

# Prospekt's March / Poppyfields

## Coldplay

Smoke is rising from the houses  
People burying their dead  
I ask somebody what the time is  
But time doesn't matter to them yet  
People talking without speaking  
Trying to take what they can get  
I ask you if you remember  
Prospekt, how could I forget  
Drones, here it comes  
Don't you wish your life could be as simple  
As fish swimming around in a barrel?  
When you've got the gun  
Oh, and I run, here it comes  
We're just two little figures in a symbol  
Trying to get the other kind of control  
But I wasn't one  
Now here I'm on my, on my own in a separate sky  
And here I lie on my own in a separate sky  
I don't wanna die on my own here tonight  
But here I lie on my own in a separate sky

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