

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