

Erwin Schrott

"London Bridge"

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Yelawolf:

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 don't stop falling, then all of us will drown
Then we'll crash, crash, right down again
Oh we'll crash, crash, right down again.

Yelawolf:
I didn't see it coming,
I didn't see the wall.
And I went from running, to a slow crawl.
I feel like I'm a child, but I'm afraid to cry,
Would say I'm okay but I'm afraid to lie.
I speak no evil, but hear no angels.

A family is callin' but all I see is strangers.
Take the bible from the hotel drawer,
Hell froze over ice cold hell's door,
Knock knock,
I'm on the salt road non stop.

The exit I will pass '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 can't forget the sound.

Ed:
London bridge is falling down, falling down
And if it don't stop falling, then all of us will drown
Then we'll crash, crash, right down again

Oh we'll crash, crash, right down again.
I'll be coming up when the sun goes down
Rolling like a rock 'til I hit the ground
Running from the law but I can't be found x 3
And we'll crash crash right down again

Oh we'll crash crash right down again
I'll be coming up when the sun goes down

Rolling like a rock 'til I hit the ground
Running from the law but I can't be found
Only my god can track me now x2
I'll be coming up when the sun goes down

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