

Kimya Dawson

"Viva La Persistence"

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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 autograph

reeling in my disbelief, i know that it was just a dream
all the covers that i see are different from the books i
read

everything 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 baby

here'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 nations

where 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 dvd

i 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

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