

# Faces

Ed Sheeran

Faces change  
But this place'll stay the same  
And I'll know  
When I'll go

Yeah  
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  
Can't see my family  
My family grew into a global trance  
Or fans, 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 fuck trades  
And a pocket fulla culture condoms  
They put you on the podium for first place  
But on the block, they judge you on 'em  
So  
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 sixteen pack  
Catfish Billy, hell, you say  
I'm just bein' blunt, homie  
Keep the grass

You changed me  
Into what I am now  
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

Yeah, 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  
A 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

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