

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