

# Watchtower (Radio Edit) [feat. Ed Sheeran]

## Devlin

Ed Sheeran:

There must be some kind of way out of here  
Said the joker to the thief, yeah  
There's too much confusion  
Mmm I can't get no relief  
Yeah

I see jokers on my left, thieves upon my right  
You'd find me in the middle if I picked a different life  
Before my name started tripling in size  
But I'm still showing signs ...  
In the pitch black, it's too cold  
I'm all alone take me back to the roads  
I had to rode to get here and I'll hitch back  
Get a cab to my mother's house  
See my old man and grab a six pack  
Tell my brother I love him

And give him something that will see him through the hard times

What's a brother for?

When I'm sick of this life I see

It has to be my family who lift me off the floor  
Make sense of all the madness in a world full of money and ...  
I was a failed man and worse I couldn't give a fuck  
Save your wine for the entrepreneurs

Ed Sheeran:

All along the watchtower  
Princes kept the view  
While all the women came and went  
Barefoot servants too, yeah  
Outside in the cold distance  
A wildcat did growl  
Two riders were approaching  
And the wind began to howl  
Cause your world is the same as mine  
Pour more blood in your cup  
Take a sip full of sin and let your taste buds savour the buzz  
The flavour of an ill-mannered nature  
That lingers on as animals in all of us  
Trying to fight for the right to live a life  
But some will never win though  
That's why they live a lie  
I don't think I'll ever win  
All of this is anything

When I die I hope a brother's at my side  
There's no trap door, or get out clause  
The world can be your oyster or a set of jail doors  
You've seen mine, I think it's time I see yours  
I bet you that we've been scarred by the same swords  
Some are lost some are ...  
Apart from the fact I live my life in the light and now I'm trapped in it  
The way I feel within a few years time  
I might have a couple kids and just forget I ever wrote this

Ed Sheeran:

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Princes kept the view  
While all the women came and went  
Barefoot servants too, yeah  
Outside in the cold distance  
A wildcat did growl  
Two riders were approaching  
And the wind began to howl  
Take away the treasure of a man  
Convinced that he holds heaven in his hands  
Even though I ain't religious I'm a little superstitious  
Maybe there is a promised land  
But will I make it or not is a different matter  
I've been a joker, I've been a thief, I've been a rapper  
I've been the only enemy that I can never beat  
Give me a piece of mind upon a platinum platter

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