

Handwritten musical notation at the top left of the page.

the a team - ed sheeran

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

Handwritten musical notation for the first section, including chords like G, C, and G/F#.

Am7 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,
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,

Handwritten musical notation for the second section, including chords like Am7, D/F#, C, G, Em, and G/F#.

G $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{2}$

Ripped gloves, raincoat,

| G G/F# Em

Tried to swim and stay afloat,

| C | G | G C |

Dry house, wet clothes.

G $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{2}$

Loose change, bank notes,

| G G/F# Em

Weary-eyed, dry throat,

| C | G | $\frac{1}{2}$ |

Call girl, no phone.

Am7 $\frac{1}{2}$ C $\frac{1}{2}$
And they say she's in the Class A Team,

G $\frac{1}{2}$
Stuck in her daydream,

D/F# = Am7 $\frac{1}{2}$

Been this way since 18, but lately her face seems

C $\frac{1}{2}$
Slowly sinking, wasting,

G $\frac{1}{2}$
Crumbling like pastries,

And they scream,

D/F# $\frac{1}{2}$
The worst things in life come free to us,

Em C
Cos we're just under the upperhand,

G $\frac{1}{2}$
And go mad for a couple of grams,

Em C G $\frac{1}{2}$
And she don't want to go outside tonight,

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

G $\frac{1}{2}$
Or sells love to another man,

Em C G
It's too cold outside,

| G G/F# |
For angels to fly,

Am7
Angels to fly,

Am7 | C | $\frac{1}{2}$ |
An angel will die.

Covered in white,

Closed eye,

And hoping for a better life,

This time, we'll fade out tonight,

Straight down the line.

And they say she's in the Class A Team,

Been this way since 18, but lately her face seems

Slowly sinking, wasting,
Crumbling like pastries,

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,

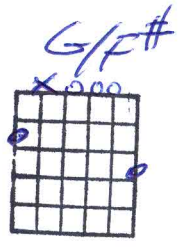
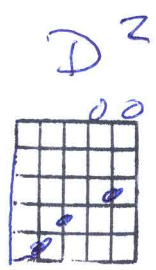
Or sells love to another man,

It's too cold outside,

For angels to fly,

To fly, fly,

Angels to fly, to fly, to fly,
Angels to die.



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ÉCOLE DE GUITARE
CLAUDE SAINDON

apprendrelaguitare.ca
(819) 474-6445