

Coldplay

"Prospekt's March / Poppyfields"

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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 the other kind of control
but i wasn't one

but here i lie
on my own in a seperate sky
and here i lie
on my own in a seperate sky
i don't wanna die
on my own here tonight
but here i lie
on my own in a seperate sky

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