## The A Team

White lips, pale face Breathing in the 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

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'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-eyed 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

'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 To fly, fly For angels to fly, to fly, to fly For angels to die

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