

# Linkin Park, Dedicated (Demo 1999)

I have a dream of a scene between the green hills  
Clouds pull away and the sunlight's revealed  
People don't talk about keeping it real  
It's understood that they actually will  
And intoxicated and stimulated emcees  
Staring in the trees, paranoid, are gone in the breeze  
Watch them flee, hip-hop hits  
Take a walk with me and what you'll see  
Is a land where the sand is made up of crushed up wax  
And the sky beyond you is krylon blue  
And everybody speaks in a dialect of rhyme  
And emcees have left materialism behind them  
Meanwhile I just grip my mic  
And hope me and my team make it through alright  
Because say what you will, and say what you might  
But don't ignore who it's for at the end of the night

(Chorus)

Because this is dedicated to the kids  
Dedicated to wherever music lives  
Dedicated to those tired of the same ol' same  
And dedicated to the people advancin' the game  
What's real is the kids who know that something's wrong  
What's real is the kids who think they don't belong  
What's real is the kids who have nowhere to run  
Who are hiding in the shadows waiting for the sun

I've seen a lot of shit, I've talked to a bum  
Out on sunset strip, he asked me How would you feel  
If everybody acted like you didn't exist  
You'd lose your grip, probably eventually flip.  
So let it be known, the only reason that we do this  
Is so you can pick it up and just bang your head to it  
While emcees fight to see who can be the commonest  
Be floatin overhead like a space odyssey monolith  
Over seeing the game, over being part of the same ol' thing  
It's all gonna change in a hurricane of darkness and pain  
And acidic rain and promises that you won't do it again  
Meanwhile I just grip my mic  
And hope me and my team make it through alright  
Because say what you will, and say what you might  
But don't ignore who it's for at the end of the night

(Chorus)

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Who are hiding in the shadows waiting for the sun

Pulling me close, the shadow is warm inside  
This is where I feel at home, this is my place to hide  
Pulling me close, the shadow is warm inside  
This is where I feel at home, this is my place to hide

(Chorus)

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What's real is the kids who know that something's wrong

What's real is the kids who think they don't belong  
What's real is the kids who have nowhere to run  
Who are hiding in the shadows waiting for the sun

This is dedicated to the kids  
Dedicated to wherever music lives  
Dedicated to those tired of the same ol' same  
And dedicated to the people advancin' the game  
What's real, everybody who doesn't feel safe  
What's real, everybody who knows they're out of place  
What's real, anybody with nowhere to run  
Who hides in the shadows waiting for the sun