London Bridge

Ed Sheeran & 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 spill
And I never turned to church for a praying 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 morning 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...
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 didn't see it coming
I didn't see the wall
And I went from running, to a slow crawl
I feel like a child, but I'm afraid to cry
Would say that 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
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
Only my God can track me down
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 down
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