

# Big Time Rush - The a Team

Tom: A

(com acordes na forma de G )

Capostrate na 2ª casa  
Intro: G C G C G C G G

G Em  
White lips, pale face, breathing in snowflakes  
C G C  
Burnt lungs, sour taste  
G Em  
Light's gone, day's end, struggling to pay rent  
C G  
Long nights, strange men

Am C G  
And they say she's in the Class A Team, stuck in her daydream  
D Am

C  
Been this way since 18, but lately her face seems, slowly  
sinking, wasting

G D  
Crumbling like pastries, and they scream the worst things in  
life come free to us

Em C G  
Cos she's just under the upperhand, and go mad for a couple of  
grams

Em C G  
And she don't want to go outside tonight

Em C G  
And in a pipe she flies to the Motherland, or sells love to  
another man

Em C G D Em  
It's too cold outside for angels to fly,  
C G Em C G G  
for angels to fly

G Em  
Ripped gloves, raincoat, tried to swim and stay afloat

C G C  
Dry house, wet clothes  
G Em  
Loose change, bank notes, weary-eyed, dry throat

C G  
Call girl, no phone

Am C G  
And they say she's in the Class A Team, stuck in her daydream  
D Am

C

Been this way since 18, but lately her face seems, slowly  
sinking, wasting

G D  
Crumbling like pastries, and they scream the worst things in  
life come free to us

Em C G  
Cos she's just under the upperhand, and go mad for a couple of  
grams

Em C G  
And she don't want to go outside tonight

Em C G  
And in a pipe she flies to the Motherland, or sells love to  
another man

Em C G D Em  
It's too cold outside for angels to fly,  
C G Em C G G  
for angels to fly

Am C Em  
An angel will die, covered in white

G G  
Closed eye and hoping for a better life

Am C G D  
Em C G D  
This time, we'll fade out tonight, straight down the line  
Straight down the line

Am C G  
And they say she's in the Class A Team, stuck in her daydream  
D Am

C  
Been this way since 18, but lately her face seems, slowly  
sinking, wasting

G D  
Crumbling like pastries, and they scream the worst things in  
life come free to us

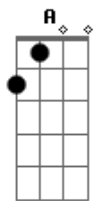
Em C G  
Cos she's just under the upperhand, and go mad for a couple of  
grams

Em C G  
And she don't want to go outside tonight

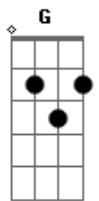
Em C G  
And in a pipe she flies to the Motherland, or sells love to  
another man

Em C G D Em  
It's too cold outside for angels to fly, to fly to fly  
D G  
or angels to die

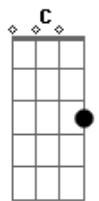
## Acordes



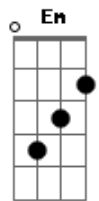
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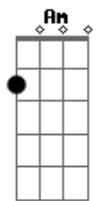
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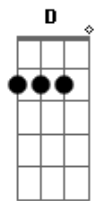
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