Lawson "The a Team"

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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 18 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 of 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 Cool girl, no phone

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And go mad for a couple of 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 18 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 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 Fly, fly For angels to fly To fly, to fly Or angels to die

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