

## **Coldplay**

# **"Prospekts March"**

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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 could be as simple  
As fish swimming round in a barrel?  
When you've got the gun  
Oh and I run  
Here it comes  
We're just two little figures in a soup bowl  
Trying to get behind a kind of control  
But I wasn't one  
Now here I lie  
On my own in a separate sky  
And 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...

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