

The A Team

Imany

White lips, pale face
Breathing in snowflakes
Burnt lungs, sour taste
Light's gone, days end
Struggling to pay rent
Long nights, strange men

And they say
She's in the Class A Team
She's 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 her

'Cause we're just under the upper hand
And goes mad for a couple grams
She don't want to go outside tonight
'Cause in a pipe she flies to the Motherland
And sells love to another man
It's too cold outside
For angels to fly
For angels to fly

Ripped gloves, raincoat
Tried to swim and stay afloat
Dry house, wet clothes
Loose change, bank notes
Weary-eyed and dry throat
Call girl, no phone

They say
She's in the Class A Team
She's 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 she's just under the upper hand
And goes mad for a couple grams
She don't want to go outside tonight
And the a pipe she fly to the Motherland
And sells love to another man
It's too cold outside
For angels to fly

An angel will die
Covered in white

And they say
She's in the Class A Team
She's stuck in her daydream

