

The A Team

Jack Gray

White lips, pale face
Breathin' 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
Stuck in her daydream
Been this way since eighteen
But lately, her face seems
Slowly sinking, wasting
Crumbling like pastries
And they scream
The worst things in life come free to us

We're just under the upper hand
Go mad for a couple grams
She don't wanna go outside tonight
In a pipe, she flies to the Motherland
Or sells love to another man
It's too cold outside
For angels to fly

Ripped gloves, raincoat
Tried to swim and stay afloat
Dry house, wet clothes
Loose change, banknotes
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 eighteen
But lately, her face seems
Slowly sinking, wasting
Crumbling like pastries
And they scream
The worst things in life come free to us

We're just under the upper hand
Go mad for a couple grams
She don't wanna go outside
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 eyes, hopin' 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 eighteen
But lately, her face seems
Slowly sinking, wasting
Crumbling like pastries
And they scream
The worst things in life come free to us

We're all under the upper hand
Go mad for a couple grams
She don't wanna go outside
In a pipe, she flies to the Motherland
Or sell love to another man
It's too cold outside
For angels to fly