

# Coldplay, Prospekt's March/Poppyfields

Smoke is rising from the houses  
People burying their dead  
I asked 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, when 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 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