

# 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 peps, 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, mcnuggets 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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