

Little Lady
Ed Sheeran

Intro:

| G Dsus2 | G D/F# | Em C | G Cadd9 |
(play the last chord in each measure fleetingly to segue to the next bar)

verse 1: (Rapped by Mikill Pane)

G

Listen

G

Little lady, this is just the worst way to spend your birthday

G D/F#

It s 30 degrees, Thursday

Em

C G

You work late, you was with a perv making dirty fake love in his Mercedes

G

Lady the word rape sums up events that take place every night

G

You wanna get up but you know your legs will ache if you try

Em

D

And you remember that your punter went crazy last night

G

You drag yourself to the mirror to check your face then you cry

Am

Forget the visit to the clinic you were booked in for

C

You ll make a trip to the Whittington where they ll look at your jaw

G

They ll be inquisitive and ask about your business for sure

D

They ll know your fibbing if you tell them you got hit by a door

Am

But young woman

Am

The pimp sees you as nothing but a dumb hooker

C

Medical attention could be fatal

G

Cause the cunt wouldn t ever let a doctor near someone that s getting dough for him

D

Cause next you got poxy authorities sticking their noses in

Em **Cadd9**
 cause she s just under the upper hand
G
 And goes mad for a couple of grams
Em **Cadd9**
 And she don t wanna go outside tonight
Em **Cadd9**
 cause in a pipe she flies to the motherland, and
G
 Sell love to another man,
Em **Cadd9** **G**
 It s too cold outside
D **Em** **C** **G**
 For angels to fly
G **Em** **C** **G**
 Angels to fly

verse 2: (Rapped by Mikill Pane)

G
 Little lady, your mind you ve made up
G
 Your injuries you can t hide with make-up
Em
 You need some medical advice, you make up
Em **C**
 A little lie to say just
G **D**
 In case the doc opens his eyes and don t decide to play dumb
G
 With any luck you ll see the same dude who stitched your top lip
G **D**
 Last year when your pimp just lost it
G **D/F#** **Em** **C**
 He wouldn t recognise you if you stared him in the face anyway
G
 Cause all the heroin is making you age
Am
 But you re a heroine for taking the strain of being a prostitute and punching
 bag
C
 The funds you have left go where you re from using Moneygram
G
 Mother had to get you out the motherland to study
D
 That was all she struggled to have a single daughter with the upper hand
Am
 Little does she know you re never coming back
G/B **C**
 She put you in her brother s hand only for him to formulate another plan
G

He s the fucking cause of your appalling state this summer

D

Fancy that, you came to London to get pimped by your Uncle, damn.

Em Cadd9

cause she s just under the upper hand

G

And goes mad for a couple of grams

Em Cadd9 G

And she don t wanna go outside tonight

Em Cadd9

cause in a pipe she flies to the motherland, and

G

Sell love to another man

Em Cadd9 G

It s too cold outside

D Em

For angels to fly

Am G/B C

Now an angel will die

Em

Covered in white

G

With closed eyes and hoping for a better life

Am C

This time, we ll fade out tonight

G

Straight down the line

Instrumental - Guitar Solo:

Em C G G

Em C G G Em

verse 3: (Rapped by Mikill Pane)

Am

Little lady, you re trembling with fear

C

Your skinny frame kinda resembles a deer

G

You re sitting facing the detective, oh dear

D D/C

The meddling nurse couldn t just leave it

G

Am

She s only gone and made it much worse calling police in

Am

She ll never know the gravity of the damage she s caused

C

You re causing scandal, going mad in the ward now

G

G/F#

The cop is trying to calm you, telling you he won t let no one harm you

Am

The same question he keeps trying to ask you who re you working for?

C

He s talking to like your worth more than a dirty whore

G

You re having a conversation you could be murdered for

D

G/F#

You re learning more about exactly why you need to help bring him or her to court

Am

It s kicking knowledge you ain t ever heard before

G/B

C

Just before he leaves, he reassures you that he knows that it s hard

C

He underlines a mobile number you can phone on his card

G

Begs you to use it

He s useless if you re gonna be stupid

D/F#

Cause an answer hasn t come from your bruised lips, you re on your own

You ve gotta go and give your pimp what you owe

C

You reach your door and then it dawns that you ve been followed home

G

Before you turn around you feel a cold blade on your throat

D/F#

And then a voice says where you been bitch? I wanna know.

Am

No prizes for guessing who it is, resistance would be foolishness

C

You open the front door, he boots you in

G

There s something new in him, he s silent now that fills you with terror

D/F#

Get your alibi straight, you could be killed for an error

Am

He towers over you, the 6 inch knife catches the sunlight

C

At this point your life flashes before your eyes

G

Your handbags dropped and all the contents are all over the floor

D/F#

Despite the mess there s only one thing that s caught his eye

Am

And in the moment of rage, he brutally murders his niece

C

And dumps her body in the boot of his Merc, t s in the street.

G

Little lady left this earth in the worst way

D/F#

All because she got a card on her 13th birthday

Chorus:

Em Cadd9
cause we re all under the upper hand

G

And go mad for a couple of grams

Em Cadd9 G

And she don t want to go outside tonight

Em Cadd9

cause in a pipe she ll fly to the motherland

G

Or sells love to another man

Em Cadd9 G

It s too cold outside

G Em C G

For angels to fly

G Em

Angels to fly

C Em

To fly, fly

G Em D Em

Angels to fly, to fly, to fly

G G

Angels to die