

CEMETERIES OF LONDON-æ,²ã•—ã•¿ã•®ãf-ãf³

Coldplay

At night they would go walking 'till the breaking of the day
The morning is for sleeping
Through the dark streets, they go searching, to see God in their own way
Save the nighttime for your weeping
Your weepingSinging la lalalalala la la
And the night over London laySo we rode down to the river, where the toiling ghosts spring
For their curses to be broken
We'd go underneath the arches, where the witches are in the saying
There are ghost towns in the ocean
The oceanSinging la lalalalala la la
And the night over London layGod is in the houses and God is in my head
And all the cemeteries in London
I see God come in my garden, but I don't know what he said
For my heart it wasn't open
Not openSinging la lalalalala la la
And the night over London lay
Singing la lalalalala la la
There's no light over London today.

Songwriters

CHRISTOPHER ANTHONY JOHN MARTIN, GUY RUPERT BERRYMAN, JONATHAN MARK
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