

## **Big Time Rush - The a Team**

```
Been this way since 18, but lately her face seems, slowly
                                                               sinking, wasting
                                             G )
 (com acordes na forma de
Capostraste na 2ª casa
                                                               Crumbling like pastries, and they scream the worst things in
Intro: G \, C \, G \, C \, G \, G \,
                                                               life come free to us
                                                                        Em
                                                               Cos she's just under the upperhand, and go mad for a couple of
White lips, pale face, breathing in snowflakes
                                                               grams
                   G
                                                               Fm
Burnt lungs, sour taste
                                                               And she don't want to go outside tonight
                                                                       Em
                                                                                            C
Light's gone, day's end, struggling to pay rent
                                                               And in a pipe she flies to the Motherland, or sells love to
                   G
                                                               another man
Long nights, strange men
                                                                                G
                                                                                        D
                                                               It's too cold outside for angels to fly,
                                                                \mathsf{C} \quad \mathsf{G} \quad \mathsf{Em} \quad \mathsf{C} \quad \mathsf{G} \quad \mathsf{G}
And they say she's in the Class A Team, stuck in her daydream
                                                               for angels to fly
                                                               Am7
Been this way since 18, but lately her face seems, slowly
                                                               An angel will die, covered in white
sinking, wasting
                                                                     G G
                                                               Closed eye and hoping for a better life
Crumbling like pastries, and they scream the worst things in
                                                               C -slide-D
life come free to us
                                                               This time, we'll fade out tonight, straight down the line
Cos she's just under the upperhand, and go mad for a couple of
                                                                                   Em C G D
                                                               Straight down the line
And she don't want to go outside tonight
                                                               And they say she's in the Class A Team, stuck in her daydream
And in a pipe she flies to the Motherland, or sells love to
another man
                                                               Been this way since 18, but lately her face seems, slowly
It's too cold outside for angels to fly,
                                                               sinking, wasting
C G
           Em C G G
for angels to fly
                                                               Crumbling like pastries, and they scream the worst things in
                                                               life come free to us
                                                                        Fm
Ripped gloves, raincoat, tried to swim and stay afloat
                                                               Cos she's just under the upperhand, and go mad for a couple of
Dry house, wet clothes
                                                               Em
                                                               And she don't want to go outside tonight
Loose change, bank notes, weary-eyed, dry throat
                                                               And in a pipe she flies to the Motherland, or sells love to
Call girl, no phone
                                                               another man
                                                               Em C
                                                                                G
                                                               It's too cold outside for angels to fly, to fly to fly
And they say she's in the Class A Team, stuck in her daydream
                                                               or angels to die
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## Acordes

