

# Coldplay, O

A flock of birds  
Hovering above  
Just a flock of birds  
That's how you think of love

And I always  
Look up to the sky  
Pray before the dawn  
'Cause they fly always  
Sometimes they arrive  
Sometimes they are gone  
They fly on

A flock of birds  
Hovering above  
Into smoke I'm turned and rise  
Following them up

Still I always  
Look up to the sky  
Pray before the dawn  
'Cause they fly away  
One minute they arrive  
Next you know they're gone  
They fly on  
Fly on

So fly on, ride through  
Maybe one day I'll fly next to you  
So fly on, ride through  
Maybe one day I can fly with you  
Fly on