Tom: A

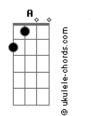
## Ed Sheeran - The a Team

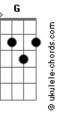
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(forma dos acordes no tom de G )
Capostraste na 2ª casa
           [Verso 1]
White lips, pale face G
                     Em
Breathing in snowflakes
      C
Burnt lungs, sour taste
Light's gone, day's end
            G
                   Em
Struggling to pay rent
Long nights, strange men
[Refrão]
Am7
And they say she's in the Class A Team
              G
Stuck in her daydream
                                      Am7
                   D
Been this way since 18, but lately her face seems
Slowly sinking, wasting
               G
Crumbling like pastries
And they scream
The worst things in life come free to us
          Em
                           G
Cos we're just under the upperhand
And go mad for a couple of grams
                                 G
Em
                    C
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
Fm
It's too cold outside
G
              Fm
For angels to fly
D Em
Angels to fly
[Verso 2]
Ripped gloves, raincoat
                          Fm
Tried to swim and stay afloat
        C
                    G
Dry house, wet clothes
Loose change, bank notes
                   Em
Weary-eyed, dry throat
C (Call girl, no phone
[Refrão]
Am7
And they say she's in the Class A Team
G
Stuck in her daydream
                   D
                                      Am7
```

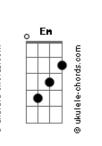
Slowly sinking, wasting Crumbling like pastries And they scream The worst things in life come free to us Em C Cos we're just under the upperhand G And go mad for a couple of grams Em С And she don't want to go outside tonight Em And in a pipe she flies to the Motherland G Or sells love to another man С It's too cold outside For angels to fly D Em Angels to fly Am7 C An angel will die [Verso 3] D Covered in white Fm Closed eye G С And hoping for a better life Am C This time, we'll fade out tonight Fm Straight down the line [Refrão] Δm7 And they say she's in the Class A Team G Stuck in her daydream Am7 D Been this way since 18, but lately her face seems Slowly sinking, wasting G Crumbling like pastries And they scream The worst things in life come free to us Em Cos we're just under the upperhand G And go mad for a couple of grams C Fm And she don't want to go outside tonight Em And in a pipe she flies to the Motherland G Or sells love to another man С It's too cold outside G Em For angels to fly
D Em Angels to fly Em To fly, fly D G Em Em Angels to fly, to fly, to fly Em Angels to die

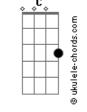
Been this way since 18, but lately her face seems

## Acordes

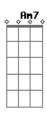




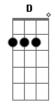




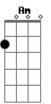




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