## The A Team

## Michael Schulte

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 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 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 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 For angels to fly Angels to fly To fly, fly Or angels to die