

## Winter Friend

Yoko Ono

Once a friend told me of his experience  
That he had loved somebody and in pain  
He had slit his arm and sent the blood to her  
And that he was glad that it was over

He had talked and made love like an expert  
But I had never seen his soul  
And his eyes had a sort of dead smile  
As if he wanted me to believe that he was still alive

He was a winter friend to me  
We walked in the snow  
To Chinatown for noodles

That was many years ago in another life  
Why do I remember it now?  
When I'd heard his story, I'd heard it like a car accident  
That I would never be in myself

He was a winter friend to me  
We walked in the snow  
To Chinatown to noodle

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la  
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la  
La, la, la, la, la, la, la  
Dee, la, dee, la, da, dee, la, la, la

Now that I see my car slipping down the cliff  
And I'm desperately looking for the brake  
Don't let it happen to me  
Please don't let it happen to me

I'm not ready to die or live a living death  
I'm not ready to die or live a living death  
I'm not ready to die