

The City

Ed Sheeran

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

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

[Chorus]
London calls me a stranger,
A traveller Ohohohhh,
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.,

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.,

[Chorus]
London calls me a stranger,

A traveller Ohoohohh,
This is now my home, My home,
Oh Woah,
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Oh Woah,
And I'm blazing on the street,
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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 alone.,

I'm from the city where the rain won't cease,
Pollution in the air matches that on the streets,
The black smoke,
Gets your head in to a muddle like,
Waliking into elephants, Syringes in a puddle like,
I was a country boy when I moved out,
Grew up too fast for my family to find out,
Now I try to stop my music running into nosedives,
Can't resort the arrogance with white lights,
The city won't erase me,
But I can't help but see just how this dark city changed me,
It's all the same scene, music is my life,
But now I try to fight whatever I need to hide from,
North, South, East, West, Londons my home now, knees weak,
But we never slowed down,
Now I start to do my music properly,
And stay away from all the negative shit that will follow me.,

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

[x2]
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.

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