

# The a Team

## 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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