

## Ed Sheeran "The City"

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The city never sleeps,  
I hear the people walk by when it's late,  
Sirens beat through my window sill,  
I can't close my eyes,  
Don't control what I'm into.,

This town is alive,  
With lights that blind keep me awake,  
With my hood up, and lace untied,  
The street fills my mind,  
Don't control what I'm into.,

London calls me a stranger,  
A traveller Ohoohohh,  
This is now my home, My home,  
Oh Woah,  
Burning on the back street,  
Oh Woah,  
Stuck here, sitting in the back seat,  
Oh Woah,  
And I'm blazing on the street,  
What I do isn't upto you,  
And if the city never sleeps then that makes two.,

The pavement is my friend,  
It'll take me where I need to go,  
If I find it trips me up,  
And puts me down,  
This is not what I'm used to.,

[Verse]

The shop across the road,  
It fills my needs and keeps me company,  
When I need it,  
Voices beat through my walls,  
I don't think I'm gonna make it,  
Past to-mor-roow.,

London calls me a stranger,  
A traveller Ohoohohh,  
This is now my home, My home,  
Oh Woah,

Burning on the back street,  
Oh Woah,  
Stuck here, sitting in the back seat,  
Oh Woah,  
And I'm blazing on the street,  
What I do isn't upto you,

And if the city never sleeps then that makes two.,

And my lungs hurt,  
And my ears bled,  
With the sounds of the city life,  
Echoed in my head,  
Do I need this, To keep me alive?  
The traffic stops and starts but I,  
Need to move along

Im from a city where the rain won't cease  
Pollution in the air matches that on the street  
The black smoke gets your head in a muddle, like  
Walking into elephants syringes in the puddle, like  
I was a country boy when I moved out  
Grew up to fast for my family to find out  
Now I try to stop my music running into nosedives  
Can't resort to arrogance with white lies

This city won't erase me  
But I cant help to see how this dark city changed me  
It's all the same scene, music is my life  
But I try to fight whatever I need to hide from  
North South East West  
London's my home now knees weak but we never slow  
down  
Now I start to do my music properly  
And stay away from the negitave s\*\*t that will follow  
me

London calls me a stranger,  
This is now my home, Home,

Oh Woah,  
Burning on the back street,  
Oh Woah,  
Stuck here, sitting in the back seat,  
Oh Woah,  
And I'm blazing on the street,  
What I do isn't up to you,  
And if the city never sleeps then that makes two.

Oh Woah,  
Burning on the back street,

Oh Woah,  
Stuck here, sitting in the back seat,  
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What I do isn't up to you,  
And if the city never sleeps then that makes two.

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