Radio

Ed Sheeran

Hi, my name is Jamie, there was a time when radio played me
Cause my music came from my heart, it was real to me
But now it's a part
I'm here struggling, keeping it real, while the rest of them are hustling, seeking a deal
Sometimes I sit back and think, Jamie just do one tune, make a couple G's and chill
The reason I started making music is the exact same reason that I'll never do it, I swear
I didn't go through all of that for this,
I'll give that a miss, that's just how it is, I'm fair, straight
Who can tell me different? you could be determined
Man on a mission, my music is me, and I am my music
So like it or lump it, I'ma do this
[Chorus]I never had a playlist in my heart, ooh
Now I need an A list just to chart,ooh
But I've been famous from the start,ooh
How am I gonna make my mark? ooh
Are you gonna play me though? this song was never meant for the radio
I get it in forget a radio spin, I'm just doing my thing, and I don't have time for a playlist
How much will you pay me though? This song was not a hit on the radio, oho, oho, oho, oh
Thank God for night clubs and the raves
Cos I don't think they like us on the airwaves
Unless we water it down, but cordial music is boring me now
I swear, I guess it matters what your goal is
Or in this music scene, what your role is
I'm still trying here, cause I'm a pioneer
I use my mouth less than I use my eyes and ears
See I'm just telling you the truth

Cant shoot the messenger, bullet proof booth,
You won't hear me on the radio, but go to the rave, and the crowd, they're raising roof
Why is that? What's going on there?
To tell you the truth, I don't really care
I am my music, my music is me
Like it or lump it, this is how it's gonna be
[Chorus]I never had a playlist in my heart, ooh
Now I need an A list just to chart,ooh
But I've been famous from the start,ooh
How am I gonna make my mark? ooh
Are you gonna play me though? this song was never meant for the radio
I get it in forget a radio spin, I'm just doing my thing, and I don't have time for a playlist

How much will you pay me though? This song was not a hit on the radio, oho, oho, oho, oh
I feel it on the airwave, spinning on the dial
Bleeding through the speakers, written by the pile
So won't you hear me out?
Never feel it from the base line, feel it in the club
Maybe I could take time singing for the dub
So won't you hear me out?
Are you gonna play me though? this song was never meant for the radio
I get it in forget a radio spin, I'm just doing my thing, and I don't have time for a playlist
How much will you pay me though? This song was not a hit on the radio, oho, oho, oho, oh
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