

Viva La Persistence

Kimya Dawson

i dreamed i thanked scott ian for persistence of time
back when steve and eva died that album changed my life
it was a package of pure darkness tied up with a silver string
delivered by a fast train rearranging how i think
he said "i can't believe you even know that i exist,
i've got all of your albums and i think you are the best"
he started to cry and i started to laugh
i gave him a hug and he gave me his autographreeling in my disbelief, i know that it was just a dream
all the covers that i see are different from the books i readeverything is crumbling around me
why does everything cost so much money?
could somebody please help out my family?
my mom needs hearing aids, new shoulders, and new legs
my dad needs a break he works all day every day
my brother needs a place and a job where he can make
enough money to take care of his babyhere's a simple dissertation on a complex situation
money and intimidation and mass graves make strong foundations
for the giant corporations that own all the TV. stations
telling us to take vacations to their big theme park plantations
rather than to hearts of nationswhere we might meet people on the street who say
"i don't want my mtv 'cause it brought viva to its knees"
and mom and pop are begging "please, globalization's killing me"
while we think that they think they need all of the things we think we need
like martha stewart shams and sheets and sugar free powdered iced tea
vanilla coke, lemon pepsi, friends episodes on dvdi went to see the doctor of psychiatry
weapons of mass instruction finally broke me
he said "act your age, don't be afraid, take two of these.
now listen real hard, put down that guitar,
don't be a retard, be all that you can be"the things he said i could be were laid out right in front of me
would i choose deep fried apathy, mc nuggets where my balls should be,
or super sized conformity? i walked away and i'm still me
free to go fucking crazy, free to know why i'm angry
one and one and one is three and you and me is all i need
singing songs, drawing cocks, picking locks to locked doors
find deflated hearts, and pump them up

Lyrics provided by

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