

# 1000 Nights

Ed Sheeran

Oh, I been on for a thousand nights  
New York to London, different city every day, yeah  
Playin' on, playin' on, puttin' on 50 thousand lights  
Oh, I've been gone so long, gettin' up and gettin' faded  
So I'm on, keepin' on, stayin' up for a thousand nights

This the type of shit we used to dream of (Yeah, yeah)  
Bad bitch look like Mona Lisa (Mona Lisa)  
Flippin' off a yacht in Ibiza (Splash, water)  
Clear port, hasta la vista  
Do it all again when we touchdown, everything bust down  
Teacher said I would lose, I be like, "What now?"  
I started makin' moves, they showin' me love now  
Lit like a light bulb 'cause, bitch, I'm the plug now  
And now you know we poppin', we bubble like soda poppin'  
I see it, I like it, I wake up, pull up, and go and cop it  
The millions get wired, them bunny hunnids still go in pocket  
I party with Ed Sheeran, my homies still hold the rocket  
'Cause I'm so hood, it don't make no sense  
Still remember the times I couldn't pay my rent  
Now, I walk in the stadiums, tell them, "Play my shit"  
And they gon' sing like this

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Last night, I played a show at a stadium in Atlanta  
Husbands and wives, daddies and daughters with their cameras  
I never thought it would get this big, but why does it matter?  
Everything is already part of a plan  
I remember, damn, me and my man inside of a splitter van  
Two hundred a night, end of 2010  
Stayin' up in every city's Holiday Inn  
If it wasn't here, then I was at the couch of a friend's  
Weatherspoon's was an easy option to get a cheaper lunch and  
£2 pint, the waitress maybe leave her number  
On to the next town, but now it's to the next continent (Woo)  
And I don't think it's gonna be stoppin' anytime soon  
Birds eye view, paid my dues for a two-mile queue  
Don't need to read reviews if you can't do the things I do  
Let me invite you to my world

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Mmm, I'm so faded, yeah  
I don't even know how much I made this year, yeah  
I'm so used to bein' on some player shit  
Cheated on my girlfriend with a famous bitch  
Hoodie on pull up, just like the Reaper, yeah  
I do this on a regular, make it seem unfair

Saint Laurent, Gucci sweater, the red and green Moncler  
Me and Meek and Ed Sheeran just like the Beatles, yeah  
From her head to her toe, she know she be flee, oh yeah  
Everyday I be seein' her in Céline, oh yeah  
She wanna come closer, but I don't see us there  
I'm not a regular person, I be low-key, oh yeah  
From New York out to London, she wish she was with me all the time  
And I've been on the road so long, she couldn't call my line  
And now she got her ass and titties done for a thousand likes, mmm

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