

## Ed Sheeran & Yelawolf "London Bridge"

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There wasn't much left,  
Except for the last twenty sack,  
And the last twenty of my last cheque,  
I took a pill and went to sleep on the last step,  
Woke up and took it in with a half breath,  
Then a deep sigh, I struck a matchstick,  
I lit my cigarette,  
Feeling half dead, whisky on my mind,  
Then came the dead,  
Sherrif in the yard, here comes the rest,  
I sat like a ghost, they all passed by,  
My girl cried baby this'll be my last bye,  
Baby in her arms,  
She took a cab home,  
She told me I was only good for a sad song.  
A crooked smile I gave,  
Nonchalant about it,  
Maybe she'll come back,  
This time I doubt it.  
Act like I care, but I really don't,  
Wanted to change,  
But somehow I knew I really won't.  
See I'm the type of man, who can't stay out the  
bottle,  
If the sun is out I'd rather be in the shadow,  
Sadness is like a wound that I can't heal,  
Maybe I'll love blood, I just let it spiel.  
And I never turned to church for a pray in hand,  
God's not going to land another saving hand,  
If the time came like it has time again,  
Then I would watch the clock and be late again.  
One gun and a harley in the driveway,  
One way out, dirt road, pathway.  
Put another dead butt in the ash tray.  
I stand up still drunk, half baked.  
Cover my eyes from the bright sun blaring,  
And through the fence I can see this little boy staring.  
Paid him no attention,  
In fact I barely seen him,  
Until he walked away,  
And he started singing  
Ed: London Bridge is falling down, falling down

And if it donâ€™t stop falling, then all of us will drown  
Then weâ€™ll crash, crash, right down again  
Oh weâ€™ll crash, crash, right down again.  
Yelowolf:  
I didnâ€™t see it coming,  
I didnâ€™t see the wall.  
And I went from running, to a slow crawl.  
I feel like Iâ€™m a child, but Iâ€™m afraid to cry,  
Would say Iâ€™m okay but Iâ€™m afraid to lie.  
I speak no evil, but hear no angels.  
A family is callinâ€™ but all I see is strangers.  
Take the bible from the hotel drawer,  
Hell froze over ice cold hellâ€™s door,  
Knock knock,  
Iâ€™m on the salt road non stop.  
The exit I will pass â€™ cause the sign did rot,  
And the gust of a dry summer.  
Dirty water in the tap,  
I think I found my number in the sand,  
Right next to an empty can.  
Old number seven, Jack is back again.  
And the voice goes round and round,  
And I would take the bridge,  
But I canâ€™t forget the sound.

Ed:

London Bridge is falling down, falling down  
And if it donâ€™t stop falling, then all of us will drown  
Then weâ€™ll crash, crash, right down again  
Oh weâ€™ll crash, crash, right down again.  
Iâ€™ll be coming up when the sun goes down  
Rolling like a rock â€™ til I hit the ground  
Running from the law but I canâ€™t be found x 3  
And weâ€™ll crash crash right down again  
Oh weâ€™ll crash crash right down again  
Iâ€™ll be coming up when the sun goes down  
Rolling like a rock â€™ til I hit the ground  
Running from the law but I canâ€™t be found  
Only my God can track me now x2  
Iâ€™ll be coming up when the sun goes down

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