

Prospekt's March / Poppyfields

Coldplay

Smoke is rising from the houses
People burying their dead
I ask somebody what the time is
But time doesn't matter to them yet

People talking without speaking
Trying to take what they can get
I ask you if you remember
Prospekt, how could I forget?

Drums, here it comes
Don't you wish that life can be as simple
As fish swimming round in a barrel?
When you've got the gun

Oh when I run, here it comes
We're just two little figures in a soup bowl
Trying to get to any kind of control
But I wasn't one

Now here I lie on my own in a separate sky
Here I lie on my own in a separate sky
I don't wanna die on my own here tonight
But here I lie on my own in a separate sky