Faces

Ed Sheeran & Yelawolf

Faces change
But this place'll stay the same
And I'll know when I go
And I'm pickin' up another bag
And I pack another knapsack
The airport's like a stop light to me
Sittin' on red, green light go
Chasing my family
My family grew into a globe of friends and fans
Or as some may call 'em
And it's on the stage I stand
To jam Roxy
no wakin' up to stop the dream
I lived the life, signed a picture
'Cuz no dam could stop the stream
Or flood gates
I'm in the fucked race
And a pocket fulla culture condoms
They put you on the podium for first place
But on the block, they judge you on 'em
Who got the South in a six pack, and a shotgun just for show?
I'll put the white boys back in gold teeth
Put the hood in mossy oak
I'm the child of a deadbeat, so I gotta give the beat some life
Beat me down with criticism, but at least the critic's write
With a broken pen, there they go again
I'm a token man, I'm a rollin jam
Like a rollin' stone, I'm closin in
I'm goin home, I'm home again
Bring it back up in the UK
With a Dixie Flag and a Sickly Sag
Catfish Billy hell you say
I'm just bein' blunt, homie
Keep the grass
Oh you changed me into what I am now
Oh you made me
It was something I was always gonna be
It seems these broken dreams don't lie
And so now my broken wings will fly
Yeh take one look better yet take two
But if I take that break, there's a move you made
This dude you shape will come take you back

Back to the roots I've been
Without a fuckin' pot to pee in
Or a spot to sleep in
Hot or cold outside, it's not the season
Cuz I am not the reason
That the image you're used to seein'
Is usually being fake, so to me the hate is meaningless
Meaning yes, I'm different
Differently made
And me screamin' the A
Is not the difference in grades
It's the place I stayed
Cuz the schools were underpaid
The teachers taught, but to me they fought
The star that was underway
It was under Wayne, it was in my name
Michael
M.W.A
Atha
And in trouble I stayed
Breakin out of this bubble they made
Played with the dice, but I rolled that seven
And I'll go back to heaven in a Chevrolet
Fuck the world with a tattooed hand
Committed to the words I say
A blood line's not a family tree
It's a needle in my skin for all to see
I ain't never got a spring break tattoo drunk
But I drink and take the ink
Oh you changed me into what I am now
Oh you made me
It was something I was always gonna be
It seems these broken dreams don't lie
And so now my broken wings will fly
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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