

Yoko Ono, Yang Yang

Yang yang holds on to a giant phone,
Yang yangs 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.

Yang yang sends his men pebbles and stones,
Yang yang 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.

Yang yangs born with a phone cord round his neck,
Yang yang never fails to stick to his kick.

I want you, I want you,
you're making me sick.
But yangyang, the cord's never long enough
to reach your mommys trick.

Yang yang yang yang yang,
Yang yang yang yang yang,
Yang yang, 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 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.

Yang yang yang yang yang,
Yang yang yang yang yang,
Yang yang, wake up,
Give up, cut out,
Come out and join us,
Join the revolution,
Join the revolution.