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
She's stuck in her daydream
Been this way since eighteen
But lately her face seems
Slowly sinking, wasting
Crumbling like pastries

The worst things in life come free to us 'Cause she's just under the upper-hand And goes mad for a couple of grams And she don't want to go outside tonight

'Cause in a pipe she flies to the Motherland And sells love to another man

It's too cold outside For angels to fly Angels to fly

And they scream

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
She's 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 she's just under the upper-hand And goes mad for a couple of grams But she don't want to go outside tonight 'Cause in a pipe she flies to the Motherland

And sells love to another man It's too cold outside For angels to fly

Now angel will die Covered in white, closed eye And hoping for a better life This time, now we'll fade out tonight Straight down the line Straight down the line

And they say She's in the Class A Team She's 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 of grams And we don't want to go outside tonight 'Cause in a pipe we fly to the Motherland And sell love to another man It's too cold outside For angels to fly Angels to fly, fly, fly Angels to fly, to fly, to fly Angels to die