

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?