Mindweaver

Yoko Ono

He was a mindweaver, always on the phone
Telling me all sorts of hurt of his own
Although his voice was sweet to me
I wondered if we could ever beHe was a mindbeater, always on the phone
Telling me all sorts of what I did wrong
Although his voice was sweet to me
I wondered if we could ever beHe was a mindbender, always on the phone
Telling me all sorts of dream he has sewn
Although his voice was sweet to me
I wondered if we could ever be

Songwriters
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