

# 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 prostitute 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 resembles 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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