

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