

Zero Or A Zillion

Kimya Dawson

Yeah, motherfuckers
Keep the fucking doors set
What?
Put you're fucking head down
As I sit and listen to a kid you clearly influenced
I text and say I'm glad that you're my friend
Then leave another perfect time show, feeling inspired and powerful
The ghost of corporate future in my head
And as I count the ways that I've said "fuck you" to the man
I don't care who thinks that I've sold out or not
Since going barefoot I feel better than Regina fucking Spektor
It's a name I'll never be ashamed to drop
I saw that little weirdo walk into the open mic
And sit down shyly at the piano and then start
Singing songs we'll start to knowing, silly, sad and so mind blowing
They were undeniably straight from the heart
And the music, it doesn't change
No, the songs remain the same
Whether there are zero people or there are a zillion people
In the world who are listening
Yeah, the music, it doesn't change
No, the songs remain the same
Whether there are zero people or there are a zillion people
In the world who are listening
I have a friend named Eva, seventeen, she's a soprano
She sings opera with a voice that makes me cry
But she sings in competitions and the kids at school give her shit
I wish that she could sit back and close her eyes
And feel the vibration
Of her voice inside her chest
Without worrying about who thinks that
Who thinks who's the best
While at time when there are people who think that it's not enough
And there are people who think that it went too far
All I ever wanted was to not feel suicidal
And I traded in my meds for a guitar
There's so much depression nowadays in adolescents
And with all the social pressure that makes sense
But music shouldn't be the problem, music should be the solution

And only a positive experience
Because the music, it doesn't change
No, the songs remain the same
Whether there are zero people or there are a zillion people
In the world who are listening
No, the music, it doesn't change
No, the songs remain the same

Whether there are zero people or there are a zillion people
In the world who are listening
I have a friend named Johnny D
His band is Tin Tree Factory
Everything he does is gold to me
And it's on archive.org for free, yes
W-W-W-DOT-A-R-C-H-I-V-E-DOT-O-R-G
I like sitting on the floor watching Johnny play
On his knees, on a carpet, not on a stage
In front of a fire, in a living room
Cozy and warm full of potluck food
But if one day suddenly Johnny got huge
I'd be glad that you knew Johnny too
His songs are smart, important, brave
Wanting that all to myself would be totally lame
I don't claim to be Regina's only true fan
Just because I knew her way back when
You think Cat Stevens couldn't be my god
'Cause I heard him first in Harold and Maude
I bought all his albums, I listened, I cried
Teaser and the Firecat changed my life
I painted a firecat on my jean jacket
Drew 'Peace Trains' on my homework packet
I'm still listening to 'The Wind of My Soul'
And I'm a hard headed woman, so I've been told
Yeah, music's just sound, we're just ears
Why are you affected by what who hears
If Michael Jackson's hits make him less sacred
You taking your clothes off makes me plus naked
When what each preach, I'll make it or break it
Do you wanna abstain? Repeat after me
You can like what you like
You can like what you like
And let them like what they like
And let them like what they like
You can like what you like
You can like what you like

And let them like what they like
And let them like what they like
Boom-boom-boom-shaka-shaka-shaka-boom
Boom-boom-boom-shaka-shaka- shaka-boom
And they, and they, and they, and they
And they, and they, and they, and they
Like, like, like, like, like, like, like, like
You, they like everything, like it
I love you, Mikey

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>