

The A Team

Lawson

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.
'Cause we're just under the upper hand,
And go mad for a couple 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.

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To fly, to fly.

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For angels to fly, to fly,
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