

















A Team- Ed Sheeran

||: G  / / / | G  / / D  | E^m  / / C  | G  / / /

V1) White lips, pale face, breathing in snow- flakes, burnt lungs sour taste
 V2) Ripped gloves, raincoat, tried to swim and stay a- float, dry house, wet clothes

G  / / / | G  / / D  | E^m  / / C  | G  / / /

Light's gone, day's end, struggling to pay rent, long nights, strange men. And
 Loose change, bank notes, weary-eyed, dry throat, call girl, no phone. And

A^m  / / / | C  / / / | G  / / / | D  / / /





they say, she's in the class A Team, stuck in her daydream been this way since 18 but lately her

A^m  / / / | C  / / / | G  / / / |



face seems slowly sinking wasting, crumbling like pastries and they scream the

D  / / / | E^m  / C  / |






worst things in life come free to us cos we're just under the upper hand




G  / / / | E^m  / C  / | G  / / /

and go mad for a couple of grams and she don't want to go outside to-night. And in a





E^m  / C  / | G  / / / | E^m  / C  /

pipe she flies to the motherland, or sells love to another man. It's too cold out-side

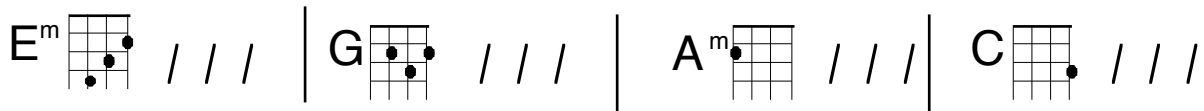
¹ G  / D  / | E^m  / C  / | G  / / /
for angels to fly, angels to

E^m  / C  / | G  / / / :||

fly.

² G  / D  / | A^m  / / / | C  / / /
for angels to fly. An angel will die, covered in

A Team continued



white, closed eye and hoping for a better life. This time we'll fade out tonight straight down the



line.

And...



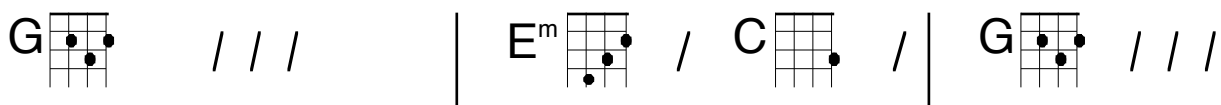
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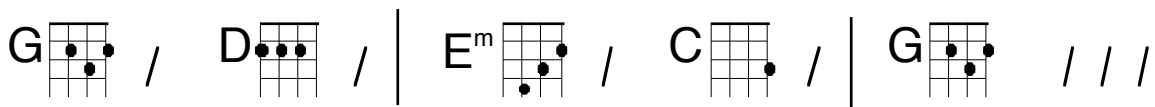
worst things in life come free to us cos we're just under the upper hand



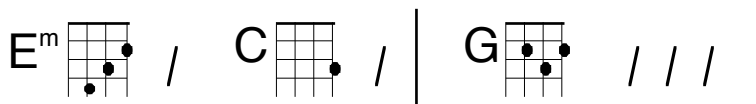
and go mad for a couple of grams and she don't want to go outside to-night. And in a



pipe she flies to the motherland, or sells love to another man. It's too cold out-side



.....for angels to fly, angels to



fly