

# The A Team

Boyce Avenue

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  
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  
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 of grams  
But 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  
Cause 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  
And they scream  
The worst things in life come free to us

And we are all on the upperhand  
And go mad for a couple of grams  
And we don't want to go outside tonight  
And in a pipe we 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  
Angels to fly,  
To fly, to fly,  
Angels to fly