

Fill in the gaps

White lips, pale face	The worst things in life come (5) to us
Breathing in snowflakes	'Cause we're just under the upper hand
Burnt lungs, (1) taste	And go mad for a couple grams
Light's gone, day's end	And she don't want to go outside tonight
Struggling to pay rent	And in a pipe she flies to the Motherland
Long nights, strange men	Or sells love to another man
And they say	It's too cold outside
She's in the class A team	For angels to fly
Stuck in her daydream	An angel will die
Been (2) way since 18	Covered in white
But lately her face seems	Closed eye
Slowly sinking, wasting	And hoping for a better life
Crumbling like pastries	This time
And they scream	We'll fade out tonight
The worst things in life come free to us	Straight down the line
'Cause we're just	And they say
Under the upper hand	She's in the class A team
And go mad for a couple grams	Stuck in her daydream
And she don't want to go outside tonight	Been this way since 18
And in a pipe she flies to the Motherland	But lately her (6) seems
Or sells love to another man	Slowly sinking, wasting
It's too (3) outside	Crumbling like pastries
For (4) to fly	They scream
Angels to fly	The worst things in (7) come free to us
Ripped gloves, raincoat	And we're all (8) the upper hand
Tried to swim and stay afloat	Go mad for a couple grams
Dry house, wet clothes	And we don't want to go outside tonight
Loose change, bank notes	And in a pipe we fly to the Motherland
Weary-eyed, dry throat	Or sell love to another man
Call girl, no phone	It's too cold outside
And they say	For angels to fly
She's in the class A team	Angels to fly
Stuck in her daydream	Fly, fly
Been this way since 18	For angels to fly
But lately her face seems	To fly, to fly
Slowly sinking, wasting	Angels to die
Crumbling like pastries	
And they scream	



- 1. sour
- 2. this
- 3. cold
- 4. angels
- 5. free
- 6. face
- 7. life
- 8. under

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