

## **Kimya Dawson**

# **"Utopian Futures"**

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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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