

Grade 8

Ed Sheeran

My mind is a warrior,
My heart is a foreigner,
My eyes are the color of red like the sunset,
I'll never keep it bottled up,
Left to the hands of the coroner,
Be a true heart not a follower,
We're not done yet now,
I see it in your movements tonight,
If we can ever do this right,
I'm never gonna let you down,
Oh I'll never let you down,
Now keep it on the down low
And I'll keep you around so I'll know,
That I'll never let you down,
I'll never let you down. You're strumming on my heart strings
Like you were a grade eight but I never felt this way,
I'll pick your feet up off of the ground
And never ever let you down,
You're strumming on my heart strings
Like you were a grade eight but I never felt this way,
I'll pick your feet up off of the ground
And never ever let you down. My eyes are a river filler,
This drink is a liver killer,
My chest is a pillow for my weary head to lay to rest again,
Your body is my ballpoint pen. And your mind is my new best friend,
Your eyes are my mirror to take me to the edge again,
Now I see it in your movements tonight,
If we should ever do this right,
I'm never gonna let you down,
Oh I'll never let you down,
We'll keep it on the down low
And I'll keep you around so I'll know,
That I'll never let you down,
I'll never let you down. You're strumming on my heart strings
Like you were a grade eight but I never felt this way,
I'll pick your feet up off of the ground
And never ever let you down. You're strumming on my heart strings
Like you were a grade eight but I never felt this way,
I'll pick your feet up off of the ground

And never ever let you down Hold my heart to stop me bleeding now, now, now,
And I'll never let you down
Hold my heart to stop me bleeding now, now, now,
And I'll never let you down
Hold my heart to stop me bleeding now, now, now,
And I'll never let you down You're strumming on my heart strings
Like you were a grade eight but I never felt this way,
I'll pick your feet up off of the ground
And never ever let you down You're strumming on my heart strings
Like you were a grade eight but I never felt this way,
I'll pick your feet up off of the ground
And never ever let you down

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