

# 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 new sun  
I could wait for winter  
Better if it never comes  
Some 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 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 new 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 in the words for someone  
And you're someone  
So 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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