

The A Team
Boyce Avenue

This is my version of The A Team by Boyce Avenue.

[Verse 1]

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

[Pre-Chorus]

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

[Chorus]

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,
 Em C
And in a pipe she flies to the Motherland,
G

Or sells love to another man,

Em **C**

It s too cold outside,

G **Em**

For angels to fly,

D **Em**

Angels to fly,

[Verse 2]

G

Ripped gloves, raincoat,

Am **Em**

Tried to swim and stay afloat,

Am **Em**

Dry house, wet clothes.

G

Loose change, bank notes,

Am **Em**

Weary-eyed, dry throat,

Am **G**

Call girl, no phone.

[Pre-Chorus]

Am7 **C**

And they say she s in the Class A Team,

G

Stuck in her daydream,

D

Am7

Been this way since 18, but lately her face seems

C

Slowly sinking, wasting,

G

Crumbling like pastries,

[Chorus]

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,

Em

C

And in a pipe she flies to the Motherland,

G

Or sells love to another man,

Em **C**

It s too cold outside,

G **Em**

For angels to fly,

Am7 **C**

An angel will die.

[Verse 3]

G **Am**

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.

[Instrumental]

Am C G Em

[Pre-Chorus]

Am7 **C**

And they say she s in the Class A Team,

G

Stuck in her daydream,

D

Am7

Been this way since 18, but lately her face seems

C

Slowly sinking, wasting,

G

Crumbling like pastries,

[Chorus]

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,
Em **C**
And in a pipe she flies to the Motherland,
G
Or sells love to another man,
Em **C**
It s too cold outside,
G **Em**
For angels to fly, **C** **Em**
D **Em**
Angels to fly, **C** **Em**
C **Em**
To fly, fly,
G **Em** **C** **Em**
Angels to fly, to fly, to fly,
Em **G**
Angels to die.