

## Wilshire Protest

Cold War Kids

I am marching with the protest  
I got so much to say, but I'm only here to witness  
There's a war inside my head  
And I'm surrendering to weakness  
We are separated by steel and glass  
In traffic trapped on the freeway, everybody is a DJ  
Looking down at our phones for the fastest way to get home  
Don't text me that you'll be late  
I can wait  
My chemicals are spiking like a lie detector  
Dopamine, serotonin, happiness is not the answer  
We dream of being plucked from obscurity  
We are divided by false gods and hyped-up leaders  
We binge on the news or flip you off on the bleachers  
We worship talent, but we don't see that anybody can receive it  
First you must believe it  
So keep your nosebleed seats  
I'd rather be irrelevant  
What if I cross over and nobody remembers it?  
Will we stay together?  
Even if I never get discovered?  
This is the west coast, the dream at the end of the line  
Is this is the promised land?  
The gold rush?  
L.A. divine?  
L.A. divine?