Artist: Ed Sheeran

Song: A Team

Capo 2

**G**

White lips, pale face,

**C** **Em**

Breathing in snowflakes,

**G** **C**

Burnt lungs, sour taste.

**G**

Light's gone, day's end,

**C** **Em**

Struggling to pay rent,

**G** **C**

Long nights, strange men.

**Am** **C**

And they say she's in the Class A Team,

**G**

Stuck in her daydream,

**D** **Am**

Been this way since 18, but lately her face seems

**C**

Slowly sinking, wasting,

**G**

Crumbling like pastries,

And they scream,

**D**

The worst things in life come free to us,

**Em** **C**

Cos we're just under the upperhand,

**G**

And go mad for a couple of grams,

**Em** **C** **G**

And she don't want to go outside tonight,

**Em** **C**

And in a pipe she flies to the Motherland,

**G**

Or sells love to another man,

**Em** **C**

It's too cold outside,

**G** **Em**

For angels to fly,

**D** **Em**

Angels to fly,

**G**

Ripped gloves, raincoat,

**C** **Em**

Tried to swim and stay afloat,

**G** **C**

Dry house, wet clothes.

**G**

Loose change, bank notes,

**C** **Em**

Weary-eyed, dry throat,

**G** **C**

Call girl, no phone.

**Am** **C**

And they say she's in the Class A Team,

**G**

Stuck in her daydream,

**D** **Am**

Been this way since 18, but lately her face seems

**C**

Slowly sinking, wasting,

**G**

Crumbling like pastries,

And they scream,

**D**

The worst things in life come free to us,

**Em** **C**

Cos we're just under the upperhand,

**G**

And go mad for a couple of grams,

**Em** **C** **G**

And she don't want to go outside tonight,

**Em** **C**

And in a pipe she flies to the Motherland,

**G**

Or sells love to another man,

**Em** **C**

It's too cold outside,

**G** **Em**

For angels to fly,

**D** **Em**

Angels to fly,

**Am** **C**

An angel will die.

**G** **D**

Covered in white,

**Em**

Closed eye,

**C** **G**

And hoping for a better life,

**Am** **C** **G**

This time, we'll fade out tonight,

**C** **Em**

Straight down the line.

**Am** **C**

And they say she's in the Class A Team,

**G**

Stuck in her daydream,

**D** **Am**

Been this way since 18, but lately her face seems

**C**

Slowly sinking, wasting,

**G**

Crumbling like pastries,

And they scream,

**D**

The worst things in life come free to us,

**Em** **C**

Cos we're just under the upperhand,

**G**

And go mad for a couple of grams,

**Em** **C** **G**

And she don't want to go outside tonight,

**Em** **C**

And in a pipe she flies to the Motherland,

**G**

Or sells love to another man,

**Em** **C**

It's too cold outside,

**G** **Em**

For angels to fly,

**C** **Em**

To fly, fly,

**G** **Em** **D** **Em**

Angels to fly, to fly, to fly,

**G** **Em**

Angels to die.

END