

Devlin "Watchtower"

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There must be some kind of way out of here
Said the joker to the thief, yeah
There's too much confusion
Mmm I can't get no relief

[Verse 1: Devlin]

Yeah
I see jokers on my left, thieves upon my right
You'd find me in the middle if I picked a different life
Before my name started tripling in size
But I'm still showing signs...
In the pitch black, it's too cold
I'm all alone take me back to the roads
I had to rode to get here and I'll hitch back
Get a cab to my mother's house
See my old man and grab a six pack
Tell my brother I love him
And give him something that will see him through the
hard times
What's a brother for?
When I'm sick of this life I see
It has to be my family who lift me off the floor
Make sense of all the madness in a world full of
money, full of tears full or war.
I was a failed man and worse I couldn't give a fuck
Save your wine for the entrepreneurs

[Chorus: Ed Sheeran]

All along the watchtower
Princes kept the view
While all the women came and went
Barefoot servants too, yeah
Outside in the cold distance
A wildcat did growl
Two riders were approaching
And the wind began to howl

[Verse 2: Devlin]

Cause your world is the same as mine
Pour more blood in your cup
Take a sip full of sin and let your taste buds savour the
buzz

The flavour of an ill-mannered nature
That lingers on as animals in all of us
Trying to fight for the right to live a life
But some will never win though
That's why they live a lie
I don't think I'll ever win
All of this is anything
When I die I hope a brother's at my side
There's no trap door, or get out clause
The world can be your oyster or a set of jail doors
You've seen mine, I think it's time I see yours
I bet you that we've been scarred by the same swords
Some are lost some are...
Apart from the fact I live my life in the light and now I'm
trapped in it
The way I feel within a few years time
I might have a couple kids and just forget I ever wrote
this

[Chorus: Ed Sheeran]

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Princes kept the view
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[Verse 3: Devlin]

Take away the treasure of a man
Convinced that he holds heaven in his hands
Even though I ain't religious I'm a little superstitious
Maybe there is a promised land
But will I make it or not is a different matter
I've been a joker, I've been a thief, I've been a rapper
I've been the only enemy that I can never beat
Give me a piece of mind upon a platinum platter

[Chorus: Ed Sheeran]

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Princes kept the view
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Barefoot servants too, yeah
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