

Eraser

Ed Sheeran

I was born inside this small town
I lost that state of mind
Learned to sing inside the Lord's House
But stopped at the age of 9
I forget when I get awards now The way that I had to write
The painting stands are played upon
They kept me on the ground
So blame it on the pain
That blessed me with the life Friends and family filled with empty
When they should be filled with pride
And when the world's against me
Is when I really come alive
And everyday that Satan tempts me
I try to take it in my stride You know that I've got whisky with white lies
And smoke in my lungs
I think life's got to the point
I know without it is no fun
I need to get in the right mind And clear myself up
Instead I look in the mirror
Questioning what I've become
I guess it's a stereotypical day
For someone like me Without a 9-5 job or an Union Degree
To be caught up in the trappings of the industry
That showed me the locked doors
I find another use for the key
Well, you'll see.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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