

The A Team

Birdy

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 18
But lately her face seems
Slowly sinking, wasting
Crumbling like pastries
And they scream
The worst things in life come free to us
'Cause we're just under the upper hand
And go mad for a couple of grams
And she don't want to 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, stay afloat
Dry house, wet clothes
Loose change, bank notes
Weary-eyed, dry throat
Cool girl, no phone
And they say
She's in the class A team
Stuck in her daydream
Been this way since 18
But lately her face seems
Slowly sinking, wasting
Crumbling like pastries
And they scream
The worst things in life come free to us
'Cause we're just under the upper hand
And go mad for a couple of grams
And she don't want to 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
For angels toOoh, ooh,
Ooh, oohAnd they say
She's in the class A team
Stuck in her daydream
Been this way since 18
But lately her face seems
Slowly sinking, wasting
Crumbling like pastries
And they scream
The worst things in life come free to us
'Cause 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 we fly to the Motherland
Or sells love to another man
It's too cold outside
For angels to fly
For angels to fly
To fly,
For angels to die

Songwriters

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