

# Kevin (feat. Leon Bridges)

## Macklemore & Ryan Lewis

OK, OK

Yeah

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 5:30, 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 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 overprescribed For me and Kev

He went 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 dealing billion 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 that instead of you

Quick fix, whatever'll 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 overprescribed 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  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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