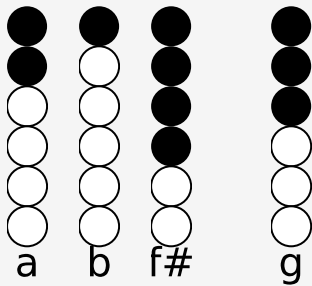


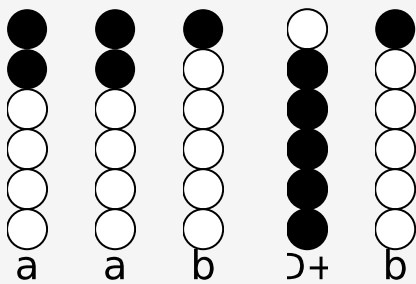
# Tin whistle tabs for: The A Team

Genre: pop

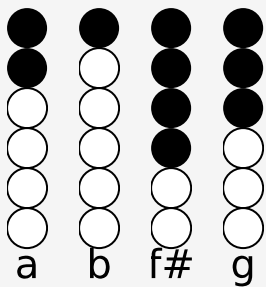
Author/Performer: Ed Sheeran



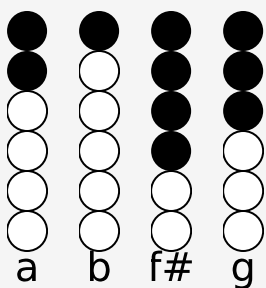
White lips, pale face



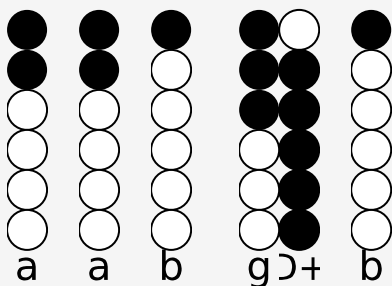
Breathing in snowflakes



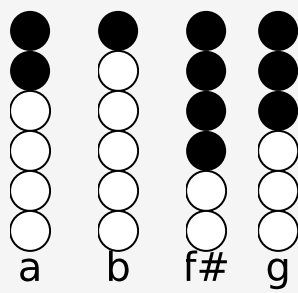
Burnt lungs, sour taste



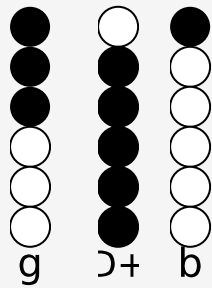
Light's gone, day's end



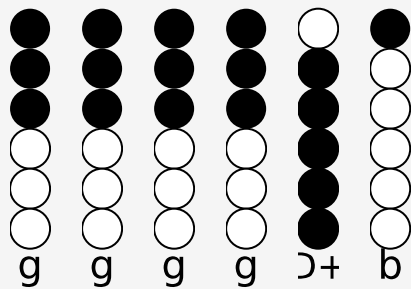
Struggling to pay rent



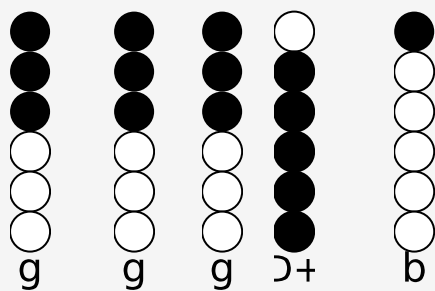
