

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 winterThousands on the freeze
Well, I could never join them there
And we dare not bother
But couldn't help but holler, yeahThere's no use in hiding
The joy from the bright new sun
I could wait for winter
Better if it never comesSome of them were superstitious
Watching them parade around the town square
Some of them were praising
While cold and simply 'cause they don't know betterSomeone to protect them
Someone to keep track of them
No, I don't believe them
I would rather holler, yeahThere's no use in hiding
The joy from the bright new sun
Now you say you're leaving
But leaving will just bring you downCan you operate machines like that?
Miles a day on tough terrain and grassI'm not sure if we will meet again
I guess it depends on which company you're inOh wait, you're gone, you're gone
So soon, so soon, so long
But life in the words for someone
And you're someoneSo soon, so soon, so long
And when you're gone, you're gone
And life, it works for someone
You're someone, you're someone
You're someone

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