The A Team - Live At The Bedford

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 'Cause we're just under the upper hand And go mad for a couple 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 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
'Cause we're just under the upper hand
And go mad for a couple 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
An angel will die
Covered in white
Closed eye

And hoping for a better life
This time, we'll 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 Go mad for a couple grams And we don't want to go outside tonight And in a pipe we fly to the Motherland Or sell love to another man It's too cold outside For angels to fly Angels to fly To fly, fly

For angels to die

For angels to fly, to fly, to fly

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