Long nights, strange men



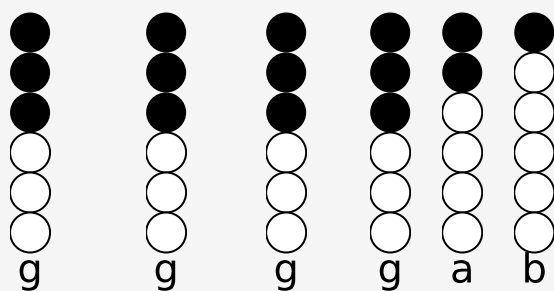
And they say



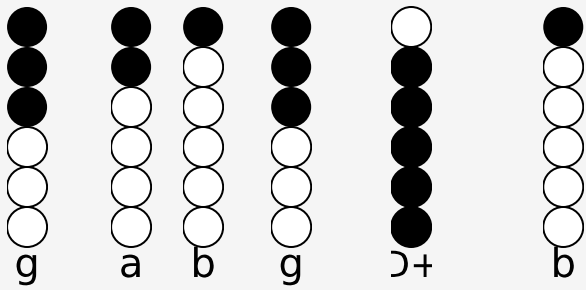
She's in the Class A Team



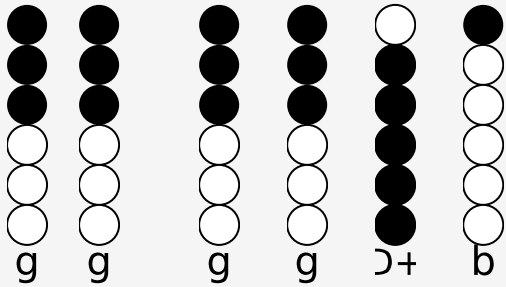
Stuck in her daydream



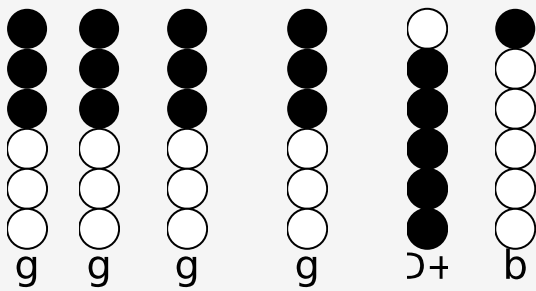
Been this way since eighteen



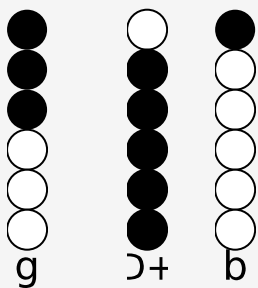
But lately her face seems



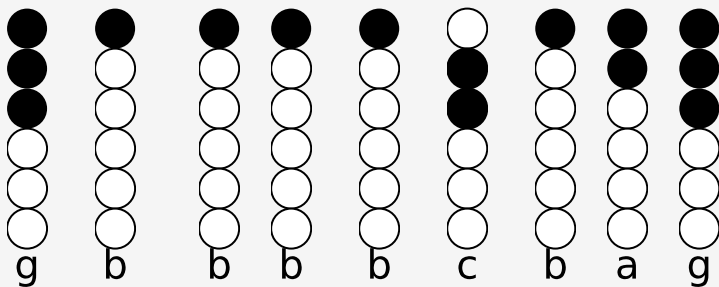
Slowly sinking, wasting



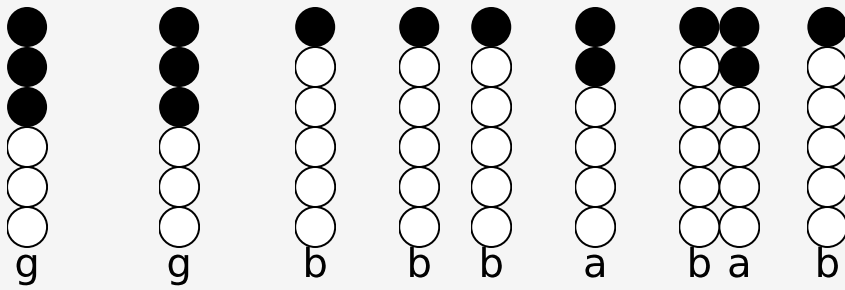
Crumbling like pastries



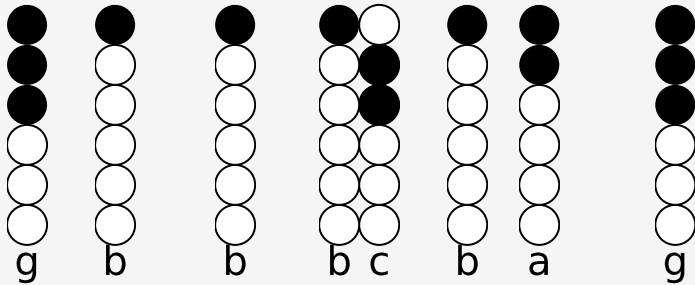
