

Ed Sheeran - The City

Tom: G

Afinação: D A D G B E

```
Intro: E|-----x---x---x---x-x-x-x-x---x-x-x---x-x-x-----|
-----|
B|-----x---x---x---x-x---x-x-x-x---x-x-x-x-x---x-x-x-----|
-----|
G|-----x---x---x---x-x---x-x-x-x---x-x-x-x-x---x-x-x-----|
-----|
D|-0-2---x---x---x---x-x---x-x-x-x---x-x-x-x-x---x-x-x-----|
-----| (2x)
A|-0-2---x---x---x---x-x---x-x-x-x---x-x-x-x-x---x-x-x-----|
-----|
D|-0-2---x---x---x---x-x---x-x-x-x---x-x-x-x-x---x-x-x-----|
-----|
```

Em D C

```
E|-----|
-----|
B|-----8-----8-----5-----3-----|
-----|
G|-----7-----7-----7-----5-----|
-----|
D|---7-----7-----7-----5-----|
-----| (8x)
A|-7-----7-----5-----3-----3-----|
-----|
D|-----|
-----|
```

This city never sleeps
 I hear the people walk by when it's late
 Sirens bleed through my window sill, I can't close my eyes
 Don't control what I'm into
 This tower is alive
 The lights that blind keep me awake
 With my hood up and lace untied, sleep fills my mind
 Don't control what I'm into
 London calls me a stranger, a traveller
 This is now my home, my home
 Oh, oh, I'm burning on the back streets
 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,
 And if the city never sleeps then that makes two
 The pavement is my friend
 It will take me where I need to go
 I find it trips me up, and puts me down
 This is not what I'm used to
 The shop across the road
 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

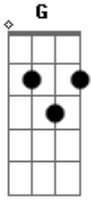
Past tomorrow
 London calls me a stranger, a traveller
 This is now my home, my home
 Oh, oh, I'm burning on the back streets
 Oh, oh, stuck here sitting in the back seat,
 Oh, oh, and I'm blazing on the street
 And what I do isn't up to you,
 And if the city never sleeps then that makes two
 And my 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
 Pollution in the air matches that on the street
 The black smoke gets you head into a muddle, like
 Walking into elephant syringes in the 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 noses
 Can't resort to arrogance with white lies
 This city won't erase me
 But I can't help to see how this dark city changed me
 It's all the same scene, music is my life
 But I try to fight whatever I need to hide from
 North, South, East, West,
 London's my home now, knees weak, but we never slow down
 Now I start to do my music properly
 And stay from all the negative shit that will follow me
 London calls me a stranger, a traveller
 This is now my home, my home
 Oh, oh, I'm burning on the back streets
 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,
 And if the city never sleeps then that makes two
 Oh, oh, I'm burning on the back streets
 Oh, oh, stuck here sitting in the back seat,
 Oh, oh, and I'm blazing on the street

^C
And what I do isn't up to you,

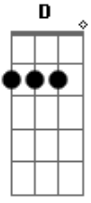
^D
And if the city never sleeps then that makes two

^{Em}

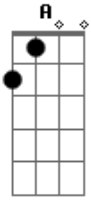
Acordes



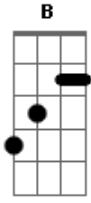
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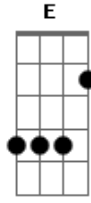
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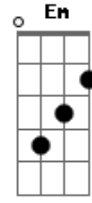
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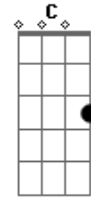
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