## Ed Sheeran, You Need Me, I Don't Need You

Now I'm in town, break it down, thinking of making a new sound Playing a different show every night in front of a new crowd That's you now, ciao, seems that life is great now See me lose focus, as I sing to you loud And I can't, no, I won't hush I'll say the words that make you blush I'm gonna sing this now

See, I'm true, my songs are where my heart is I'm like glue, I stick to other artists I'm not you, now that would be disastrous Let me sing and do my thing and move to greener pastures See, I'm real, I do it all, it's all me I'm not fake, don't ever call me lazy I won't stay put, give me the chance to be free Suffolk sadly seems to sort of suffocate me

'Cause you need me, man, I don't need you You need me, man, I don't need you You need me, man, I don't need you at all You need me, man, I don't need you

You need me, man, I don't need you You need me, man, I don't need you You need me, man, I don't need you at all You need me

I sing and write my own tune and I write my own verse Hell, don't need another word-smith to make my tune sell Call yourself a singer-writer - you're just bluffing Your name's on the credits and you didn't write nothing I sing fast, I know that all my shit's cool I will blast and I didn't go to Britt School I came fast with the way I act, right I can't last if I'm smoking on a crack pipe

And I won't be a product of my genre
My mind will always be stronger than my songs are
Never believe the bullshit that fake guys feed to ya
Always read the stories that you hear on Wikipedia
And musically I'm demonstrating
When I perform live, feels like I am meditating
Times at the Enterprise when some fella filmed me
'A young singer-writer like Gabriella Cilmi'

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'Cause with the lyrics I'll be aiming it right
I won't stop 'til my name's in lights
At stadium heights with Damien Rice
On red carpets, now I'm on Arabian Nights
Because I'm young I know my brother's gonna give me advice
Long nighter, short height and I gone hyper
Never be anything but a singer-songwriter, yeah.
The game's over but now I'm on a new level
Watch how I step on the track without a loop pedal

I've done around about a thousand shows But I haven't got a house plus I live on a couch So you believe the lyrics when I'm singing them out, wow From day one, I've been prepared With vo5 wax for my ginger hair So now I'm back to the sofa, giving a dose of what the future holds 'Cause it's another day Plus I'll keep my last name forever keep the genre pretty basic Gonna be breaking into other people's tunes when I chase it And replace it with the elephant in the room with a facelift Into another rapper's shoes using new laces I'm selling CDs from my rucksack aiming for the papers Selling CDs from my rucksack aiming for the majors Nationwide tour with Just Jack, still had to get the bus back Clean cut kid without a razor for the mustache I hit back when the pen hurts me I'm still a choir boy in a Fenchurch tee I'm still the same as a year ago But more people hear me though According to the MySpace and YouTube videos I'm always doing shows if I'm not I'm in the studio Truly broke, never growing up call me Rufio Melody music maker Reading all the papers They say I'm up and coming like I'm fucking in an elevator.

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People think that I'm bound to blow up

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