

# Kevin Devine, Protest Singer

I stopped today to see myself in subway glass  
and I was scared of the way I look now  
I knew the only thought behind my eyes  
please don't believe in me  
I don't want to let you down  
and I'm convinced it only rains in New York  
and I am surrounded by everything that really scares me  
a room full of empty people regretting every time that they inhale  
and I want to write one perfect song  
to make you cry in your sleep  
kind of like a soundtrack for your dreams  
to let you'd know I'm watching and making sure it's (exact) alright  
it'll be alright  
I guess I wanted to make you feel something  
I wanted to make you feel everything  
and you may call me a protest singer  
but I'm only protesting myself  
I don't believe in beautiful people  
and I don't believe in me  
I wonder what it's like to be in between  
can you hear me  
can you hear me  
you may call me a protest singer  
can you hear me  
but I'm only protesting myself  
and you may call me a protest singer  
but I'm only protesting myself