

# 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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