Fabienne Bergmans "A-Team"

Visit "A-Team" on MotoLyrics.com

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 Cos we're just under the upperhand 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, 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 18
But lately her face seems
Slowly sinking, wasting

Crumbling like pastries And they scream The worst things in life come free to us
Cos we're just under the upperhand
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 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 upperhand
And 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
Angels to fly,
To fly, to fly
For angels to die

Visit <u>Fabienne Bergmans</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

MotoLyrics.com | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.