

Some Of Them Were Superstitious

Midlake

Some of them were superstitious sitting with their backs facing the orchard,
All of them with mittens on their hands and feet were waiting there for winter,
Thousands on the freeze, well I could never join them there,
And we dare not bother, but couldn't help but holler yeah,
There's no use in hiding the joy from the bright of sun,
I could wait for winter, better if it never comes, Some of them were superstitious watching them parade around
the townsquare,
Some of them were praising while cold and simply cause they don't know better,
Someone to protect them, someone to keep track of them,
No, I don't believe them, I would rather holler yeah,
There's no use in hiding the joy from the bright of sun,
Now you say you're leaving but leaving will just bring you down, Can you operate machines like that?
Miles a day on tough terrain and grass,
I'm not sure if we will meet again,
I guess it depends on which company you're in, oh wait,
You're gone, you're gone, so soon, so soon, so long,
But life it hurts for someone, and you're someone,
So soon, so soon, so long,
And when you're gone, you're gone,
And life it hurts for someone, you're someone
And life it hurts for someone, you're someone
And life it hurts for someone, you're someone

Songwriters

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