

The A Team (live iTunes Festival)

Ed Sheeran

White lips, pale face
Breathing in snowflakes
Burnt lungs, sour taste

Light's gone, day's end
Struggling to pay rent
Long nights, strange men

And they say she's in the Class A Team
Stuck in her daydream
Been this way since eighteen but lately
Her face seems, slowly sinking, wasting
Crumbling like pastries
And they scream
The worst things in life come free to us

Â‘Cos we're just under the upper hand
And go mad for a couple grams
And she don't wanna go outside tonight
And in a pipe she flies to the Motherland
Or sells love to another man
It's too cold outside
For angels to fly
Angels to fly

Ripped gloves, raincoat
Tried to swim and stay afloat
Dry house, wet clothes

Loose change, bank notes
Weary-eyed, dry throat
Call girl, no phone

And they say she's in the Class A Team
Stuck in her daydream
Been this way since eighteen but lately
Her face seems, slowly sinking, wasting
Crumbling like pastries
And they scream

The worst things in life come free to us

Â‘Cos we're just under the upper hand
And go mad for a couple of grams
But she don't want to go outside tonight
And in a pipe she flies to the Motherland
And sells love to another man
It's too cold outside
For angels to fly

An angel will die
Covered in white, closed eyed
And hoping for a better life
This time will fade out tonight
Straight down the line

And they say she's in the Class A Team
Stuck in her daydream
Been this way since eighteen but lately
Her face seems, slowly sinking, wasting
Crumbling like pastries
They scream
The worst things in life come free to us

And we're all under the upper hand
And go mad for a couple grams
And we don't want to go outside tonight
And in the pipe fly to the Motherland
Or sell love to another man
It's too cold outside
For angels to fly
Angels to fly, fly, fly
For angels to fly, to fly, to fly
For angels to die

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