

U.f.o.

Coldplay

Lord I don't know which way I am going
Which way the river gonna flow
It's just seems that upstream, I keep rowing
Still got such a long way to go
Still got such a long way to go
Then that light, hits your eye
I know, I swear,

We'll find somewhere the streets are made with gold
Bullets fly, split the sky
But that's all right, sometimes sunlight comes streaming through the holes
Oooohhh ooooohh
Oooohhh ooooohh
Oooohhh ooooohh
Oooohhh ooooohh

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