

Ed Sheeran "Little Lady"

Visit "[Little Lady](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(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
& you remember that your punter went crazy last night
you drag yourself to the mirror to check 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
& 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.

(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 if you stared him in the face
anyway
'cos all the heroin is making you age
but your a heroin for taking the strain of being a
prostitutue 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
little does she know your 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 fans
see 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
& 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, we'll fade out tonight,
straight down the line.

(Verse 3 - Mikill Pane)

Little lady, your trembling with fear
your skinny frame kinda resembles the dear
your 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
and
she'll never know the gravity of the damage she's
caused
your 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 like your 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 your 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
& go mad for a couple grams
& 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.

Visit [Ed Sheeran](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.