Fill in the gaps



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

Now I'm in town,
Break it down
Thinking of making
a new song.
Playing a different show
every night in (1) of a
new crowd that's you know, 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 makeyou blush
I'm gonna sing this now-ow-ow
See, I'm true, my songs are
were my heart is
I'm like glue, I stick to
other artist
I'm not you, no that would
be disastrous.
Let me sing and do my
thing and move to greener
postures
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, I write my own tune

and I write my own verse, hell

Don't need another wordsmith

to make my tune sell.

Call yourself a singer/writer,

you're just bluffing.

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

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



JUB
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
demostrating.
When I perform live feels
like I am meditating.
Times at The Enterprise
when some (3) filmed me.
Young singer-writer like a
Gabriella-Cilmi.
'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.
'Cause with the lyrics I'll
be aiming it right
I won't stop 'till my name's
in lights, at (4) 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



Vinglés
Long nighter, short height
and I'm going hyper.
Never be anything but a
singer/songwriter
The game's over but now
I'm on a new level.
Watch how I step on the
track without a loop pedal.
People (5) that I'm
bound to blow up,
I've done around about a
thousand shows, but
I haven't got a house plus
I live on the 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 (6) the
future holds. 'Cause it's (7) day.
Plus I (8) my last name
forever, keep this genre pretty basic
Gonna be breaking into other
people 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 CD's from my rucksack,
Aiming for the papers.
Selling CD's from my rucksacks
Aiming for majors.
Nationwide tour (9) Just Jack,
still had to get the bus back.
Clean-cut kid withot 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 MuySpace
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, (10) say I'm
up-and-coming like I'm
fucking in an elevator.
'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 man, I don't need you.



- 1. front
- 2. BRIT
- 3. fella
- 4. stadium
- 5. think
- 6. what
- 7. another
- 8. keep
- 9. with
- 10. They