the transition  
And whether you dig it or not  
We outnumber you in population

And leave your private institution  
Get down to real communication  
Leave your scene of destruction  
And join us in revolution

Yangyang Yang Yangyang  
Yangyang Yang Yangyang  
Yangyang, wake up  
Snap out, give up  
Come out and join us  
Join the revolution  
Join the revolution