

# 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!