

Kevin (Feat. Leon Bridges)

Macklemore & Ryan Lewis

Okay, okay

Yeah

And we live tonight

Check it, now I seen pain, I felt the losses

Attended funerals and seen coffins

21 years old, an angel was lost here

Wings clipped by the grip of 80 milligram sniffs of Oxycontin

Everyday through the nostrils

Never went away, never does it stop there

Death a line or two away and a couple tall cans

'Cause you never know when God is gonna call, man

Precious, what we all share

I said peace at five third, the next time that I saw him was in the hands of the pallbearer

What if I would've never gone and dropped him off there?

Blaming myself, in hysterics, screaming "It's not fair!"

21 years old with a book of rhymes he was gonna recite to the globe

Only thing to numb the pain besides that shit in his nose

He was gonna quit tomorrow, we're all gonna quit tomorrow

Just get us through the weekend, and then Monday follows

Then it's Wednesday, then it's fuck it, I'm already feeling hollow

Might as well go crack a seal and might as well go chug a bottle

Might as well go pop a pill and go and band-aid that problem

And escape this world, vacate this world

'Cause I hate myself

No praying's gonna cure this pain Doctor, please, give me a dose of the American Dream

Put down the pen and look in my eyes

We're in the waiting room and something ain't right

All this is on you, we're over prescribed For me and Kev

You end up in jail, institutions are dead

And with our lives, we play Russian Roulette

And try to find a life where we could be content

'Cause for us, we're just trying to minimize the fear of being alive

And now my little brother is in the sky

From a pill that a doctor prescribed

That a drug deal a million dollar industry supplied

And the cops never go and profile at night

Yeah, the, the, the orange plastic with the white top they sell to you

Has us looking for the answers and not instead of you

Quick fix, whatever do

We just gonna neglect the truth
Because a doctor with a license played God and said it's cool
Played God and said it's cool
But me? I don't blame Kev or his mom freebasing while pregnant with him
I blame the pharmacy companies
And country that spends trillions fighting the war they supplying themselves
Politicians and business and jail
Public defenders and judges who fail
Look at Kevin, look at Kevin
Now he's wrapped in plastic
First dealer was his mom's medicine cabinet
Got anxiety, better go and give him a Xanax
Focus, give him Adderall, sleep, give him Ambien
'Til he's walking 'round the city looking like a mannequin
Ups and downs, shooting up prescriptions you're handing him
So America, is it really worth it? I'm asking you Doctor, please, give me a dose of the American Dream
Put down the pen and look in my eyes
We're in the waiting room and something ain't right
All this is on you, we're over prescribed Doctor, your medicine, and your methods
Can't cure my disease without killing me
You're killing me, you're killing me
You're killing me, you're killing me
Doctor, your medicine, and your methods
Can't cure my disease without killing me
You're killing me, you're killing me
You're killing me, you're killing me

Songwriters

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