

Protest Singer

Kevin Devine

I stopped today to see myself in subway glass
I was scared of the way I look now
I knew the only thought in my mind, my eyes
"Please, don't believe in me
I don't wanna let you down"

And I'm convinced it only rains in New York
I'm surrounded by everything that really scares me
A room full of empty people
Regretting every time they inhale

I wanted to write one perfect song
To make you cry in your sleep
Kind of like a soundtrack for your dreams
To let you know I'm watching
And making sure it turns out alright
It'll be alright

I guess I wanted to make you feel something
I wanted to make you feel everything

You may call me a protest singer
But I'm only protesting myself
I don't believe in beautiful people
But I don't believe in me
I wonder what it's like to be in between