

Zero or a Zillion

Kimya Dawson

(Yeah, mother fuckers
Keep the fucking doors set
What
Put your fucking hands down!)

As I sit and listen to a kid you clearly influenced
I text and say I'm glad that you're my friend (yay!)
Then leave another perfect time show, feeling inspired and powerful
"The Ghost of Corporate Future" in my head (my fucking 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
That Regina fucking Spektor is a name I'll never be ashamed to drop (Go Regina!)
I saw that little weirdo walk into the open mic, sit down shyly at the piano
and then start (Wow!)
Singing songs we'll start to knowing, silly, sad and so mind blowing
They were undeniably straight from the heart (Right from the heart!)

And the music
It doesn't change
No, 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, 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 (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 (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 I've went too far (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 (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 (tell 'em!)

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 sittin' on the floor watchin' 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 (Johnny!)
His songs are smart, important, brave
Wanting that to myself would be totally lame (lame!)
I don't claim to be Regina's only true fan
Just because I knew her way back when
And if 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 Train"s 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
Then you taking your clothes off makes me less naked
When what each preach, I'll make it or break it
Do you wanna abstain? (Uh, no.)
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-boom-boom
(And they, and they...
Like, like...
Like it!)

I love you, Mikey!