

Utopian Futures

Kimya Dawson

Somewhere the bombing all has stopped
And people begin to sit and talk
And somewhere insomniatic stockbrokers can rest their bloodshot eyes
Cuz there's nothing left to buy or sell
Or kill or die for anymore
We're living inside eternal moments that we've searched all our lives
There's nobody living by the clock
And every door is left unlocked
Cuz property died all alone and capitalism lost it's home
There's plenty of fresh air here in town
The plants are all growing on the cars
And all of the streets are used for dancing and at night you see all the stars
Yada dada deeya yada dadada
Yada dada dada dada
Yada dada deeya yada dadada
Yada dada dada dada
We're searching for something that was lost
And centuries all have covered up
We're flailing to find the smallest fragments of our liberated lives
And every tiny piece we find
We pick up and glue together
Collectively working for our utopian futures to collide
In snuggly beds and midnight talks
And wandering bike rides and wayward walks
Making up all of our own music art myth food and news
Its happening everywhere we go
Collective bookstores and basement shows
Sharing a song that we all know or making up new ones as we go
Yada dada deeya yada dadada
Yada dada dada dada

Yada dada deeya yada dadada
Yada dada dada dada
I am a dream, this is real
I am a dream, you are here
I am a dream, you are me
I am a dream we are free
I am a dream, this is real
I am a dream, you are here

I am a dream, you are me
I am a dream we are free
Now can't you feel the ice caps grow
Now can't you hear the forest laugh
At piles of nicely packaged toothpicks all in processed warehouse rows
Cuz the only processing we do now
Is with one another in our homes
With people we'll fight fuck laugh and cry with until the day we die
Here where we share all that we've won
Here where we grieve for what is lost
Here where the children grow with names they chose and genders all their own
Here where we celebrate each other
Here where you've never had a boss
Here where we sing like restless kids with half chewed food inside our mouths
Yada dada deeya yada dadada
Yada dada dada dada
Yada dada deeya yada dadada
Yada dada dada dada
Here in the place outside the box
There are no more borders left to cross
From each according to ability and to each based on need
Here in the place where dreams aren't dead
Here in the space between our heads

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