And they scream



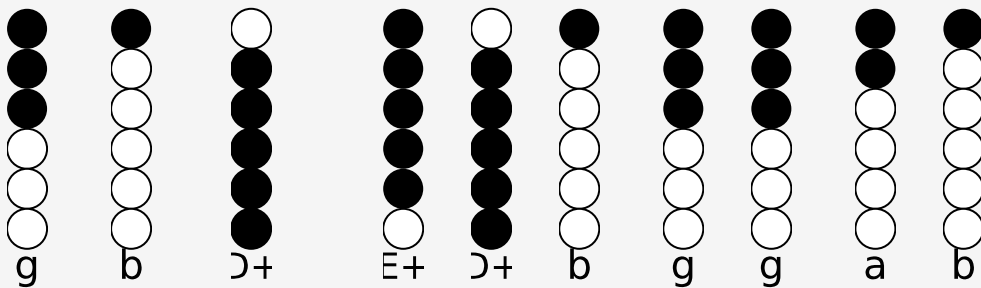
The worst things in life come free to us



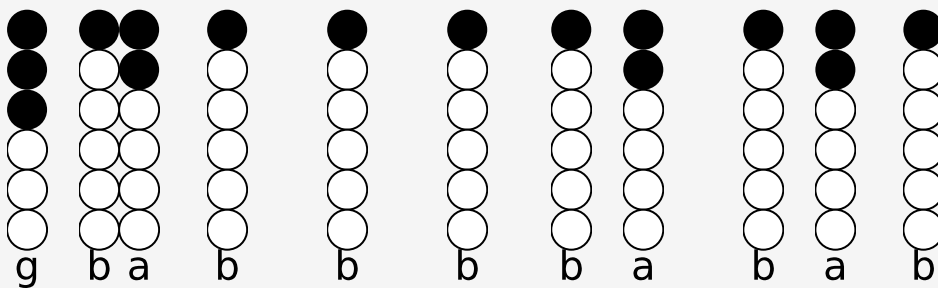
'Cause we're just under the upper hand



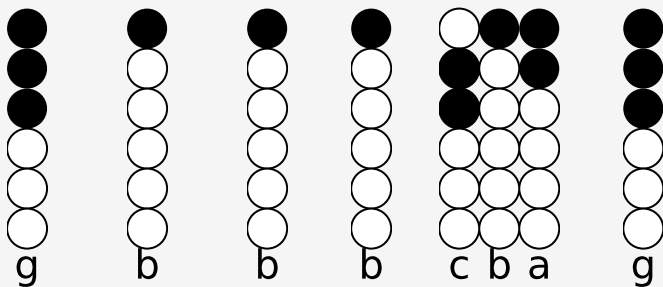
And go mad for a couple grams



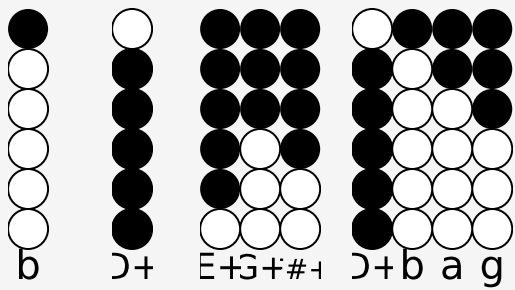
And she don't want to go outside tonight



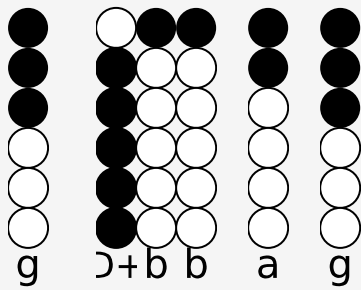
And in a pipe she flies to the Motherland



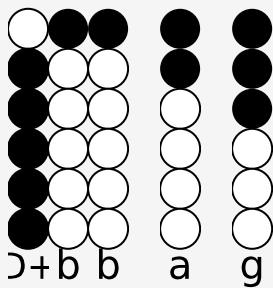
Or sells love to another man



It's too cold outside



For angels to fly



Angels to fly