

## **Ed Sheeran - The City**

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Past tomorrow
   Afinação: D A D G B F
                                                                  London calls me a stranger, a traveller
                                                                                   G
                                                                  This is now my home, my home
                                                                Fm
                                                               Oh, oh, I'm burning on the back streets
   ----| (2x)
AI-0-2---x---x--x--x--x-x
                                                               Oh, oh, stuck here sitting in the back seat,
                                                               Oh, oh, and I'm blazing on the street
                                                               And what I do isn't up to you,
Em D C
                                                               And if the city never sleeps then that makes two
                                                                  And my lungs hurt, And my ears bled,
                                                                 With the sound 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 along
                                                                I?m from a city where the rain won?t cease
              D
                                                                Pollution in the air matches that on the street
 This city never sleeps
                                                                The black smoke gets you head into a muddle, like
 I hear the people walk by when it's late
                                                               Walking into elephant syringes in the puddle, like
Sirens bleed through my window sill, I can't close my eyes
                                                                 I was a country boy when I moved out
Don't control what I'm into
                                                                Grew up too fast for my family to find out
This tower is alive
                                                                Now I try to stop my music running into nosedives
The lights that blind keep me awake
                                                                Can?t resort to arrogance with white lies
With my hood up and lace untied, sleep fills my mind
                                                                 This city won?t erase me
Don't control what I'm into
                                                               But I can?t help to see how this dark city changed me
                                                                It?s all the same scene, music is my life
                              Fm
  London calls me a stranger, a traveller
                                                                But I try to fight whatever I need to hide from
          D
                   G
  This is now my home, my home
                                                                 North, South, East, West,
Oh, oh, I'm burning on the back streets
                                                                London?s my home now, knees weak, but we never slow down
Oh, oh, stuck here sitting in the back seat,
                                                               Now I start to do my music properly
Oh, oh, and I'm blazing on the street
                                                               And stay from all the negative shit that will follow me
                                                                         D
And what I do isn't up to you,
                                                                  London calls me a stranger, a traveller
                                                                                      G
And if the city never sleeps then that makes two
                                                                  This is now my home, my home
                                                               Oh, oh, I'm burning on the back streets
The pavement is my friend
                                                               Oh, oh, stuck here sitting in the back seat,
 It will take me where I need to go
                                                               Oh, oh, and I'm blazing on the street
I find it trips me up, and puts me down
                     D
                                                                And what I do isn't up to you,
This is not what I?m used to
                                                                And if the city never sleeps then that makes two
 The shop across the road
                                                                Oh, oh, I'm burning on the back streets
                                                                        D
                                                               Oh, oh, stuck here sitting in the back seat, \ensuremath{\mathsf{Em}}
  Fulfills my needs and gives me company, when I need it
Voices speak through my walls, I don?t think I?m gonna make it Oh, oh, and I'm blazing on the street
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## Acordes

