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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