

# Ed Sheeran, England

It is opening day and a brand new start  
The stones have been cleared around the fisherman's hut  
And the air bites, then leaves almost invisible cuts on the skin  
A lighthouse retired, but a new one was hired  
About twenty foot taller, painted in black and white  
Twenty million steps with a computer inside instead of him

Only one road sign  
Telling cars to slow down  
And a long drop in the ocean  
Beware of the rip tide  
Broken glass and train lines  
It's a new day, and this is England

Next to the pub with the flag that's working flexible hours  
There's a mismatch of carriages, soil in a boat for some flowers  
Fairy lights on a building that's supplying us power from the sea  
Electricity lines flow like veins to the town  
In between there is nothing but grass and pebbles on the ground  
Do not enter the wild here if you want to be found for the free

View the flame of sunrise  
Cut in half by the sky  
And the empty of the desert  
Team of birds that swerve by  
And then land on the wires  
It's a new day, and this is England

When it's time to escape from the heavy of this  
There is nothing like washing away  
I find this country of mine gets a bad reputation  
Of being cold and grey  
But on the coast of the south, to the east followed 'round  
I find serenity I've never felt  
There's a peace and a quiet in this island of ours  
That can't be mirrored by anywhere else

Homes protruding from stones with their wood-coloured black  
Scattered cars in a line, steam rising out the shack  
One door at the front and then just glass at the back for the view

And the blue is so bright  
You need shades for your eyes  
And a cable to pull over  
Take a walk and feel like  
Everything will be fine  
It's a new day, and this is England