

# Ed Sheeran - The a Team

Tom: A

(forma dos acordes no tom de G )  
Capostrate na 2ª casa

[Verso 1]

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

[Refrão]

Am7 C  
And they say she's in the Class A Team  
Stuck in her daydream  
Been this way since 18, but lately her face seems  
Slowly sinking, wasting  
Crumbling like pastries

And they scream  
D  
The worst things in life come free to us  
Cos we're just under the upperhand  
And go mad for a couple of 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

[Verso 2]

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

[Refrão]

Am7 C  
And they say she's in the Class A Team  
Stuck in her daydream  
Been this way since 18, but lately her face seems

C  
Slowly sinking, wasting  
Crumbling like pastries  
And they scream  
D  
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 C G  
And she don't want to go outside tonight  
And in a pipe she flies to the Motherland  
Or sells love to another man  
Em C  
It's too cold outside  
G Em  
For angels to fly  
D Em  
Angels to fly  
Am7 C  
An angel will die

[Verso 3]

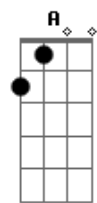
G D  
Covered in white  
Em  
Closed eye  
C G  
And hoping for a better life  
Am C  
This time, we'll fade out tonight  
G Em  
Straight down the line

[Refrão]

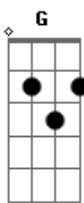
Am7 C  
And they say she's in the Class A Team  
Stuck in her daydream  
Been this way since 18, but lately her face seems  
Slowly sinking, wasting  
Crumbling like pastries

And they scream  
D  
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 C G  
And she don't want to go outside tonight  
And in a pipe she flies to the Motherland  
Or sells love to another man  
Em C  
It's too cold outside  
G Em  
For angels to fly  
D Em  
Angels to fly  
C Em  
To fly, fly  
G Em D Em  
Angels to fly, to fly, to fly  
G Em  
Angels to die

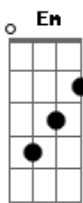
# Acordes



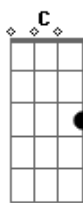
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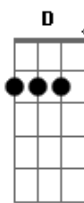
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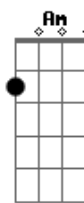
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