

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