Little Lady

Ed Sheeran

(Verse 1 - Mikill Pane)
Listen
Little lady, this is just the worst way to spend your birthday
it's 30 degrees, Thursday
you work late, you was with a perv making dirty fake love in his Mercedes
lady the word 'rape' sums up events that take place every night
you wanna get up but you no your legs will ache if you try
then you remember that your punter went crazy last night
you drag yourself to the mirror to check your face then you cry
forget the visit to the clinic you was booked in for
you'll make a trip to the Whittington were they'll look at your jaw
they'll be inquisitive and ask about your business for sure
they'll know your fibbing if you tell them you got hit by a door
but young woman
the pimp see's you as nothing but a dumb hooker
medical attention could be fatal
'cause the cunt wouldn't ever let a doctor near someone thats getting dough for him
'cause next you got poxy authorities sticking their noses in
(Chorus - Ed Sheeran)
She's just under the upper hand
goes mad for a couple grams
and she don't wanna go outside, tonight.
'cos in the pipe she'll fly to the motherland and
sell love to another man
It's too cold outside, for angels to fly,
for angels to fly.
(Verse 2 - Mikill Pane)
Little lady, your mind you've made up
your injurys you can't hide with make-up
you need some medical advice, you make up
a little lie to say just
in case the doc opens his eyes and don't decide to play dumb
with any luck you'll see the same dude who stiched your top lip
last year when your pimp just lost it
he wouldn't recognise you if you stared him in the face anyway
'cos all the heroin is making you age
but you're a heroin for taking the strain of being a prostitue and punching bag
the funds you have left go where your from using moneygram
mother had to get you out the motherland to study

that was all she struggled to have a single daughter with the upper hand
but little does she know you're never coming back
she put you in her brother's hand only for him to formulate another plan
he's the fucking cause of your appalling state the summer,
fancy that you came to London to get pimped by your Uncle, damn.
(Chorus - Ed Sheeran)
She's just under the upper hand
goes mad for a couple grams
and she don't wanna go outside, tonight.

'cos in the pipe she'll fly to the motherland and
sell love to another man
It's too cold outside, for angels to fly
Now an angel will die, covered in white
with closed eyes & hoping for a better life
this time, i will fade out tonight,
straight down the line.
(Verse 3 - Mikill Pane)
Little lady, your trembling with fear
you're skinny frame kinda ressembles a deer
you're sitting facing the detective, oh dear
the meddling nurse couldn't just leave it,
she's only gone and made it much worse calling police in,
she'll never know the gravity of the damage she's caused
you're causing scandal going mad in the ward now
the coppers trying to calm you, telling you he won't let no one harm you
the same question he keeps trying to ask you, who you working for?
he's talking to you like you're worth more than a dirty whore
your having a conversation you could be murdered for
your learning more about exactly why you need to help bring him or her to court
it's kicking knowledge you ain't ever heard before
just before he leaves, he reassures you that he knows that it's hard
he underlines a mobile number you can phone on his card
begs you to use it
he's useless if you're gonna be stupid
'cos an answer hasn't come from your bruised lips, your on your own
you've gotta go and give your pimp what you owe
you reach your door and then it dawns that you've been followed home
before you turn around you feel a cold blade on your throat
and then a voice says 'where you been bitch? I wanna know.'
no prizes for guessing who it is, resistance would be foolishness
you open the front door, he boots you in
there's something new in him, he's silent now that fills you with terror
get your alibi straight, you could be killed for an error
he towers over you, the 6 inch knife catches the sunlight

at this point your life flashes before your eyes
your handbags dropped and all the contents are all over the floor
despite the mess there's only one thing that's caught his eye
and in the moment of rage, he brutally murders his niece
and dumps her body in the boot of his Merc in the street.
Little lady left this earth in the worst way
all because she got a card on her 13th birthday
(Chorus - Ed Sheeran)
We're all under the upper hand
and go mad for a couple grams
and we don't wanna go outside, tonight.
'Cos in the pipe she'll fly to the motherland and
sell love to another man
it's too cold outside, for angels to fly.for angels to fly
fly fly for angels to fly
to fly to fly,
angles to die

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