

# 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?  
Drums, here it comes  
Don't you wish that life can be as simple  
As fish swimming round in a barrel?  
When you've got the gun  
Oh when I run, here it comes  
We're just two little figures in a soup bowl  
Trying to get to any kind of control  
But I wasn't one  
Now here I lie on my own in a separate sky  
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

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>