

The cup song mashup ↓

Hey there you baby (Hey There Delilah) ↓↓

The A-Team ↓↓↓

The cup song mashup

muziek & tekst: A.P. Carter & Luisa Gerstein

I got my ticket for the long way 'round,
Two bottle whiskey for the way,
And I sure would like some sweet company,
And I'm leaving tomorrow, what d'ya say?
When I'm gone,
When I'm gone,
You're gonna miss me when I'm gone,
You're gonna miss my by my hair,
Gonna miss me everywhere,
Oh, you're gonna miss me when I'm gone.

But you didn't have to cut me off,
Make it like it never happened and that we were nothing,
I don' even need your love, but you treat me like a stranger,
And that feels so rough,
No, you didn't have to stoop so low,
Have your friends collect your records and then change your number,
Guess that I don't need that though,
'Cos now you're just somebody that I used to

We could've had it all,
Rolling in the deep,
You had my heart inside of your hand,
And you played it, you played it, you played it, you played it,

When I'm gone,
When I'm gone,
You're gonna miss me when I'm gone,
You're gonna miss me by the walk,
Gonna miss me by the talk,
Oh, you're gonna miss me when I'm gone

Hey there you baby (Hey There Delilah)

muziek & tekst: Tom Higgenson (Plain White T's)

Hey there you baby, what's it like in New York City
I'm a thousand miles away
But boy tonight you look so handsome, yes you do
Times Square can't shine as bright as you, I swear it's true

Hey there you baby, don't you worry about the distance
I'm right there if you get lonely give this song another listen
Close your eyes, listen to my voice it's my disguise
I'm by your side

Oh it's what you do to me
What you do to me

Hey there you baby, I know times are getting hard
But just believe me girl, someday I'll pay the bills with this guitar
We'll have it good, we'll have the life we knew we would
My word is good

Hey there you baby, I've got so much left to say
If every simple song I wrote to you
Would take your breath away, I'd write it all
Even more in love with me you'd fall, we'd have it all

Refrein

A thousand miles seems pretty far
But they've got planes and trains and cars
I'd walk to you if I had no other way
Our friends would all make fun of us
And we'll just laugh along because we know
That none of them have felt this way

Baby I can promise you
That by the time that we get through
The world will never ever be the same
And you're to blame

Hey there you Baby
You be good and don't you miss me
Two more years and you'll be done with school
And I'll be making history like I do

You'll know it's all because of you
We can do whatever we want to
Hey there you baby here's to you
This one's for you

Refrein

What you do to me

The A-Team

muziek & tekst: Ed Sheeran

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

Refrein:

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 were just under the upper hand
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

Ripped gloves, raincoat
Tried to swim and stay afloat
Dry house, wet clothes
Loose change, bank notes
Weary-eyed, dry throat
Call girl, no phone

Refrein

And they scream
The worst things in life come free to us
Cos were just under the upper hand
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

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

Refrein

They scream
The worst things in life come free to us
And we're all under the upperhand
Go mad for a couple of grams
And we don't want to go outside tonight
And in a pipe we fly to the motherland
Or sell love to another man

It's too cold outside
For angels to fly
Angels to fly
To fly, fly
Angels to fly
To fly, to fly
Or angels to die